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PEACEMAKERS

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The Peacemakers

(A Tale of Love)

BY

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"Paul Anthony, Christian," "The Man of Clay,"

"Bible Stories Retold," etc.



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To My Wife

*Without whose loving thought and kindly aid this book
would be devoid of much that we hope will help in
bringing about that universal and lasting
Peace which is the birthright of
every child of God, this volume
is affectionately dedicated.*

HIRAM W. HAYES.



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BOOK ONE

A THEOREM

"Blessed are the peacemakers ; for they shall be called the children of God." — JESUS

The Peacemakers

CHAPTER I

THINKING WAR

At seven o'clock on the morning of June 20 Andy Morris, American marine, standing in front of the legation in Peking, said to Otto Stumpf, German marine, as he was passing down Legation street:

"Tonight! Seven o'clock! Choisel's!"

"Da?" asked Otto Stumpf, pointing with his Mauser to where Mme. Choisel could be seen in the rear of the café arranging her loaves of freshly baked bread.

"Yah!" replied Andy Morris, using the only German word he knew. "And be sure and be there!"

"All right!" replied Otto Stumpf, while a broad German smile spread itself over his face.

At seven o'clock that night Andy Morris was nursing a wounded leg in the temporary hospital in the British legation, while the body of Otto Stumpf lay stark and cold in the smoking ruins across the street.

During the intervening twelve hours, Baron von Ketteler, the German ambassador to China, had been treacherously assassinated and his secretary badly wounded; the women and children of all the foreign legations had been removed to the British legation and the surrounding compound barricaded; other legation buildings had been abandoned, some entirely, and the

Chinese government had apparently thrown off all restraint and opened fire upon the diplomatic corps of the various nations, thereby precipitating the war which was the culmination of the memorable Boxer uprising that began the century.

But during the progress of all these events; during the surprises and alarms; during the fighting and bloodshed of the two months siege which followed, Mme. Choisel, undisturbed by the attacks and bombardments, continued her baking—furnishing bread to those beleagured in the barricades of the legation, while the allied forces of the great powers fought their way into Tien-tsin and up to and through the walls of Peking.

From this simple and historical fact it may be inferred that Mme. Choisel was a remarkable woman; and the inference is quite correct.

Mme. Choisel was a remarkable woman; as every one in Peking during that terrible time will not only admit but affirm. She was remarkable, because she was different from other women. She was remarkable because she was given to action rather than words. She was remarkable because she was absolutely devoid of what we are pleased to term fear and she was remarkable because, in spite of all her masculine qualities, she was not only a young and handsome woman, she was a most refined and lovable woman. Such an admixture of masculinity and femininity must of necessity be remarkable, and Mme. Choisel was all that might be expected or that the word implies.

Had you known Mme. Choisel in her girlhood, when she was playing tennis and golf on the links of

the Country Club in Kansas City; or riding with a party of tourists through the canyons of Colorado, or swimming in the surf at Coronado Beach, you would not have thought her vastly different from dozens of other robust American girls whom you meet every day. It was not till she married M. Choisel and went with him to Peking, where he assumed charge of the business of a large Belgium concessionaire, that her remarkable qualities became apparent. And even then they might not have become known, but for the events so briefly alluded to and others leading up to them; for it was in the earlier days of the uprising, when the Boxers were slaying foreigners and Christian missionaries outside of Peking, and even within its walls, that Mme. Choisel first came into public notice. In company with several men she seized a rifle and helped to rescue a family that had been attacked by Boxers. When they had all been brought safely within the legation precincts, she laid aside her rifle and resumed her baking as though nothing had happened.

Mme. Choisel was not only a lovable woman; she was a loving woman. She loved her husband; she loved her friends; she would have loved her children if she had had any; and, being a Christian woman, a member of the Methodist church, she tried to love her enemies — and would doubtless have succeeded if she had known how.

There was but one thing on earth she did not and would not try to love, and that was a Chinaman.

“The Chinese are your neighbors,” said the wife of the American minister to her one day, “and we are taught to love our neighbors as ourselves.”

"Neighbors indeed!" replied Mme. Choisel with an unutterable look of scorn as she indicated with a toss of her regal head a group of Chinamen gathered outside the walls. "They are more like the thieves among whom the traveler fell on his way down to Jericho. I refuse to recognize them."

"But," said the minister's wife, "you should recognize man—not as the embodiment of cruelty, hatred, lust,—all error, but as an idea of God with power to reflect Truth and Love."

"It's all very well for you to say that," replied Mme. Choisel, "because you seem to look at things differently from everyone else."

"I am trying to look with the eyes of Love," was the reply.

But Mme. Choisel was not convinced and continued to regard the Chinese as fiends incarnate, who were only awaiting an opportunity to kill and destroy: and the events on that twentieth day of June not only seemed to confirm her belief, but the belief of most of the civilized world.

Not having children of her own to love and bring up, Mme. Choisel was always pouring out her affections upon the children of others, and every child in all the legations likewise knew and loved Mme. Choisel—not only on account of the tray of cakes that she kept hidden away in the big drawer, but on her own account; for has it not been said that Mme. Choisel was a lovable woman: and when little children love one, it is pretty safe to assume that such an one is all right inside. Children are like barometers. **None are**

so free from wrong, none so receptive to right,—so quick to reflect back the love which is real and sincere.

One of the earliest atrocities of the Boxer uprising and one which occurred during those days when the great powers were unwilling to believe that the government would not be able to protect foreigners, was the attack upon the mission near Ping-yang between Tientsin and Peking. It was a dastardly and brutal slaughter; and although the members of the little band defended themselves as best they could, they were unable to hold out until succor, summoned from Peking by a trusty convert, could reach them. The small party of marines sent to their aid, arrived just as the last man had been cut down, and succeeded in saving only a woman and her six-year-old son—who escaped from the general slaughter as by a miracle and yet in a manner so simple as to preclude all sense of the miraculous.

The woman was Mrs. Malcolm Winslow, wife of a young clergyman. The final attack at Ping-yang had been made early in the morning, while her little son, Jack, was asleep. Leaving the child on the second floor, Mrs. Winslow had rushed downstairs just as the Boxers succeeded in breaking into the compound. Ten minutes later, when she saw her husband fall, she had hastened back to her sleeping child, and with him clasped in her arms was calmly awaiting her fate when the marines rushed in and intercepted the murderers just as they were starting up the stairs. Of all in the mission, Mrs. Winslow and her child alone were saved; and but for the sleeping child, whose presence

had called the mother back up the stairs, it is probable that Mrs. Winslow would have met a similar fate.

The mother and child were conveyed to Peking and, as the American legation was crowded, Mme. Choisel, with her big heart, had taken them in.

John—his mother persisted in calling him John in spite of his tender years, and in spite of the fact that everyone else called him Jack—was not in any sense a remarkable child. He looked much like most brown-eyed chubby boys of that age, and he took about the same interest in the things going on around him as do most other children. If Mme. Choisel wanted to display her sympathy and affection for him by taking him up in her arms and kissing him, he made no strenuous objections. If she preferred showing her feelings by giving him an *éclair* he accepted that with much the same spirit that he had the hugging. He liked to watch Mme. Choisel superintending her baking and occasionally administering a cuff to some careless coolie—and he liked to watch the marines drill up and down Legation street. He loved everybody and everybody loved him; but his one absorbing love was his mother. When he could be with her he was happy, despite the fact that for some time he grieved for his father, whose absence he could not understand.

"Why didn't Papa come with us?" he asked the first day they arrived at Peking after the tragedy.

"Papa has work to do in another place, darling," the mother replied gently.

"Then why can't we stay there? I don't like to be away from Papa."

"There is **no** separation, my child," was the whispered response.

The boy looked at her in surprise, but said nothing. He did not know what she meant, but he saw that she was busy with her thoughts, and he had learned when mamma was thus thinking not to interrupt her. The child might not have been so easily satisfied but for the fact that during his brief life, he had seen very little of his father. He had come into this world but a few months before his parents left Massachusetts for China, and from the day of his birth his mother had been sick. She was barely able to accompany her husband to the field of his labors, and after eighteen months at the mission she had become so ill that it was decided that the only way to save her life was to send her back to the United States. Her husband accompanied her to Tien-tsin and when he kissed her good-bye on the steamship which was to take her to San Francisco, he had but a faint hope of ever seeing her again.

Because of the illness of his wife, the child had received but little of Mr. Winslow's attention, and when she asked what he would do with little John in case she did not get well he had replied: "I had not thought of that, but I suppose the best place for him is with your folks. My work is to try and save these poor benighted heathen, and this is certainly no place to bring up a child, even if I had the time to look after him."

"Don't you think your child has some claim upon your time, Malcolm?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure. But my first work is to save

these poor souls. Let us hope that you will get better, if not for my sake, for the child's."

"Amen!" said the wife under her breath.

It was a long voyage and a tedious one across the Pacific. But the mother love sustained her, and upon her arrival in San Francisco another mother love added its helpful support; for the young wife's parents had made the trip across the continent to meet and care for her and the little one.

Many months under the doctor's care brought little or no relief. Better one day and worse the next was the record of the case, until at last the physicians declared themselves baffled. Nothing more could be suggested in the way of drugs, and they all agreed that the only thing which might be done was to take such action as would make life as comfortable as possible until the end came.

In this extremity Mrs. Winslow was led by one who had herself been healed, to turn more completely to God—that God "who healeth all our diseases"—and as the reward of her greater faith, in less than a month she was a well woman. It was a wonderful experience for the young mother. As she gained a more spiritual understanding of the great truths of the Bible—unfolded to her by her teacher and friend—and as she realized more completely the omnipotence of God, the disease and pain left her. Life to her became a joy; and as she felt herself growing stronger day by day—her whole being impregnated with that perfect love which casteth out all fear, she became a most ardent student of God's word as revealed in the light of this new apprehension of Truth.

Having been born anew—born into “that life which maketh all things new”—her interest in and love for her child increased. Feeling her responsibility for his material existence she determined that, to the best of her ability, she would bring him up strictly in accordance with this thought of God as Life, Truth and Love; that she would teach him the allness of God—of good—and the nothingness of any other seeming power, and this she had faithfully done in keeping with her highest understanding.

Like all children, little Jack had been quick to grasp the truth. His father being a clergyman and all his living ancestors being good Congregationalists, he was accustomed to hear that “God was good;” “God was love;” “God was everywhere;” “God was all power;” and he never doubted it. And so, when his mother began to make these statements practical and to show him if God were Love; if He were everywhere; and if He were all-in-all, there was no place for evil, hatred and sickness, the child, likewise, never doubted this.

When they returned to China some months before the uprising, the father was rejoiced to see them. He listened with much interest to the story of his wife’s recovery and while it seemed miraculous to him, he was perfectly willing to admit that it must have been from God, although declaring that it could not possibly have been accomplished in the way his wife explained. As a result, she ceased to talk to him about her healing and devoted her time to teaching the simple truths about God and man to her own child and the other children about the mission.

"If a child once sees a thing proven, it never questions," she said to her husband one day. "Doesn't it seem as though men and women ought to be equally wise?"

"Aren't they?" he asked in surprise.

She looked at him quizzically for a moment before replying:

"I haven't found them so," she said.

A few days later came the massacre and the removal of Mrs. Winslow and her child to Peking.

It was now about a week after that memorable twentieth of June. The Chinese government had thrown off all show of concealment and the beleaguered diplomats, barricaded within the walls they had constructed and fortified, had turned the British legation into a besieged city. Little Jack was playing among the bread baskets in front of Mme. Choisel's bakeshop, over the walls of which the bullets were whistling. Every once in a while one would go "ping" through the leaves of the trees above the door.

"Keep down close by the wall, Jack!" said Mme. Choisel as she came through the door with a big pan of bread in her hands. "Those yellow devils would kill a child just as soon as they would a man."

Jack looked at her in surprise.

"Devils are error!" he said. "And man is like God, Truth. How can error kill the truth?"

Mme. Choisel stopped with her pan of bread held out at arm's length. "What kind of talk is that for a little boy?" she exclaimed; and then under her breath: "How can error kill truth!"

The child took her exclamation as a query and

gravely shaking his head replied: “It can’t, Mme. Choisel!”

“Oh, it can’t! And one of those bullets can’t kill you?”

“Not really, you know! God is Life and a bullet can’t change God!”

“Well, you keep down here by the wall, and don’t you take any chances! You’re not God, and I’ll not have them making an angel of you as long as I can help it,” declared Mme. Choisel emphatically.

“You ought not to be teaching the child such stuff as that!” she said to Mrs. Winslow when she related the conversation to her half an hour later. “He’ll be putting himself up as a mark to be shot at the first thing you know.”

“Do you think he can find any better protector than God during this terrible trial?” asked the mother.

“It’s all right to trust in God when we reach such an extremity,” said Mme. Choisel, “but as long as the walls stand and the ammunition holds out I’ll take my chances with them.”

Some days later one of the Chinese servants came running to Mme. Choisel in the greatest excitement exclaiming in his pidgin English:

“Lilly boy gone! Lilly boy gone!”

“Little boy has gone where?” asked Mme. Choisel.

“No can say!”

“Well, go and find him, Stupid! Don’t stand there chattering like an ape!”

The servant darted away just as one of the German marines made his appearance at the bakery.

“The little boy, Fraulein,” he gasped. “The little

boy has crept through an opening in the barricade and is outside the wall."

"Outside the wall! How could such a thing happen?"

"I do not know, Fraulein, except that there is a little opening back of the bakehouse made by a cannon ball. Several of us went to repair it just now and when we peeked through the opening there was the little boy out in the street. The sergeant and two men rushed to the gate to bring him in, but they may all be killed by this time."

Mme. Choisel waited to hear no more. Seizing her rifle, which she kept constantly beside her table, she, too, started for the gate. In her haste she nearly upset Mrs. Winslow who was just coming in from the compound looking for Jack.

"Why, Mme. Choisel!" she exclaimed upon seeing that vigorous young woman armed as for battle. "Where are you going? What has happened?"

"Your child!" replied Mme. Choisel scarcely halting long enough to say it. "He's outside the wall, and I'm going after him!" and she disappeared around the corner of the house.

For a moment the mother was stunned by the startling news; but quickly regaining her composure she sat down by the table and bowed her head in silent prayer, realizing that He who marks the sparrow's fall, was not only able and willing to protect her little one, but was continually and eternally doing so. She knew that her child trusted God with absolute fearlessness; that his little heart was free from any hatred toward the so-called enemy and she realized that this

loving thought, this reflection of divine Love, must and would prove a buckler and shield to her child.

While she thus prayed there was a rattle of musketry without, a shout and then silence. The mother's heart almost ceased beating, but she did not yield to fear. Again there was an exchange of shots and before the sound had ceased, little Jack came running into the room.

"They're shooting again, Mamma," he said, "and the man told me to run in or I might get hurt."

The mother raised her head and took the boy in her arms as she murmured: "Father, I thank Thee!" Then to the boy: "Tell Mamma all about it!"

"All about what, Mamma?"

"How you escaped being hurt?"

"Why, Mamma, nobody was going to hurt me. I was playing out in the road when I heard the guns. Then a great big Chinaman with a big spear came running along. He stopped when he saw me and asked: 'Where you come from?' 'In there!' I said, and I pointed to the little hole I had crawled through. 'You go right back!' he said. 'Little boy might get hurt!' 'Oh, nobody would hurt me!' I told him, 'because I wouldn't hurt nobody!' Wasn't that right, Mamma?"

"Yes, darling!"

"Well, he must have thought it funny for he sort of grinned and said: 'Can't tell! All men not good! You go back!' and he pushed me through the little hole. I didn't know it was so little. It tore a button off my pants—see!"

Steps were heard outside and almost immediately Mme. Choisel followed by the Chinese servant appeared.

"It's no use!" she was saying. "The child has disappeared—" and then she stopped suddenly upon catching sight of the little fellow displaying his torn trousers.

"Jack!" she cried. "Well of all things! How did you get here?"

"The Chinaman put me through the hole."

"The Chinaman?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Winslow, "the child put his trust in God instead of the walls and ammunition, and he found that His arm was not shortened that He could not save."

Mme. Choisel stood a full minute looking at the pair as the mother pinned up the garment and then, without a word, set her rifle back beside the table and resumed her work.

As the days and weeks of the siege wore on with its ceaseless fighting, its attacks and repulses, its hardships and bloodshed, the child began to notice more and more the existing conditions and finally began to ask questions as to why it was and for what purpose.

"Why do men fight?" he asked Mme. Choisel.

"Because some of them are brutes," she replied.

"The Bible says man is made in the image and likeness of God."

"But the Boxers are not men!" she said. "They are just brutes. Sometimes I think all Chinamen are the same."

"Well, what makes our men fight?"

"To keep from being killed, of course."

"But they don't want to fight, do they?" still queried the child.

"No, but they have to in war."

"Who makes war?"

"Why men, of course!" declared Mme. Choisel with a little impatience.

"But man is made in the image of God, and God is Love. How can one image of Love fight another image of Love?"

Mme. Choisel stopped as was her custom when perplexed and looked at the child for some moments. Then, as she resumed her work she said as to her own thoughts: "I've always heard that children and fools can ask questions that nobody can answer and now I know it."

Not receiving a reply from Mme. Choisel, Jack went to his mother.

"Mamma," he asked, "who makes war?"

"Error," she replied.

"There, I knew Mme. Choisel was wrong!" he exclaimed. "She said men."

"That's the way it seems to her; but you and I will know differently, little John. And we will also know that when truth destroys all error there will be no war."

"What do you call it when there is no war, Mamma?"

"Peace; and those who bring peace are peacemakers."

"Oh, I know," exclaimed the child, "and in the Beatitudes I learn 'Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.' It must be great to be a peacemaker."

"It is, because it is a great thing to be called a child of God!"

"And, Mamma, when I asked Mme. Choisel why we had to have war she said so that we could have peace. Is that true?"

"Some people think so, John. A supposedly wise man once said: 'We must have peace if we have to fight for it.' But peace will never come that way. I fear it's too big a question for a little boy, but just as I begin to see, my child, that death is not the doorway to eternal life—that we shall never realize immortality until we overcome the thought of death, so can I see that war is not the stepping-stone to peace, and that we shall never have perfect peace till all thought of war is destroyed."

"I don't know all the big words, Mamma, but you mean the only way not to have war is not to think war?"

"Thank God for the simple mind of the child," said the mother taking the boy to her breast. "Now let you and I put war out of our thoughts, if we can, and run along and play."

Many times during the succeeding weeks was this conversation repeated in substance and always did the mother endeavor to impress upon the child's mind her understanding of war as unreal—the result of in-harmonious thought—and of peace, harmony, as the divinely real condition of man, because the kingdom of God—the kingdom of heaven—which Jesus taught "is within you," is the kingdom of harmony. At the close of each talk Jack would usually wind up with the statement:

"Of course war is unreal, Mamma, because it can't

last forever and all that is real does. But when will it end?"

And the mother would always reply: "When men cease to think war!"

"That seems a long time off, Mamma! When do you think it will come?"

"When men think good instead of evil, love instead of hate, and learn that there is only one Mind and that man reflects this Mind."

The child drew a long breath and heaved a discouraged little sigh. "That seems a longer time off than the other, Mamma!"

The mother smiled at the boy's woe-begone little face and replied cheerily:

"It would not be such a long way off, little John, if every boy and girl were to begin to practice the Golden Rule and do unto others as they would have others do unto them. If you think good thoughts about your playmates, in time they will think good thoughts about you, and instead of wanting to hurt each other you will try to help and protect each other."

"Just as the big Chinaman put me through the hole in the wall?"

"Just the same!"

"And if everybody, all at once, would begin to think good thoughts instead of bad ones, this war would be over, wouldn't it, Mamma?"

"It certainly would!"

"Well, I wish they'd hurry up and do it, for I'm getting tired of being shut up here, and of having Mme. Choisel always telling me to keep down close by the wall."

It was not long that Jack had to wait, for the siege was nearing an end. Day by day the allied army was drawing nearer the gates of Peking, until in the early morning of August 14 the little garrison was awakened by the roar of cannon, while the automatic Pop! Pop! Pop! of the machine gun announced the arrival of the allied armies at the walls. Before the sun set that night, the French and Japanese troops had found the weakest spot in the Chinese fortifications, had poured through the walls and up to the barricaded compound of the British legation and the memorable defense was over.

When news of the safety of the diplomatic corps reached the outside world, it stood astounded that such a feat could have been performed; but there were those within the barricade who had put their trust in God and knew in Whom they trusted. To them the siege was simply a trial of their faith, and the rescue came as a natural result of their understanding; but to John Winslow, the two months of carnage were school days in which he learned the lesson of war—its cause, its effect and its cure.

CHAPTER II

RECIPROCA

On one of the most beautiful sites in a great American city is located an institution of learning founded upon the divine Principle, Love. Homelike in its arrangements and methods, it is conducted along the lines marked out by the great Way-Shower when he said; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself." Its discipline is enforced by love, and the first in importance of all its rules is to do unto others as you would have others do unto you. It is managed by a board of directors whose first aim is to guard its students and keep them pure in heart, and its corps of instructors is chosen with a like purpose. Jointly with its course of instruction along the lines laid down by the best American schools, is this still more important idea: To teach good instead of evil; health instead of sickness; truth instead of error, and that all real knowledge is of God and is, therefore, Spiritual and not material. In short, the purpose of the school is not only to educate children, but to educate them to think and act righteously.

The doors of this school are open to all who are willing to have their children instructed along these lines; but no child is accepted whose parents are

unwilling to abide by the precepts and practices that have been laid down. Boys and girls alike are admitted to the institution, and the same Principle and rule govern both.

Not all children, when first placed in this school, are easily governed, and many are the bitter struggles of principal and teachers with some of the pupils, to destroy the error which has been allowed to accumulate for generations. As impersonal error is detected only by those having a clear understanding, it sometimes happens in this little community of earnest workers that instead of the error, the boys and girls themselves seem to bring disorder and trouble for their teachers and schoolmates; but by knowing the truth and holding to it, the result attained by the instructors is always remarkable, if not always perfect. Never the person but the thing; never the child but the evil thought impelling him, is the object of punishment—and the punishment ordered for this evil thought, in every case, is complete destruction.

“But have you no other discipline—no other method of punishment?” asked a visitor of little Mrs. Lovejoy the principal.

“None,” was the reply. “Because there is no other that is lasting. As for punishment, each error brings its own, doesn’t it, Dorothy?” and Mrs. Lovejoy turned to a sweet faced girl who had come quietly into the office on an errand.

The girl smiled pleasantly as she replied: “Always, Mrs. Lovejoy; and I think I ought to know for I was the worst girl in school when—”

Mrs. Lovejoy held up her finger. “No looking

backward,' she interrupted; "remember Lot's wife!"

The visitor glanced from one to the other of the speakers and, as she noted the perfect understanding that existed between them, said with an outburst of satisfaction: "I think I am quite convinced. I shall be pleased to enter my son as a pupil," and then with a little hesitancy, "that is if you will take him? You know I am young in this way of thinking myself."

"We shall be glad to take him and do all we can for him," replied Mrs. Lovejoy. And that is how Allin Strong was entered as a pupil at Reciproca.

"I hope you can give him a congenial roommate," said Mrs. Strong as she was leaving. "He is very particular about his chums."

Mrs. Lovejoy smiled a knowing little smile as she replied: "I do not know that he will be too congenial—that is at the start; but I am sure your son will find all our boys congenial after a little, for we are all trying to reflect the one Mind, you know."

Mrs. Strong flushed. "Pardon me," she said, "I can see that a chum that was too congenial to Allin as he now is, might be the worst he could have. I shall leave him entirely in your hands."

"What a beautiful lady!" exclaimed Dorothy as Mrs. Strong passed down the walk. "Is her son such a bad boy?"

Mrs. Lovejoy's face beamed with goodness as she replied: "Oh, no, I am sure he is not. But as you go out, will you ask Mr. French to send John Winslow to me?"

"The very boy!" said Dorothy, "I thought of him right off!"

"I am sure he would be pleased to know of your good thought!"

Dorothy's cheeks grew pink, "I hope so," she said impulsively. And then suddenly, "but you won't tell him?"

"I am sure there would be no harm in his knowing!" and Mrs. Lovejoy signed the papers the girl had brought her. "But we'll let him find out for himself! Here are the reports! Tell Mrs. Parsons I am well pleased with them."

Five minutes later the door again opened and a bright, clear-cut, smiling face, crowned with a wealth of wavy brown hair, appeared in the doorway.

"You sent for me, Mrs. Lovejoy?" queried a manly voice, while a pair of brown eyes sparkled a greeting to the principal as she turned.

"Yes, John! Come in!"

The boy advanced into the room, closing the door carefully behind him. He was the personification of health and happiness, and every movement was indicative of energetic activity. Evidently not more than sixteen years of age, there was that about the lad which suggested maturity of thought and purpose. And yet, withal, he was bubbling over with youthful vivacity; and the fact that he was a very wide-awake school boy was the one that made itself most strikingly apparent. Mrs. Lovejoy looked at his bright happy face for a moment before speaking and then, as a little smile spread itself over her face, she asked:

"How would you like to have a pupil, John?"

"A pupil, did you say?" queried the boy with a puzzled expression.

"Yes, a pupil. One whom you could teach to think and act rightly."

"I'd like to do it! But do you think I can?"

"You can try?"

"Oh, yes, I can always try!" said the boy with a broader smile. "But sometimes my trials don't turn out just as I want them to. You remember how I tried to teach Billy Jones to fly?"

Mrs. Lovejoy broke into a merry laugh at the recollection of the event.

"You were considerably younger then!"

"Oh, yes," replied the lad, "I think I'm wiser than I was then."

"Neither had you proven that you, yourself, could fly, had you? And so you were trying to teach something you could not illustrate, were you not?"

"Sure thing!" said the boy.

"Well, how could you expect to teach another, something you could not do and could not prove yourself?"

"It would have been pretty hard, wouldn't it, Mrs. Lovejoy?"

"I think so! The simplest way to teach is by illustration. It's much better than by theory. If you show a person how to do a thing, and he has the desire, it will not take him long to imitate you. That is the way I propose to have you teach this pupil I have in mind."

"Do you think I can do it?"

The principal gave the lad a look of love and confidence as she replied: "I know you can."

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Lovejoy."

"You always do, John! That is why I know I can

trust you. You may not always do as well as you would like, or as well as I should like to have you—we are all more or less human in our methods—but you, I have noticed, always try to do the best you can.”

The lad’s face flushed with pleasure.

“I am telling you this,” continued the principal, “to encourage you; to let you know that your efforts are appreciated. And now I am going to set you the hardest task I have ever given you. I want you, by your example—by illustration, to teach a boy to think and act rightly, who up to this time I am told, has not only been allowed to think wrongly, but has never been shown how it is possible to think any other way.”

“Then how could any one expect him to act any other way?” asked the lad in surprise.

“They could not, but they did,” replied Mrs. Lovejoy laughing at the paradoxical statement. “Or more properly speaking,” she continued, “they should not have expected anything else, although his family and his friends have not been able to see this. It was not until a few months ago, when his mother was healed of a serious illness and was taught the truth, that she began to think of these things. Now, she alone of all his family, has begun to understand what is wrong with her son, and he is coming here to school. Of course he will have the same help from his teachers and all of us that the other students get; but there must be one pretty good example before him all the time, until he comes to the point where his thought begins to change. I want you to furnish that example, my boy, for I am sure that you can.”

The boy listened with the closest attention. "I'll do the best I can!" he said when Mrs. Lovejoy finished. "Do you think that I think right? I never knew any other way—"

"Thank God for that!" interjected Mrs. Lovejoy.

"But," continued the lad, "I don't know as I always act as well as I think!"

"But you must!" interrupted the principal. "And you must not even think that you don't! That is one reason why I am giving you this pupil, as I call him. You will find that your effort to teach him, will be of the greatest help to you. But now back to your lessons. I will have your room arranged so that when he arrives we can make him feel that he is welcome."

When the two boys met a couple of days later it appeared that Allin Strong was the exact opposite of John Winslow in physique as well as in thought and action. Slight of build, with jet black hair and pallid complexion, his habits of life from the time he was twelve years of age had been such that now, at the age of sixteen, one would have judged him at first glance to be several years the senior. But a few days experience developed the fact that while John's thought was trained and maturing, Allin's was untrained and childish. He had been brought up in the belief that the world and the people in it were hard and selfish and that the only way to get what he wanted was to fight for it—although perhaps not exactly in those terms. His father and uncle were wealthy merchants of Quebec who had made their money through close business methods, and he had always heard the Golden

Rule referred to as a joke. He had been taught in its stead: "Do others or they'll do you."

As a child, if he wanted anything he cried for it; as a lad, he teased for it; and as he became big enough, whatever he wanted he took without any thought other than the gratification of his own selfish desires. He saw pretty nearly everyone else acting thus and why should not he.

For the first few days after his admission to Reciproca, Allin listened to the words of the teachers and pupils and watched their actions with unfeigned curiosity, and yet with an air of disdain that was very noticeable. The idea of getting any pleasure out of giving, or doing for another seemed ridiculous, and he said to his roommate when they were alone in their room the second night:

"Say, Jack, do you know you all act like a lot of mollycoddles?"

"No, do you think we do?" queried John with an amused smile.

"Sure! You just spoiled your ball game this afternoon by letting in that kid, Willie Hawkins. Why, he ought to be playing dolls with the girls."

"But suppose the girls hadn't thought so?"

"Let him go play with himself then!"

"That wouldn't be doing as we would be done by!"

"What!" exclaimed Allin in surprise.

"I say that wouldn't be doing as we would be done by," repeated John.

"Oh, I heard what you said all right! But what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything! If you do not do by others as you

would have them do by you, how can you expect them to do by you as you would be done by?"

"I don't expect anyone to do anything for me."

"Oh, yes you do, Allin!"

"Not much! If I want anything I get it, or do it myself."

"How?"

"Why, I just do, that's all!" and Allin picked up a book and began turning the leaves. "I say, Jack, what was that question Mrs. Lovejoy wanted us to look up?"

"Suppose you go ask her!" said John.

"Oh, come now, you know what it was. Be a good fellow and tell me. I'd do as much for you!"

"Oh, would you?"

"Sure!"

"Well, seeing that you're willing to do one thing for me which you'd have me do for you, I'll tell you! Hand me the book!"

Allin laughed: "That's getting back at a fellow pretty quick!"

"No quicker than you got back at me," said John.

"How's that?"

"You said you'd do as much for me, and I don't doubt it, although you made fun of the rule."

Allin sat quietly thinking for several moments while John found the place. As he received back the book he remarked: "Maybe there's a good deal in that rule after all!"

"Try it!" suggested John.

Just a week later came the first of the Saturday half-holidays given over to athletic sports. These out-of-

door days are just as much for the girls as for the boys, and they take quite as much interest in them. There were some pretty good athletes among the Reciproca boys and some good basket-ball and tennis players among the girls; but there had not as yet been any real trial to show the mettle of the new-comers. And so there was great interest and no little excitement among the students over the Saturday events.

If the morning lessons and lectures showed the effects of the occasion, the teachers took no outward heed of it, but worked that much harder mentally to make the instruction fruitful. At last the duties were over for the day and the young people began to flock toward the campus.

"We'll surely be able to pick out the basket-ball team after to-day," said Katheryn Gray to a group of girls as they swung along arm in arm. "Of course Dorothy Howerton will be captain!"

"Who's that taking my name in vain?" asked Dorothy coming up just in time to hear part of the conversation.

"Katheryn says of course you'll be captain of the basket-ball team," explained Maude Brown, a second-year girl and one of the best players in the school.

"I don't think I shall play at all this year!" answered Dorothy. "I think I shall go in for tennis."

"What?" exclaimed the girls in chorus.

"I was captain last year and I know there is someone else who will do just as well and would like to serve," and Dorothy smiled knowingly at Maude.

"But, Dorothy," said Katheryn, "you're easily the best player—"

“The very reason then why I should graduate!” interrupted Dorothy. “We know, however, that really there can be no best where all are good. But there come the boys for their first football try-out.”

“I hope they won’t put that skinny looking boy on the team,” said little Ruth White. “I don’t like him!”

“You don’t what?” asked Katheryn, while Dorothy looked at Ruth with wide opened eyes.

“I don’t like him. He pulled my hair.”

“Of course he pulled your hair if you don’t like him. But you know how to make him treat you well, don’t you?”

“How?” asked Mary Adams, a new girl, who had hardly spoken during the six weeks since school opened except to ask a question.

“Why, by treating him well, of course!” explained Katheryn.

“But I just can’t like him!” said little Ruth.

“Of course you can if you will separate him from error,” broke in Dorothy. “But we must hurry for I see Mr. Marsden dividing the boys for a scrimmage.”

As the girls drew near, Mr. Marsden, the instructor in charge, was saying: “Now, boys, we’ll just have a rough and tumble try-out for about twenty minutes so that I can see how the new boys line up. John, you captain one side and Willie, you take the other!”

In the division Allin found himself on the side captained by the small boy. In a minute his untrained thought made itself apparent and he snapped out:

“What, me play under a baby? Not much! I think I’ll go back to the hall!”

If a clap of thunder had suddenly come out of a

clear sky it would not have caused more surprise among the students. But Mr. Marsden said simply:

"I guess you don't understand, Allin. Although smaller in size, Willie is an expert."

"I don't care what he is!" again snapped Allin. "I don't care to play with babies anyway!"

"The only babies," said Mr. Marsden, "are those who are babies in thought."

At Allin's first outburst Willie's face had flushed, and it grew even redder at Mr. Marsden's kind words. At Allin's next outbreak, however, with a face wreathed in smiles, he stepped forward and said:

"Let Allin be captain of our side, Mr. Marsden, I don't mind playing under him."

"No," said Mr. Marsden firmly, "you are the captain because you have shown that you really are a captain!"

"Would you mind if I traded places with Allin?" asked John. "I think maybe it would make the sides more equal."

Mr. Marsden looked sharply at the speaker and catching a significant glance replied, after looking around:

"I am not sure but you are right, John. But we have never seen Allin play."

"Oh, I can play all right!" broke in Allin.

"Very well, then, we'll try it that way," decided Mr. Marsden.

The game was called and in the toss Allin won and was given the ball to kick off. At his very first attempt it was plain that he knew nothing about the game, and as the scrimmage progressed this fact became more and more apparent. When the twenty minutes were

up the score stood twenty-four to nothing in favor of Willie's side. So plain was the cause, that several of the new boys did not hesitate to express themselves and the result was that instead of covering himself with glory as he had hoped and expected, Allin had exposed his ignorance and greatly belittled himself in the eyes of his schoolfellows.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Marsden as the boys came streaming in off the field, "you'll all do better next time."

"Not with such a captain as that!" said one of the new boys.

Allin's face grew white as he replied angrily: "It was all a put up job on Jack's part to make a monkey of me; but I'll get even with him!" and he rushed off the field and back to the hall.

John was about to make a denial but instead, after a moment, said to Willie: "You're all right, youngster!" Then to Mr. Marsden: "What next?"

"A bit of tennis for the girls while you boys rest up."

When John returned to his room after the games were over, Allin was not there. He came in some moments later, but made no reply to John's greeting, and so John said:

"I am very sorry, Allin, that you are angry about the football. I thought I was doing you a good turn."

Allin turned on him with flashing eyes:

"You didn't think anything of the kind! You knew just how it would turn out and you did it on purpose to queer me and at the same time to make 'em all think you a saint! You can't fool me with all your preaching about the Golden Rule. I tell you, you're

all a lot of mollycoddles, and I'm going to make mother take me out of here."

"You're wrong, Allin! All wrong! But you'll have to find it out for yourself. Nobody can tell it to you."

"I've found out all I want to know about all of you!" was the angry response. "I'm going to quit you just as soon as I can!"

But he didn't.

An account of his actions and words was given to Mrs. Lovejoy. She took no apparent notice of them other than to say, after greeting Allin in the dining room a couple of days later with a cheery "Good morning," and a pleasant smile:

"I trust you are getting used to our ways."

"I'm afraid not very fast!" he replied

"But you will. You will find that good is much more natural than evil."

To John she said: "Well, how is your pupil coming on?"

"Not very fast, it seems. I'm afraid I'm not a very good teacher."

"You know you were to teach by illustration—by deeds."

"Well, I'll surely have to, Mrs. Lovejoy, for he won't speak to me at all."

"Remember, my boy," said Mrs. Lovejoy earnestly, "that actions speak louder than words, and I am sure you will cause him to listen."

With this thought in mind John continued in the daily routine of his school duties. He had been working along this line so many years that the words were more to him than a mere platitude. To some degree

he had proven them many times; but in all his boyish experience he had never come in contact with a lad like Allin—one who seemed to be utterly wrapped up in self and to have absolutely no thought of any one else.

“How can you stand it to room with such a boy?” Dorothy asked him one day.

“I don’t mind!” replied John. “I just think of him as being asleep and I know that he will wake up sometime.”

“It’ll take a good big shaking to awaken him, I’m thinking,” said Dorothy.

“You never can tell. It may be some very small thing, if it’s unusual. But I am just knowing as hard as ever I can that there is no power apart from good and that Allin must yield to this power the same as everyone else.”

“Do you really know it, Jack?” asked Dorothy. “I try to, but sometimes it does seem that evil is power, although we’re taught that it is not.”

“Well,” replied John with a little shake of the head, “I seem to know it; but I reckon I don’t really. For if I absolutely knew it I wouldn’t be so long in waking Allin up.”

Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of some half dozen of the younger children headed by Willie Hawkins. They were apparently greatly disturbed about something, and all began trying to tell it at once.

“Hold on! Hold on!” exclaimed John. “One at a time! Here, Willie, suppose you tell me what it’s all about.”

"It's those boys from the Bryant school. They've been throwing stones at us again."

"I thought we'd stopped all that!" said John.

"It's all Allin's fault!" said one.

"Oh, it is? Well, what's Allin been doing?"

"Why, he threw stones at them."

"Oh, I see," said John. "And now we will have to do our work all over again. But Allin isn't big enough to cause trouble long, when all the rest of us are working for peace. Remember, good does not lead us into trouble, but delivers us from it!"

"What makes Allin do so?" asked Dorothy after the little ones had gone back to play.

"If I only knew that," replied John, "I think I could help him to change much faster; but whatever makes him, this I do know: just as soon as he begins to think right—to think good instead of evil, obedience instead of disobedience and peace instead of inharmony—he'll act right."

"We all do," said Dorothy. "I did."

"And we all have to learn our lesson, Dorothy. Allin will have to learn his."

It was approaching the Christmas holidays. A few of the students who lived either in the city or near by were to go home, while those living at a distance were making preparations to have the best time possible at the school. Mrs. Lovejoy had arranged a little program for the ten days rest, and the spirit of happiness prevailed.

Two or three days before the term closed, Allin surprised his roommate by announcing that he guessed he would remain at school during the vacation

instead of going home. It was the first time he had spoken pleasantly in weeks and John quickly replied:

"That'll be fine. There's always plenty doing."

"I thought there would be," said Allin, "that's why I want to stay. There ain't any fun at home."

A Burton Holmes lecture was scheduled for the first night of vacation and everyone was going.

"Let's you and I go down town early," said Allin to John, "and meet the bunch at the lecture later."

"All right!"

"I want you to meet some friends of mine," continued Allin.

"I'll be glad to."

"What do you say if we get dinner down town? Won't anybody object, will they?"

"Not in the least. I'll tell Mr. French and we can go any time you say. I've got a book I want to leave at the public library and we can stop there first."

After leaving the book, the boys sauntered down the street, stopping at several stores where they made some small purchases and finally reached an attractive building on Sixth Street. A broad stairway, brilliantly lighted, led to the second floor.

"Come on up!" said Allin leading the way. "My friends are up here."

"It's a pool room, isn't it?" inquired John.

"Sure!"

"Well, I don't believe I'll go up. I'll wait for you here."

"Come on up! What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid of anything; but I don't fit the place,—and besides we're on honor, you know!"

"Oh, come on," urged Allin, "don't be a molly-coddle."

John laughed.

"I have always wanted a good definition of a molly-coddle," he said, "and now I have one. It's a boy who doesn't fit a pool room."

"Oh, you make me tired! Ain't you coming up?"

"No, I guess not. If you just want to see some one for a minute, I'll wait for you; but if you're going to play, I think I'll go over to the hotel and read a while before dinner."

"All right, if you won't go up! I don't know whether I'll play or not, but I wouldn't be such a mollycoddle as you are for a thousand dollars. If I ain't there by six o'clock don't wait!"

Stopping at the news stand and buying a magazine, John took a seat in one of the big hotel chairs and for an hour or more thoroughly enjoyed himself. At last the chimes in the big clock on the stairs struck a quarter of six. Putting the magazine in his overcoat pocket, John sauntered out into the great rotunda. Six o'clock came and a quarter past and still Allin did not appear. So John had his dinner alone and shortly after boarded a car and went out to the lecture. In answer to all inquiries about Allin he simply said that Allin had met some friends down town.

John half expected to find Allin in his room upon his return to the hall, but was not greatly surprised when he did not. When it came 11 o'clock and 11.30, however, he slipped quietly out of the hall and down across the great park to the main entrance through which Allin would be likely to pass upon his return home.

Just before he reached the gate, in passing down one of the avenues, he heard a groan. He stopped and in a minute it was repeated. Hastening to the spot from whence the noise came John found Allin lying on the ground, apparently in great pain.

He knelt by the boy's side and taking his hand asked:

"What is the matter, Allin? What can I do for you?"

"I'm so sick!" groaned Allin. "And I've such terrible pains in my stomach."

And then as another spasm of pain came he groaned aloud.

John perceived that immediate action was necessary. As he knelt there in the dark, he tried to realize for the suffering boy the unreality of all that cometh not from God; that man in God's image and likeness is not under the dominion of any form of evil and that evil is not power, no matter how great a claim it may make.

In a comparatively short time Allin's groans ceased and he lay quiet.

The clock in a nearby tower struck midnight and rising to his feet John said: "Come, Allin, let's go up to our room."

Allin sat up and looked around. "I feel much better," he said.

John helped him to his feet and arm in arm they made their way back to the hall.

As soon as the light was turned on Allin surveyed himself in the mirror. Then turning to John he said: "I look pretty tough, don't I?"

"Not to me," replied John.

"Oh, come, how can you say that?"

"Not only can I say it but I mean it. If I had not been able to see you as you are in truth you might be lying out there groaning and sick yet."

"By George, you were a kind of a good Samaritan like we read about in our lesson the other day, weren't you."

"Well, yes, I guess I was," replied John. And then with a grim determination: "You were certainly the man that fell among thieves—the worst kind of thieves."

"What do you mean?" asked Allin bristling up. "They were my friends and good fellows."

"I'm not talking about those boys at all. I mean the thieves that stole away your senses and your health; your manhood and your self-respect. They're the kind of thieves you fell among, and when they had robbed you of all you had, they left you to suffer, if not to die."

John's voice had become very earnest and Allin turned from hanging away his coat and looked at him.

"Was I as bad as that?" he finally asked.

"Don't you know you were?"

"I don't believe I do. I know I was awfully sick when you found me, but I got well so quick, I thought maybe I had just eaten and drunk too much."

"That's just what you had done. You made an animal of yourself and the animal was paying for it. But I knew that man in the image and likeness of God is not an animal, and my understanding of truth destroyed the false claim of error."

Allin sat down on the edge of the bed and began to unlace his shoes.

"Do you believe all that?" he asked.

"I know it!" replied John. "I don't think I ever knew anything else."

Allin straightened up and looked at him; then suddenly: "Say, if it ain't too late, tell me about it!"

"About what?"

"About your not knowing any thing else. You see my mother was only healed a few months ago, and although my father thinks well of it the rest of the family don't take much stock in it. They think it's a pretty good religion and they know this is a good school; but I guess most of 'em think mother would have gotten well anyway."

"What do you think, Allin? You're old enough to think for yourself."

"Well, mother was pretty sick and the doctor said she couldn't get well. But she did and she's stayed well. It looks like it was good for something; but it does make a lot of mollycoddles of the boys."

John laughed: "That idea of a mollycoddle surely does bother you, Allin. But which do you think looked the most like a mollycoddle an hour ago—you groaning on the ground or I trying to help you to get well?"

Allin made no reply but his face flushed as John continued:

"I don't see anything about myself or the other boys who are trying to think and act the best we know how that entitles us to the name mollycoddle. As I tell you, not since I can remember have I ever known any other way of thinking. My mother was healed when I was a baby. My father was a missionary and was killed during the Boxer rebellion in China more

than ten years ago. Mother and I were rescued and taken to Peking, and my earliest recollections are of war. As a youngster I can remember asking questions as to why there was war, and I'll never forget my mother's answer, that we had war because we thought war. Even then I could see that it was true. Later, I could see that we were seemingly sick and full of evil because we thought sickness and evil.

"After we were rescued from Peking by the allied army, we returned to Massachusetts where my mother became a practitioner and where she now is. Five years ago she brought me to this school, where I have been ever since and where, as you can see, we are taught nothing but right thinking—because if we think right we act right. Now do you wonder I think the very best I can?"

"No," exclaimed Allin. "And in spite of what I may do or say I think you act pretty nearly right. I suppose you'll think it right to tell Mrs. Lovejoy about me?"

"Why should I? If I have helped you to get well and am helping you to think right, so you won't act wrongly any more, I think that's enough, don't you? The only punishment you now need is to have the wrong thought—the sin—destroyed."

Allin finished undressing without saying a word, but after he was in bed and the light out he said:

"Jack, you're certainly all right; but I can't help thinking you're an awful mollycoddle!"

From that time on, Allin began to awaken. As John watched the awakening, he became more and more interested in the work and strove harder day by

day to furnish a more perfect example. So marked was the result that the entire school felt its effect, and the year proved one of unusual progress. In none, however, was the progress more marked than in John, himself. It taught him to look for the good that is to be found in every human consciousness, and it laid the foundation for the great law practice towards which he was aiming and to which he later attained.

CHAPTER III

LAW AND PRACTICE

THE bailiff's hammer came down with a whack.

"Oyez! Oyez! the honorable circuit court of Jackson county is now in session pursuant to adjournment."

The judge took his seat upon the bench and the work of dispensing justice to the citizens of the great commonwealth of Missouri was resumed where it had been broken off by the noon hour.

Whack! Whack! again sounded the bailiff's hammer followed by the stern command: "Order in the court!" as a couple of countrymen, unfamiliar with the dignity of the court, greeted each other across the room.

"Call the witnesses in the case of the State against Cotton Smith, Mr. Sheriff!" ordered the court.

"The witnesses in the case of the State against Cotton Smith will answer to their names as called and remain seated," announced the bailiff as he proceeded to drone out a long list of names, the owners of which were supposed to know something about the manner in which Cotton Smith, a colored lad, had offended the peace and dignity of the great state of Missouri, by separating farmer Nicholas Gruen from \$4.38 while he slept off a strenuous bout with John Barleycorn the previous June. It was now October, and during the

intervening months Cotton Smith had put in his time behind the bars of the county jail.

"Is the prisoner in court, Mr. Sheriff?" inquired the judge without looking up from the docket upon which he was writing.

"Cotton Smith stand up!" thundered the bailiff in response to the query.

"What's the indictment, Mr. Clerk?" asked the judge still busy with his record book.

The clerk stopped writing long enough to glance at the book next to him and replied: "Robbery in the first degree."

The judge raised his eyes for a minute to be sure he was addressing some one and asked:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

The youth, for he was not more than nineteen or twenty, looked around and fumbled with a cap he held in his hand as he replied: "Not guilty!"

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the court.

"N-n-no, sah!"

"The court will assign you one."

The judge cast his eyes about the room as though looking for some one, but before he could speak, the prisoner broke out with:

"Nevah mind, Judge, I'se guilty all right! I done took de man's money while he was asleep in de bahn. You needn't git no lawyer to find it out."

Whack! Whack! went the hammer and: "Order in the court!" from the bailiff as an audible smile passed over the court room.

"Then you change your plea from not guilty to guilty?" said the court sternly.

"Y-y-yas, sah, I'se guilty!"

"Two years in the penitentiary," said the Judge writing in the docket. "Mr. Sheriff, dismiss the witnesses and call the case of the State against James R. Kane."

A deputy led the colored youth back to his cell while the bailiff called out:

"All the witnesses in the case of Cotton Smith are dismissed! The witnesses in the case of James R. Kane will answer to their names as called and remain seated."

Then followed the same routine as in the previous case, but, instead of a lone man being brought up before the bar, there was much moving forward of attorneys, a general shifting of positions inside the railing and one of the best lawyers in the state arose with:

"May it please the Court we move for a dismissal of the case!"

The judge looked up from the docket.

"On what grounds?" he asked.

"That the indictment is not specifically drawn in accordance with the information."

"Mr. Clerk, read the indictment!" ordered the Court.

The clerk droned through a long legal document in which James R. Kane, a wealthy race-track owner, was charged with violating the law prohibiting gambling. Then, upon order of the Court, the information was read in which it was charged that Kane had continually and repeatedly defied the law, and specific cases were given.

"Counsel for the defense may present the case!" ordered the Court.

Nearly two hours were consumed in the arguments that followed and the case was finally dismissed on a technicality and the prosecuting attorney ordered to draw a second indictment. Gathering up their books, Kane's attorneys left the courtroom with their client, entered a waiting automobile and were quickly whirled away.

Several more criminal cases were called, all of which were nolle prossed, and the clerk announced that the criminal docket was cleared. Laying aside the book upon which he had been making entries and taking up another, the judge announced:

"The court will now take up the civil docket. Mr. Sheriff, you may call the case of Ransom vs. Thorn."

Again there was a general moving about of attorneys and a moving up of spectators. This was a case involving the rights of certain heirs to a vast estate and had been dragging along in the courts for nearly a dozen years. The parties were all prominent, and as the amount involved was up in the millions, great interest was manifested. After a moment's delay, in which the court was busy with the docket, a young attorney stepped forward with:

"If it please the Court, the plaintiffs will ask that the case be dismissed upon payment of costs. The matter can be adjusted out of court."

The judge looked up in surprise. As his eyes met those of the young lawyer he smiled a pleasant greeting:

"The Court is most agreeably surprised and pleased

to make the order, Mr. Winslow. I hope your settlement is equitable?"

"The plaintiffs have been given even more than they asked," was the reply.

The order of dismissal was recorded and the next case was called, while the attorneys for both Ransom and Thorn passed out of the court and into an office across the street, where their clients were awaiting them. As they entered the office, they were greeted by a number of young people gathered about the chair of a white-haired man, who seemed the happiest one in the gathering.

"Tell us all about it, Mr. Howard," said a dapper young man as he seized the elder of the two lawyers by the hand. "Are we all friends again?"

"Yes, Judge, is the terrible case dismissed?" asked another member of the group, also addressing the elder attorney.

"Ask Mr. Winslow," laughed Judge Howard. "He did the business."

"I know it's all right if Jack looked after it!" said another.

"Yes, Dorothy, it's all right," said the young attorney. "The suit has been dismissed and now if Mr. Thorn will give me a check for the costs we can proceed just as though the misunderstanding had never arisen."

The old gentleman took a check-book out of his pocket and reached over to the desk for a pen.

"I never made out a check that gave me such satisfaction," he said. "If I had known as much ten years ago as I know now, I could have saved us all a lot of

trouble. Judge, are the other papers ready for me to sign?"

"All ready, Mr. Thorn."

While Mr. Thorn and the two attorneys were completing the details of the settlement, the young people chatted pleasantly of the changed state of affairs.

"I would never have believed that any one could have induced Uncle Roger to have done as he has," said Mabel Ransom, a stylish young woman just out of her teens.

"Nor I!" said her brother Ernest, the young man who had first addressed Judge Howard. "But since I have had a chance to become better acquainted with him, I feel that he is a fine old chap."

"He's one of the kindest of men when you come to know him," said Alice Thorn; "but when he thinks he is right nothing can change him."

"That's why I was so anxious to get Mr. Winslow to take the case," said Dorothy Howerton. "I knew Jack would be able to show him where he was wrong."

Mabel exchanged glances with her brother as she exclaimed: "Oh, we know why you were so anxious to have Jack take the case!" laying particular emphasis on Jack. "But it's all right, Dorothy, so long as he has succeeded in getting Uncle Roger to give us what is due us."

Dorothy's cheeks grew pink, but she simply said: "If he hadn't been satisfied that what we claimed really was due us, he wouldn't have taken the case at all."

"What, not even for you, Dorothy?" asked Alice.

Dorothy was saved the necessity of answering by

Judge Howard saying: "Miss Ransom, will you and your brother please sign these papers."

While Mabel and Ernest were affixing their signatures, Dorothy was saying to the young lawyer: "It has been a wonderful demonstration, Jack; but I knew you could do it!"

"Then it's really you, Dorothy, who have brought about this harmonious result instead of I. It is your demonstration instead of mine."

"No, Jack, it's your good thought—your clear understanding of divine Principle, Love, which has enabled you to apply the Golden Rule!"

"Let us rather say, Dorothy, that it was our declaration of the impersonal Truth—the understanding that evil is not power, that has brought about this change in Mr. Thorn and made him willing to give you that which is rightfully yours."

Judge Howard interrupted them with: "Now, Miss Howerton, it's your turn!" and as Dorothy seated herself at the desk: "Sign on the bottom line please. There, that's all. And here, Mr. Winslow," folding the papers and handing them to John, "are the documents which give the Ransom heirs even more than what they have so long contended for."

"And, furthermore, Mr. Winslow," continued Mr. Thorn rising from his chair and extending his hand, "I want to say to you that I am just as glad to have this matter settled as your clients can possibly be. I have not only relieved myself of a great responsibility—the management of a large estate, but I have acquired a new nephew and some nieces in whom I am sure I shall have the greatest pleasure. Now if you'll find

places in my car, I shall be pleased to entertain you all at dinner in the city."

John was about to voice his appreciation of Mr. Thorn's words when Judge Howard interrupted by saying:

"If you'll kindly excuse us this evening, Mr. Thorn, there are some matters of great importance to both of us, that I must talk over with Mr. Winslow."

"Just as you say! Just as you say!" replied Mr. Thorn. "I don't envy Winslow his talk with you. I've had too many of them. I'm glad he's got the estate to look after and not I."

Then to the young people: "I'm sure the rest of you won't allow business to interfere with your taking dinner with your old uncle?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Roger," exclaimed Mabel, "there's something about a lawyer's office that always did make me hungry."

"It's in the atmosphere, eh, Judge?" and Mr. Thorn led the way out laughing at his witticism.

"Now, Mr. Winslow," began Judge Howard after John had shown the party out, "suppose we retire to your private office for a few minutes."

"I'm afraid I am not yet familiar enough with the details of the affairs of the estate to discuss them intelligently," explained John as he led the way to a rear room.

"What I have to say," explained Judge Howard as he took the chair John pushed forward, "has nothing whatever to do with the settlement of the case, although in the long run it may have. What I have to say concerns you and me alone."

John turned from the desk at which he had seated himself and regarded the speaker intently.

"As you can see, Mr. Winslow, I am getting along in life. I have been engaged in the practice of law in this state for nearly thirty-five years. I have a large clientele and am accounted successful. As a matter of fact, I have more to attend to than I want. I should like to gradually withdraw and devote my declining years to the study of some truths that have recently been forcing themselves upon me. I want a young man to take my place. You are the young man I want!"

Judge Howard had been so plainly leading up to this point, that even before the words were spoken John had guessed their conclusion; but he was none the less surprised. Neither would he have been human had he not felt a certain pride at the offer, for Judge Howard was recognized as the leading lawyer of western Missouri, and had never been permanently associated with any other attorney, although many had aspired to such a connection.

"You do me great honor, Judge Howard!" John exclaimed after a silence of several minutes. "But I am not certain that I am equal to your expectations and demands."

"I feel sure that you are, Mr. Winslow! I have watched you ever since you came to Jackson county six or seven years ago. I appreciated the wisdom of your action when you opened an office here instead of in the larger city. Of course, with the country becoming so thickly settled, there was bound to be plenty of business for the right man. You have already proved

it. But now it is time for you to go into the city. I know of no one who can make you a better offer. What do you say?"

Again there was a brief pause and then John said slowly:

"There is no one, Judge, with whom I would rather be associated, and no offer could be more flattering. But before I can become associated with any one, he must know my reasons for entering the law and my idea of how it should be practiced—because I am going to practice it along this line or not at all."

"I hope you have no Quixotic notion of taking only the cases of the so-called down-trodden. That is, of persons who are continually declaring that the courts are unfair and that they cannot get justice."

"Not at all, Judge! I have gone into the practice of law with the belief that the courts are fair—in just so far as they are able to get the real facts in any case; but I have also gone into the practice of law in the belief—yes, in the absolute knowledge—that there is just as much justice out of the courts as there is in them; that good is more powerful than evil and that justice is a condition of thought rather than a system of material equity."

"You seem to have proven that in the case we have just disposed of," interrupted the Judge.

"I think so. The courts might have compelled Mr. Thorn to have given his nieces and nephew that part of their grandfather's estate to which I am satisfied they were entitled, but no court could have compelled him to become friendly with these heirs, or have made him believe that justice was being done.

"In our national, state and municipal governments," continued John, "we have a department of justice. I hope to see the day when such a department will be done away with—"

"What?" ejaculated Judge Howard. "You hope to see our courts of law abolished!"

"Permit me to finish my statement, Judge. I say I hope to see the day when we shall no longer have a department of justice—because it will be no longer needed. In place of simply a department, I hope the time will come, and that speedily, when the entire nation will become an institution of justice, whose courts shall be in the conscience of every citizen."

"I am afraid such a time is a long way off!" exclaimed Judge Howard.

"As men reckon time, possibly," replied John, "but not as time is reckoned by God, with whom a thousand years is but as a day. Yet even as we compute time, that day need not be far distant if men will only try a little harder to practice the Golden Rule. My ancestors helped to found a nation upon this basis, but we have largely departed from it."

"With such thoughts as these, Mr. Winslow, I am surprised that you took up the practice of law at all!"

"I do not see why you should be. It seems to me that I am especially qualified to practice law; for what is the real object of the courts?"

"Broadly speaking," answered Judge Howard, "I should say to administer justice. More specifically speaking, to settle disputes as to what is justice."

"Exactly!" exclaimed John. "Now, then, am I not well qualified to help settle disputes, when I practice

before the court of justice in every man's conscience. And besides, Judge, you will agree that human law can only be effective when in accord with divine law!"

Judge Howard looked at the young man quizzically for several minutes and rubbed his chin in a thoughtful manner. At length a broad smile spread itself over his face as he said:

"I am afraid it would be pretty one-sided justice we would get in the majority of such courts—"

"At first, perhaps," interrupted John.

"But," continued the Judge without noticing the interruption, "if every lawyer should take to practicing in these individual courts, our present courts would soon be out of business."

"That's just what I meant when I said I hoped to see the day when departments of justice would be abolished."

"There would have to be a big revision of the laws and the rules of practice, I'm thinking," continued Judge Howard. "It would be a great change!"

"Yes," said John earnestly, "a great change. But it would need no revision of the laws, simply a change in the rules of practice. The law for these courts is already written. It is the law of God—the law of Love. Its rules of practice are found in the great statute book, the Bible, and are as follows: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' 'Do good to them that despitefully use you and persecute you.' Jesus said: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets;' and Paul declared in his epistle to the Galatians: 'For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this; Thou shalt

love thy neighbor as thyself": these constitute the only law and these the rules of practice, because they are given by the only Law-giver—omnipotent, omniscient, divine Mind. And this, Judge Howard, is the kind of law; these the rules of practice that I propose to follow."

"And as a natural consequence you propose to settle most of your cases out of court?"

"In the ordinary sense, yes!" replied John. "But still not out of court."

Judge Howard's eyes twinkled, but he only said:

"Well, I am sure I see no objection to such a method. The most successful lawyer is the one who is obliged to try the fewest cases; but I have been practicing law nearly thirty-five years and I find I can get quicker settlements through the courts."

"How about the case of Ransom vs. Thorn? That has been in the courts upwards of a dozen years," said John, "while I," and he glanced casually at a calendar hanging on the wall, "I've been in this case exactly nineteen days. Which was the quicker way?"

"But you won't always be able to get at your men as easily as you were Mr. Thorn."

"Perhaps not; but I think I shall if I bring my suit in a court where only the law of love is practiced—the law of 'love your neighbor as yourself.'"

Again Judge Howard looked at the young lawyer with that searching glance which had come to him with long years of dealing with all sorts of men.

"Mr. Winslow," he at length said, "several times you have used the expression 'love your neighbor as yourself,' as if you thought such a thing not only a pos-

sibility, but reasonably easy of accomplishment. I must confess that to me it seems an impossibility."

John smiled broadly: "Possibly because you do not look at your neighbor rightly. As you look about you it is likely that you see simply men, while I, partially at least, see man in the image and likeness of God."

"I am afraid your words do not mean much to me, Mr. Winslow."

"I will try and be a little more clear. I mean that you look upon your fellow-beings as men with minds many. I look upon man as the compound idea of God, reflecting the one omnipresent Mind. Now then, just in the proportion that men reflect that one Mind, they are alike. They think alike and act alike; they have the same pleasures, hopes and desires—in short are alike. Furthermore, if you and I both think alike. I shall hold just the same thoughts for you that I do for myself and vice versa. In that way I shall love you, my neighbor, as I do myself."

"Then the way to love your neighbor as yourself—?" queried the Judge.

"Is to divest yourself of the belief in many minds," continued John, "and to realize that there is but one Mind—one God—and that man reflects that Mind."

Judge Howard remained silently thoughtful for some minutes. At length he said:

"Our talk seems to have drifted from law and business to theology and religion."

"It is all one to me," replied John. "I try to make Love my law, and my religion a part of my business."

"And might I enquire," said Judge Howard earnestly, "where you get such theology—such religion?"

“Out of the Bible to be sure. I have a key to the scriptures—”

At the word “key” a great light broke over Judge Howard’s face and he exclaimed suddenly:

“I knew it! I was sure of it!”

“Sure of what?” queried John, considerably surprised at the vehemence of the Judge’s outburst. Judge Howard did not heed the interruption but continued with great satisfaction:

“It’s all plain to me—your words and ideas. I don’t see why I did not recognize them sooner. My only excuse is that my knowledge of this religion, which has so changed the thought of the world during the last fifty odd years, is comparatively slight. It is only within the last few weeks that I have begun to look into it and ponder over its teachings. But I must know more of it. How long have you been studying these truths?”

John was quick to recognize the new tongue and that they were now on common ground. In answer to Judge Howard’s question, he therefore replied:

“All my life. I never knew anything else. I have never thought any other way. As a child I was taught to love my neighbor as myself, and I was taught that to love means to speak no evil, to see no evil, to think no evil of or about any one. To the best of my understanding I have tried to live up to this rule. As a result, I have found that in every man’s consciousness there is plenty of good, if we only refuse to recognize the evil which seems so real, but which cannot be real, because God made man in His image, good, and there is no power to make him evil. This under-

standing has enabled me, so far, to settle all my cases in the court of conscience, through the law of God as given by Moses and Christ Jesus."

"You speak of the law given by Moses and Christ Jesus as though it were the same. Most people think that Jesus gave a new dispensation."

"Not as I understand it, Judge. The 'Thou shalt not' of the decalogue is identical to me with the 'Blessed are they' of the Sermon on the Mount. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me' is but a way of saying: 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest,' because if we know no God but Love, we shall live in perfect harmony—free from all sickness, sin and death—and have perfect and enduring rest."

Judge Howard listened to the young man with the closest attention. After a pause he said: "It strikes me you should have been a preacher instead of a lawyer."

"I try to be that, too, in a way," declared John. "I have been taught that the most powerful sermons are those preached by the practice of truth. Our Master said: 'Let your light so shine, that men seeing your good works will glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

"And are you never sick?"

"I never had a sick day in my life, Judge. I am sure these good thoughts are a protection; for to me, thinking good thoughts means living near to God.

"And now," continued John, "you know why I studied law. It was that I might be permitted to practice in our present courts and thus be better able

to find opportunity to practice in the courts of human consciousness. In all cases that come to me, my first and greatest endeavor shall be to settle them as we have just settled the case of Ransom vs. Thorn. If, under these conditions, you would still like to have me join you, I shall consider it a great honor."

"My boy," said Judge Howard rising and extending his hand, "now more than ever. The firm of Howard and Winslow shall be the pioneer practitioners in the court of conscience."

CHAPTER IV

THE LEES

EVERYBODY in Dixie knows the Lees. From the time of Lighthorse Harry, the Lees have been fighters. Never since the days of Washington has the family been without its representative, either in the army or navy. When there was a wrong to be righted, or a principle to be supported, the Lees have always been ready, sword in hand, to stand for what they believed to be right; and no sacrifice, even to their heart's blood, has been considered too great. In the councils of war, too, the Lees have always ranked high. They have been born leaders, and their war-like abilities have always been tempered with gentleness, courtesy and absolute justice.

Besides being a family with a war-like record, it is likewise a family of many branches. No matter in what part of the Southland you go you will find Lees. In some cities and sections, but one household; in others, several. Some branches have gone west and some have gone away north; but wherever found, as a rule, its members will prove to be imbued with the same pronounced characteristics that have made its best known representatives such prominent figures in the history of the nation, in support of their highest sense of righteous judgment.

In the nation's capital there have always been numerous representatives of this large and characteristically American family. While some have been more actively conspicuous than others in the affairs of the nation, not one of them but in the family circle has taken the deepest interest in everything pertaining to the national weal. And so in the spring of 1923 when the friendly relations which had existed between the United States and a neighboring nation for over a century became strained, none were more absorbed in the details than Stuart Lee and his little family, which consisted of his wife, a daughter and Ephraim Stuart, a bachelor uncle on his mother's side, who had made his home with the Lees for the past four or five years.

Uncle Eph, as he was familiarly called, was a character. Also from a race of fighters, he was a fighter still; and in any discussion which might arise he was invariably the leader of the war party. He had learned his history from the newspapers, and the newspapers were his sole authority for everything.

When this international trouble had arisen the previous summer in a dispute over the use of the Panama Canal by the warships of the various nations, not only Uncle Eph, but the others, read with interest the details of every step in the controversy. When the situation was further aggravated by a direct violation of the neutrality laws in the case of a couple of warring South American republics, the Lee family had been among the most eager to get every bit of news; and when in a message to congress that winter, the president had recommended more warships and suggested the placing of armed vessels on the great lakes to protect the

increasing commerce, due to the recently completed great waterway from the lakes to the gulf, the family had read the message with the deepest interest and immediately divided itself into factions over the wisdom of such action. Uncle Eph favored the plan, but Mr. and Mrs. Lee and their daughter Lucy, an intellectual and cultured girl, were opposed to the suggestion.

"It would be a violation of the treaty of 1812," said Lucy, as she and her mother and Uncle Eph lingered over the breakfast table after Mr. Lee had gone to his business, "and would be equivalent to a declaration of war."

"It would be no more of a violation of the treaty than the things already done by the other side," declared Uncle Eph.

"I am sure you are wrong, Uncle," said Mrs. Lee glancing over the coffee pot and speaking with a quick decision. "You Stuarts have always been for settling disputes with the sword, but you ought now to realize that the time is rapidly approaching when such methods will be entirely out of mind."

"Why cannot this entire matter be settled by the Hague tribunal?" asked Lucy.

"Up to the present time," said Uncle Ephraim, "the Hague tribunal has occupied itself principally in making arrangements *for* war. It has taken several steps toward the making of war less barbarous, but comparatively little toward preventing war. Really it has simply made war less dangerous and therefore more inviting."

"Yes," said Mrs. Lee, "the most it has done has been to determine conditions of peace after war has

been fought. But it has settled some minor troubles; why not this?"

"Principally," replied Uncle Eph, "because the two greatest nations on earth are now the interested parties, and the tribunal, therefore, lacks the ability to enforce its decision. When the great nations agree they can compel the little fellows to obey; but when the big ones fall out, then they resort to the sword to settle their differences."

"Alas!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee. "Alas, that mankind should take a material sword to slay error, when the two edged sword of truth destroys it so much more effectually. Why cannot men see that the peace that comes through war is no peace."

"What's that?" exclaimed Uncle Eph. "Peace that comes through war no peace? Look at our relations with Spain since the war of 1898. Perfectly peaceful!"

"Apparently so, Uncle Ephraim! Apparently so!" said Mrs. Lee. "But you know that the people of Spain have been thinking anger and revenge towards us ever since. And if the truth were told, that war and its results are the cause of our present trouble."

"I don't see that," said Uncle Eph pausing with his fork poised in mid-air. "How do you figure it out?"

"Chiefly because of our easy victory. Had our war with Spain cost us dear, we should have about done away with the idea of war. I have heard your sister Martha say that for years after the war of secession the mass of the American people had come to believe that the United States would never have another war. The cost of that war in blood and treasure was enor-

mous and they wanted no more of it. But ever since our easy victory over Spain, the war sentiment has been stronger; so that the peace brought by that war has proven an evil."

Uncle Eph laughed, and his laughter had in it a ring of national pride.

"Yes, Spain was easy. I'll never forget when we got the news of the battle of Manilla and that Dewey had sunk the whole of the Spanish fleet without losing a man. I tell you it was great! And then the following Fourth of July when Admiral Schley cleaned up Cervera's ships at Santiago—"

"Sampson, you mean," interrupted Lucy, "Admiral Sampson."

"Now, who ever told you that?" asked Uncle Eph.

"Why, I read it in history!"

"Well, your history's wrong. Sampson had gone off on a cruise after water, or coal or something when the Spaniards came out and tried to run the blockade. Schley was there with the Brooklyn and some of the other ships and got after them, making the famous loop that is considered one of the greatest naval maneuvers of the age."

"I thought," interrupted Mrs. Lee, "that that loop was a kind of an accident, Uncle Ephraim."

"Accident nothing! Schley made the loop so he could bring all his guns to bear upon the fleeing vessels. Then up came the Oregon, which had just made its famous cruise from San Francisco around Cape Horn, and without even stopping for coal joined in the fight and ran down the last one of the Spaniards. I tell you it was great!"

Lucy smiled at Uncle Eph's history while Mrs. Lee said sadly:

"Great for the Americans, yes; but how about the Spaniards?"

"Oh, well, they had no kick coming. We took the Filipinos off their hands and gave them \$20,000,000 to boot. It was a good thing for them, too; but it surely was easy!"

"So easy," continued Mrs. Lee, "that we want to try our new navy—our new ships, new guns and new submarines and new airships on bigger game. It's just like giving a boy a gun and starting him out. Everything he sees becomes a target. When will the nations stop thinking war!"

"Just as soon," declared Lucy, "as people begin to think peace."

Uncle Eph picked up the morning paper which he had thrown down when he began his breakfast and pushed back his chair.

"When you and your mother begin talking about thinking," he said rising, "I'm out of it. It looks foolish to me to even suggest that people won't keep on thinking about their troubles, whether it's rheumatism or war, just as long as there are troubles to think about. I see by the papers there's a man somewhere out in Missouri making speeches just like you. The papers are giving him a lot of space, because he's the first fellow to use this kind of doctrine in politics, I suppose!"

"I don't believe I understand exactly what you mean, Uncle Ephraim," said Mrs. Lee, "by his making the same kind of speeches we do. Can't you be a little more explicit?"

"Why, that you can think war out of existence."

"That isn't exactly it," replied Mrs. Lee with a smile.

"You must not only think peace, but strive to express your thoughts in actions; to construct peace, as it were."

"Well, however you put it, this chap is in favor of doing it that way. He's not only opposed to putting war vessels on the lakes, but he's opposed to all talk about war. 'Of course,' he says, 'it's proper for a time to have navies in the interest of peace,' but instead of continually adding to them, he thinks we should continually keep making them smaller and spend the money some other way. First one nation, he says, increases its navy and then another increases its, so it'll be bigger, and so on until the ocean ain't big enough to hold 'em all and then they want to put 'em on the lakes. And as sure as we have 'em, we'll want to use 'em. He says just 'as long as people think war, they'll want to fight.'"

"And so," ventured Mrs. Lee, "he wants people to stop thinking war, so there'll be no war!"

"And to think peace so that there will be peace!" added Lucy.

"That's it; but it looks foolish to me. Just suppose we did away with our navy. Why England or Russia or Germany would gobble us up in a minute."

"Suppose," said Lucy, "all the big nations should decide to disarm at the same time; how would that work?"

"That might do," and Uncle Eph slowly scratched his head, "but they won't do that."

"How do you know they won't?" said Mrs. Lee. "When England and the United States decided not to

keep war vessels on the Great Lakes, were not both glad, and has there ever been any need of them? Could not the nations all agree to do the same thing on the ocean?"

"Yes, they could. But how are you going to get them to do it?"

"By beginning right away to think about doing it. By knowing that war and peace are conditions of thought; that peace is good while war is evil,—as anyone can see; that peace is truth and war is error—as anyone ought to see if they will only stop and think; and then by knowing that truth must and eventually will destroy error. In short by all becoming of one Mind."

"And do you think that would do away with war?" asked Uncle Eph, incredulously.

"I haven't any doubt of it," replied Mrs. Lee. "Why if every one began to think peace instead of war, and saw that their neighbors were thinking the same thing, we couldn't get rid of our armies and navies soon enough. If we had only begun to think it harder years ago, we might have made much greater progress toward peace."

Uncle Eph laughed: "That sounds good; but it's unnatural!"

"Why should good seem more unnatural than evil?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"I don't know, but it does!"

"Why, Uncle Eph, you know better!" exclaimed Lucy in the most intense surprise. "I can't for the life of me see where you get such queer ideas. How can anyone think that trouble, evil, war, sin, sickness

and all the rest are natural, when we know that God is the source of all being and that He is infinite good. You have such a funny way of looking at things, Uncle Eph!" and Lucy burst into a merry little laugh as her uncle hastily left the room remarking:

"There's no use in talking with you. That's the way you always end—by thinking I must be different from everyone else."

"What makes Uncle Eph have such funny ideas, mother?" asked Lucy after her uncle had departed from the house.

"Because," replied her mother, "he has never been taught differently. I used to think as he does myself."

"What, you, mother?" and Lucy arched her brows in the greatest surprise. "Why, how funny! How did you ever learn such things?"

"Everyone used to think largely along the same lines when I was a girl. There were very few who thought differently. I only took up this study a couple of years before you were born."

"It certainly does seem strange," said Lucy meditatively. "Why nearly everyone I know, thinks as I do."

"True, Lucy. But your acquaintance is limited to a circle, most of whom have been brought up in the same line of thought. The world at large, my child, is far from thinking as you do; in fact but a small minority, as yet, hold your views. But the growth of the thought truly has been wonderful, when we consider what it has been necessary to overcome."

"And still not wonderful, mother, because **God**,

Truth, is the only power, and nothing can oppose Truth and Love!" declared Lucy earnestly.

"But listen," she suddenly exclaimed after a pause, "I was so interested in our discussion about national affairs that I forgot to tell you I had a letter this morning from Mabel Ransom. She writes that a cousin of hers, Miss Dorothy Howerton, expects to pass through Washington next week and she wants me to show her about the city. She says she is one of our folks, a Reciproca graduate, and that we'll be sure to like her."

"I don't think there is any doubt of that, is there, daughter?"

Lucy smiled. "It does seem funny for anyone to say such things, doesn't it, mother, when I love everyone."

"And, therefore, everyone loves you."

"I suppose it is 'therefore', mother. But it is so natural to love and be loved that I hardly ever stop to think why. I just seem to know that it is."

The mother stooped and touched the girl's hair lightly with her lips as she arose from the table.

"It is the proof of Immanuel, God with us," she said. "May He ever keep thee pure in heart!"

"And I'll write to Mabel today, mother, that we shall certainly look after her cousin if she will let us know just when she is to arrive."

And so it was that there were warm hearts awaiting her, when a week later, Dorothy Howerton alighted from a train at the union station, and from a speeding taxicab took her first view of the national capital.

On one side of the Potomac she caught glorious glimpses of the Virginia hills verdant in their dress of

green, over the tips of which, from beautiful Arlington, the stars and stripes were waving. On the other side of the river, through the long vista formed by the shade trees that lined the avenue, appeared a valley "green walled by the hills of Maryland," whose azure crowns proclaimed them part of the picturesque Blue Ridge. In the valley, between, lay the city of Washington, its broad streets, well kept parks and snowy public buildings forming a gorgeous panorama, at once the idealism of nature and the perfection of art.

"It reminded me of the city lying four square," she said in giving her first impression of Washington to a friend some time later, "for it is certainly The City Beautiful. With such surroundings I can see our law-makers enacting only the most harmonious legislation."

"I wish I had your perception," laughed her friend, "for to me many of the acts of our national law-makers contain enough miasma to have come out of the atmosphere of the Dismal Swamp."

Arriving at the hotel at which she had been advised to stop, Dorothy found it crowded with visitors who had been attracted to Washington by the unusual events of the last few weeks. It was only after considerable delay that she was able to get any accommodations whatever, and these most unsatisfactory. She had not yet removed her hat and was taking a survey of her surroundings, when the phone in her room rang. It was the office announcing a visitor.

"Who is it?" asked Dorothy.

"Miss Lucy Lee!" was the quick response.

"Mabel's friend," was Dorothy's mental comment,

and her first thought was to ask Lucy to wait in the parlor. "Oh, well, what's the difference!" was her next thought and then to the telephone:

"Ask her to come right up!"

"I know it's a most unconventional way of doing," she said a couple of minutes later as she greeted Lucy, in the door, "but really I felt that I needed some help to reconcile me to these apartments. I suppose I should have had foresight enough to have engaged my rooms ahead; but like everyone else among our people, you know, I have been just as busy as I could be."

"I know all about it," responded Lucy. "It's just the same with us. Every minute of our time is filled. But isn't it a beautiful work—the carrying of this healing message of Truth and Love."

The young women had met on a common ground. Had they known each other from childhood they could not have been better acquainted or more interested in each other than they were from that moment. They were both striving to reflect the one Mind; their aims and desires were alike, and a bond of love and interest was at once created which made them sisters indeed. It was such a bond as sprang up between David and Jonathan, where we read that while David spake with Saul the "soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David." It was such a friendship as comes to none outside the radiant circle of divine Love.

Dorothy looked at Lucy for several moments in silence, noting the wondrous beauty of her face and the character reflected therein; her wealth of brown hair; her perfect and delicately chiseled features aglow with health, and her deep blue eyes, luminous with

spiritual light. Never had she seen a creature so altogether lovely.

Lucy's words, so full of joy, and bearing such a loving thought, recalled the workers she had left behind in the great west; and Dorothy was prompted to reply:

"It is indeed a beautiful work, bringing as it does not only health and happiness to those who receive, but a still greater blessing to those who give. You, dear, I know find it so. How long have you been in the work?"

"I was born in it! I never knew anything else!" replied Lucy.

"Your words remind me of a dear friend," said Dorothy. "Like you he says he never knew anything else."

"There are a number of such here and you must know them all. But I quite forgot in looking at you why I came in such a hasty, unconventional manner. I want you to give up these rooms and come right out with us."

"Oh, impossible—" began Dorothy, but Lucy held up her finger with:

"There are no impossibilities, you know!"

Lucy's words and manner were irresistible and she led the way down to the office.

"I am taking away one of your guests," she said to the young man at the desk. "You can reassign Miss Howerton's room and order her baggage sent to this address," handing him her card.

"Miss Howerton is in luck!" exclaimed the clerk as he bestowed an admiring look upon the girl.

"Oh, I am so glad you think so!" said Lucy inno-

cently, but with a merry twinkle in her eye. "And you'll see that her baggage is rushed right out, won't you?"

"'Deed I will!" replied the clerk. "It'll be there before you are."

As they hastened from the desk Dorothy burst into a merry laugh:

"I am afraid you are not practicing the Golden Rule!" she exclaimed. "Why, that young man's slumbers will be disturbed for weeks—"

"Now, Miss Howerton!"

"You must not call me Miss Howerton," said Dorothy as they took their seats in the automobile. "I am Dorothy to my friends. I am sure I never could call you Miss Lee, for in spite of your long dresses I am not certain you are out of your teens."

"Three long years," said Lucy. "But I think I never shall grow very old. The mortal law of time is one I am learning to break. But, Miss Howerton—"

Dorothy held up her finger.

"Dorothy, I mean, although Dorothy doesn't seem to fit you. You are so dignified."

Dorothy smiled. "Not dignified, only restrained. You know I wasn't born into this thought until I was a dozen years old, and I still have to keep a strict watch upon myself that I do not fall back."

"We all have to watch; but when we are busy doing good, it is easy not to think evil. Don't you find it so?"

"I had not thought of it in just that way," replied Dorothy. "But it is true, I know."

"And here we are at home," declared Lucy as the

auto suddenly whirled off an unfashionable street—at the foot of which one caught just a glimpse of the Potomac—and stopped before a most unique entrance on Dumbarton Avenue. “We do not live in a very fashionable neighborhood you see, but it’s a great location for work.”

As Lucy said, the residence of the Lees was not in a fashionable part of Washington, as the homestead had been in possession of the family ever since the days when Georgetown was more of a place than the city of which it is now a part. The house, a large and roomy edifice built after the Southern style, with great Corinthian columns and a wide veranda, was situated upon an elevated site, which in the early days had been level with the street. When modern Washington was constructed and the streets cut down to grade, the mansion was left standing high in the air. The owner was equal to the emergency, however, and constructed first a stone wall and then a unique entrance with winding stone steps leading up on each side parallel with the street. At the top was a landing with a balustrade, from which another broad flight of steps led immediately up to the front door. Now that time had covered these steps and the walls with a wealth of Virginia creeper and the great trees had grown up and formed an arch over the street, no more beautiful spot could be found in this city of beautiful spots. Both the creeper and the leaves of the trees were glorious with vernal tints, through which the morning sun streamed with a mellow light, and Dorothy was completely entranced with the place. As she followed Lucy up the broad steps she thought:

"I could imagine such a being coming out of no other surroundings."

The girls were met at the door by Mrs. Lee, who gave the visitor a most cordial greeting, and in the hall by Uncle Eph, who had been awaiting with some impatience and much curiosity the arrival of the girl from the "wooly west" as he still insisted on classifying the city at the mouth of the Kaw.

"I'm right glad to see you, Miss Howerton," he said. "I used to know some Howertons in Kentucky when I was a young man. Are they any kin?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I have kinfolk all through the south, as far east as Virginia."

Uncle Eph's face wreathed itself in smiles.

"I thought you might be the same. I am pleased to know you come of good stock. Later, I'll be glad to hear from some of my old friends," and Uncle Eph took his newspaper and disappeared in the library.

"I am so glad Uncle Ephraim likes you," said Mrs. Lee. "Not having learned the impersonality of error, he sometimes forms strange prejudices."

"I predict he and I will become great chums," said Dorothy. And so it proved. Not only did Uncle Eph enjoy talking with her, but he became so interested in her evident pleasure at everything she saw about the capital, that he took it upon himself to arrange the daily program of visiting and sight-seeing. Starting in with the war department, which was Uncle Eph's particular hobby, they made the whole round of departments the first two days. Then Uncle Eph exerted himself and secured a special permit to inspect the

White House and meet the president. He even went so far as to spend an entire forenoon with the girls at the Congressional Library, although he declared he "couldn't see the use of so many books when there were so many good daily newspapers."

"It must be your western ways that attract Uncle Ephraim," declared Mrs. Lee to Dorothy one evening after she had been an inmate of the home nearly a week, and the old soldier was preparing the program for the next day, in the library adjoining.

"What's that?" called Uncle Eph, catching his name through the open door.

"I said I thought you must be captivated by Miss Howerton's western ways," called back Mrs. Lee.

Uncle Eph laughed: "If you'll say her western way of saying just what she thinks, you'll come nearer to it," said Uncle Eph.

But whatever it was, the fact remained that he paid more attention to Dorothy than to any visitor the family had ever had, and when Lucy came into the library a couple of mornings later and found her uncle listening in rapt attention to Dorothy's description of her work in the west, while his newspaper lay unopened and deserted on the table, she could not refrain from laughing outright as she exclaimed:

"Well! Well, Uncle Eph, I never expected a woman could say anything that would interest you!"

"But, she's more than a woman," ejaculated Uncle Eph joining in the laugh, "she's a diplomat and it's the diplomat that interests me."

"Go way!" laughed Lucy. "She's simply proving

that truth is a greater attraction than error—with no disrespect to the press either; but now come to your breakfast or the muffins will be cold.”

“Where do you and Miss Howerton find so much to talk about, Uncle Eph?” asked Mr. Lee as they took their seats at the table.

“She was telling me all about the western sentiment regarding the possibility of war,” replied Uncle Eph.

“She’s told you that before, hasn’t she?”

“Not exactly in the same way,” said Dorothy, “I have been trying to impress upon Mr. Stuart that men who favor peace are more manly than men who advocate war.”

“And I can’t see it!” broke in Uncle Eph.

“Why, Uncle Eph!” said Lucy. “How can you say such things! Is not man made in the image and likeness of God, who is Love?”

“That’s what the Bible says,” replied Uncle Eph.

“And is not peace an attribute of Love?” insisted Lucy.

Uncle Eph scratched his head.

“I suppose you might put it that way,” he finally said.

“Well, then,” continued Lucy triumphantly, “if man is the image and likeness of God—the likeness of Love—the more peaceable we are, the more God-like we are; and the more God-like, the more manly—because to be perfect, man must be the perfect likeness of his Creator. I’ve explained all this to you so often! I cannot see why you do not understand it!”

Uncle Eph slowly shook his head and was about to reply, but was interrupted by Mr. Lee saying:

"You must try and put yourself in your uncle's place, Lucy. He looks at things from a different point of view."

"If Mr. Stuart could only meet some of the men I know," declared Dorothy, "I am sure he would admit their exceeding manliness. It is of the young men particularly I am thinking."

"Any particular young man?" asked Uncle Eph quizzically.

"Yes," was the reply, "I have in mind a particular young man—a rising young lawyer. His success in bringing about an amicable settlement in several important cases which involved the city in the possible loss of large sums has made him a prominent figure. He will doubtless be the candidate for congress in his district this fall. Already his speeches in opposition to war have attracted widespread attention. You may have read some of them. His name is Winslow."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Mrs. Lee, "Uncle Ephraim has been much interested in his views about thinking peace."

"And I don't agree with him at all!" declared the old fighter.

Dorothy laughed: "You are not the only one, but I predict that the time will come when those who agree with his doctrine, if not with him, will be in the majority."

"It wouldn't be strange," declared Uncle Eph. "It seems that people are believing things today that were downright heresies a few short years ago. I'm not prepared to say that they won't even come to believe that it is an actual sin to go to war."

"It is!" said Lucy positively, as though the statement were already an accepted fact.

Uncle Eph looked at her in pained surprise.

"Young lady," he said sternly, "don't you know that some of your ancestors were among the greatest warriors the world has ever known?"

"Of course I do."

"And that some of them were also the bravest and most honorable and most God-fearing men—?"

"I believe that is true, too, Uncle Eph," interrupted Lucy.

"They considered it no sin to become soldiers. They considered it a patriotic and Christian duty," he declared.

"Patriotic I doubt not," said Lucy quietly. "But Christian it could not have been, for the teaching of Christ Jesus is to love our enemies and not to fight them. Peace, harmony, is a divine law; and any attempt to break this law by war is an attempt to break a law of God. War is, therefore, a sin no matter how mortals may view it; and our only salvation in time of war is to know that peace, being a law of God, cannot be broken by human warfare, no matter how much it may seem to be. Like all other evil, war is but a false belief."

"You are getting back into what you call the realm of mind," said Uncle Eph as she stopped speaking, "and there is no use of my arguing. Still, don't think for a moment I am convinced!"

"I don't," replied Lucy with a merry laugh, "but I know you will be sometime."

"It's a good thing that Lucy and her uncle agree on

one point," said Mr. Lee, "and that is the wisdom of not discussing a thing upon which they do not agree. But, changing the subject, what is the program for sight-seeing today?"

"Not a very long one," replied Dorothy. "This letter informs me I must be home by next Tuesday. I think I shall have to leave tonight!"

"What, so soon!" exclaimed Mrs. Lee. "Why, we are just getting acquainted with you. Can't you possibly stay over Sunday? We are enjoying your visit so much."

"It is good of you to say so, Mrs. Lee, and certainly I am enjoying myself; but I think I had better start home tonight so as to be there Saturday."

"I do not suppose there would be any use in trying to persuade you to change your mind," declared Lucy, "I have already discovered that; but we want to insist right here and now that you will return to us this winter for a long visit."

"My work—" began Dorothy, but Lucy interrupted her:

"There will be plenty of work here for earnest workers. I feel that a mighty struggle is pending, and those of us who have been trained along the line of right thinking will be needed on the ground."

"I reckon Lucy would even like to have you bring that young lawyer with you," laughed Uncle Eph.

"I have no doubt that he would be of use," declared Lucy.

"I believe Lucy is right about the importance of the work to be done here next winter," said Mr. Lee; "but regardless of that, I want strongly to second her invita-

tion, Miss Howerton. We shall assuredly deem it a great pleasure to have you with us again."

Deeply touched by the expressions of loving interest, Dorothy's eyes filled with tears as she replied in a voice quivering with gladness:

"You cannot know how deeply I appreciate your kind invitation, and if possible, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

Perceiving her emotion, Mr. Lee changed the subject by saying:

"Well, Uncle Eph, where is it to be today? The Chesapeake or the Potomac?"

"It's for Miss Dorothy to say," replied Uncle Eph gallantly. "I am entirely at her disposal."

"If it isn't too much trouble," declared Dorothy, "I think I should like to go to Fort Meyer."

"To Fort Meyer!" exclaimed Uncle Eph in unfeigned surprise. "To Fort Meyer! Oh, yes," with a merry twinkle in his eye, "to see the sinners, I suppose."

"No," laughed Dorothy, "to see the airships."

CHAPTER V

TEMPTED

UPON Dorothy's return to Kansas City, events of national and international importance followed each other in rapid succession, while spring became summer and summer, in turn, passed quickly into autumn—an autumn filled with the tumult and excitement of a congressional election. And a notable election it was for many reasons. It was notable, first, because issues were joined that had never before been considered political questions by the American people. It was notable because international instead of national policies were the subject of forensic debate. It was especially notable because of its far-reaching results and the impress made upon the history of the nation and upon human affairs by the representatives then elected.

Outside the candidates themselves, it is doubtful if anyone took a livelier interest in the progress of events than did Dorothy. Strong in her understanding of war as an absolutely unrighteous condition of thought, she was naturally a pronounced adherent of the peace party; and not only was she an adherent, but she was an ardent supporter of its principles both mentally and audibly, wherever and whenever possible. She attended many of the public meetings and was as

actively interested in the work as it was possible for anyone in her position to be.

In no section of the country was the campaign more exciting than in Missouri, and in no district did the peace party conduct a more vigorous campaign than that in which John Winslow was the candidate. From the day of his nomination, and even before, he threw himself unreservedly into the contest. He was ever in the thickest of the fray and no call was ever made upon him that did not meet with an energetic and ready response. In spite of this, he was never so occupied that he could not find time to do a good deed for anyone in distress; nor was he ever so tired, or so burdened with his responsibilities that he did not undertake any work he might be called upon to do for the advancement of the cause. As a result, when the returns were in, it was found that he had gained a most signal victory; a victory so sweeping that it easily made him the foremost figure in the party.

But the election has finally passed and winter—a most memorable winter, is here.

Uncertainty of the future, and a sense of troubled conditions always add zest to life in the national capital, and make it unusually interesting from a visitor's standpoint. Small wonder, then, that Dorothy, mindful of Lucy's pressing invitation, has made a special effort to spend the winter where she can be in touch with the events which are so rapidly making history. And so, on a clear, cold day the last of December, she again finds herself in Washington.

"It seems almost like coming home," she exclaimed after the first greeting with Lucy was over. "You know

I have never had much home life and it is wonderful what a strong sense of home-coming I have had all the way east."

"I am sure our hearts have gone out to you," said Lucy, "and I have felt your return as that of an elder sister. Why not? Are we not all children of one Father and should we not be at home where His presence is most felt? I am sure as we come to appreciate more and more our unity with the Father, we shall realize more and more the tender relationship of one great family."

"How beautifully sweet you make this relationship, dear! In your presence I always seem to get a clearer idea of man in God's image than anywhere else. I have thought so much of the few days spent here last spring and have so longed to return!"

That Lucy was not the only member of the family rejoiced to see Dorothy was fully proven upon their arrival at the Dumbarton avenue home. Not only was Mrs. Lee again at the top of the stairs, but Uncle Eph was waiting impatiently at the bottom to assist them to alight.

"Your face is surely good for sore eyes," he declared as they were all ascending the steps, "especially old eyes."

"Do not be talking about old eyes," commanded Lucy. "Man's eyes reflect the All-seeing eye of God, which is just as perfect today as when God said: 'Let there be light and there was light.'"

"You never will give me a chance to joke," said Uncle Eph.

"Not at your own expense," declared Lucy.

"Now I wonder what she meant by that," pondered Uncle Eph as Mrs. Lee and the girls disappeared up the broad stairs and into the room prepared for their guest.

When the family assembled in the parlor several hours later, it was almost an impossibility that many minutes should elapse before the conversation turned to political and international affairs with which the very atmosphere seemed charged.

"I've just been awaiting this chance for you to tell me something about the new member from Kansas City," said Uncle Eph to Dorothy. "You said when you were here last spring that he was a friend of yours. What kind of a man is he as men go—not as women judge them?"

"I'm afraid that's rather a hard question for a woman to answer," was Dorothy's laughing rejoinder, "but judging from his remarkable success at the polls, the men must have judged him to be all right. I know he is."

Uncle Eph scratched his head.

"Your endorsement ought to be enough," he finally said. "But how did a man named Winslow ever come to be elected to congress from Missouri? That's what I'd like to know."

Dorothy laughed heartily.

"Missouri is quite a state, Mr. Stuart, and we have people from everywhere. While Mr. Winslow was born in Massachusetts and his childhood was passed still farther east—in China among the diplomats—his real training has been in the west. In all of his ideas he is a western man."

"Things certainly are changing," said Uncle Eph sententiously, "but somehow or other I can't get used to his doctrine. He talks like a woman to me."

"You'll change your mind when you see him," laughed Dorothy.

"That'll be some time off," said Uncle Eph.

"No, I think he'll be down before the close of the session. He wants to see Washington."

"And I suppose there's an added attraction now?" laughed Mr. Lee as he looked quizzically at Dorothy.

"If you mean me, you're entirely wrong," replied Dorothy without the slightest degree of embarrassment. "Jack and I are co-workers, nothing more."

"And still I'll venture he wouldn't be coming down if you were not here?"

"Possibly not, but I am so desirous for you all to meet him."

"And we want to!" exclaimed Lucy. "A man that can make such a winning fight for Truth and Love must be worth knowing!"

"He is!" replied Dorothy. "He's even worth cultivating!"

It was possibly a week later that Dorothy and Lucy were down town on a shopping and sight-seeing expedition. They had been to the art gallery and were on their way to the office of the trust company to meet Mr. Lee. In front of the Belasco theater they stopped to read the bronze tablet, placed there to tell strangers that: "On this spot stood the house in which an attempt was made to assassinate Secretary Seward the night President Lincoln was shot." So deeply engrossed were they in conversation that they forgot their surroundings,

and as they turned to leave the place bumped into a hurrying pedestrian, who raised his hat with an apologetic: "Pardon me!"

At the sound of his voice they raised their eyes and Dorothy gave a little scream.

"Jack!" she exclaimed. "Well of all people! Wherever did you come from?"

And then without giving him a chance to reply: "O, Lucy, this is Mr. Winslow! Jack, this is Lucy Lee. I know you are glad to know each other!"

"It saves us the trouble of saying it then, doesn't it, Miss Lee?" and John extended his hand.

"And now tell us," continued Dorothy, "why didn't you write that you were coming and not take our breath away in this unexpected fashion? What are you doing here anyway?"

"Well, if you must know," laughed John at her insistent speech, "I do not know, myself." Then in answer to her look of wonderment he explained:

"I am here in response to a telegram from the president. I did not know I was coming three hours before I left Kansas City; but the telegram was urgent and I lost no time. Even yet I do not know why I am wanted. I am but now on my way to the White House to keep my appointment.

"Of course you understand, Miss Lee," he continued in laughing explanation of his words, "that it is not me whom the president really wants to consult, but the people for whom I stand and for whom I am temporarily the mouth piece."

His eyes emphasized his meaning.

"We know all about it, Mr. Winslow," replied Lucy,

"and it is not the people either. It is the thing you stand for that makes you a power today."

John looked at her in quiet surprise, while Dorothy could not refrain from laughing:

"You wouldn't think to look at her that she was such a bundle of wisdom, would you? But, Jack, she was born into it. She doesn't know anything else."

"A wonderful heritage!" he said. "But now I shall have to leave you," looking at his watch, "my engagement is about due. I shall see you as soon as I can; I hope this evening. Till then—" he raised his hat and passed on.

"And now that you have seen him," said Dorothy, "what do you think of him?"

Lucy made no reply for several minutes. Then she said slowly:

"That he will fill up to the measure of a man."

Dorothy had the usual amount of womanly curiosity, and while she did not allow it dominion, she found herself wondering several times during the remainder of the day what the president of the United States could want with Jack Winslow. For the time she had ceased to remember that he was now a national figure. As a rule a man's first term in congress does not count for much; but as Lucy had said, it was the thing that John stood for that now made him so conspicuous. In spite of this and the fact that he had easily been the most prominent figure during the recent campaign, he was still Jack to Dorothy. True, she realized that he was a most remarkable young man and one possessed of great purity of thought and action; but his worth was connected in her mind almost entirely

with their work for good in a limited local field. It was only just beginning to dawn upon her, that this Mind which was in her friend was making him a power for good in the nation as well. She had always recognized his strength of character and integrity of purpose, even from their earliest acquaintance at Reciproca, and now she perceived the world at large was also coming to recognize it.

With Dorothy's friendship for John, there was coupled a great desire for his success. To say that she was ambitious for him would hardly express it. She realized well that earthly honors are but baubles, and as such had no desire for them. What she did wish for her friend, was that he should attain such a place, such a position, as in her mind would give his ability—his understanding of the Science of being—the widest possible field for the accomplishment of the greatest good. She failed to realize, as she ought, that place is absolutely a human idea and that in God's eternal harmony there is no rank save that of purity—perfection.

It was late that evening before John made his appearance at the Lee residence, so late that they had ceased to expect him. Although the hour in fashionable Washington would have been considered early, everyone in the household had retired excepting Lucy and Dorothy.

"We are early risers here, Mr. Winslow, because it's easier to do our work then," said Lucy apologetically, "and seeing that we are not in society we retire early. But let me call father and mother; they are so anxious to see you."

"Don't!" begged John. "Don't disturb them. I have had a strenuous day, and really, I should prefer talking with you and Dorothy alone. Dorothy, you know, has been my confidant ever since we were boy and girl, and I somehow have a feeling, after what she told me this afternoon, that right here I shall find the help I need to work out my problem."

Dorothy noted that Jack was greatly in earnest and with her woman's intuition was quick to detect that something out of the ordinary had happened. Seeing him from quite a different viewpoint Lucy replied simply:

"A perfect realization of the one Mind will solve your problem without any help from us."

"Sometimes," said Dorothy, "we find ourselves in a position where it is difficult to realize this, and I suspect that Mr. Winslow may have encountered a very strong sense of many minds since his arrival here."

"Something very like," acquiesced John.

Lucy raised her eyes in surprise: "The very admission of that seeming condition is proof of what I say," she declared emphatically, "and it is likewise the strongest proof to me that you have need of much prayerful thought. Slight as our acquaintance is, I am sure I detect in you a sense of fear."

"Fear of what?" asked John with the deepest interest.

"I haven't attempted to analyze it," replied Lucy. "But this sense of opposing minds indicates fear and uncertainty. It is proof that you are giving power to error in some form."

The purity of the girl's thought came almost as a revelation to both Dorothy and John. Even to the latter, whose entire training had been along the line of right thinking, it seemed wonderful that there should be anyone with a thought so pure as to detect a claim of evil before it had been voiced in the slightest; but John's understanding of Truth was so great that he at once recognized the possibility. He looked at Lucy almost with veneration as he said:

"If, as we are taught, error uncovered is two-thirds destroyed, what shall we say of error that is detected as soon as it is conceived?"

Lucy laughed: "I am not apt at epigrams," she said, "but I do know that whenever the presence of evil is detected, it is that much nearer destruction; the problem is that much nearer solution."

Dorothy listened with bated breath. So well did she know John that she realized something most unusual must have happened to cause him to even discuss error as a possibility. For a minute there was silence. Then Dorothy could restrain herself no longer.

"Out with it, Jack!" she suddenly said. "The sooner it is handled the better."

"Yes," added Lucy, "and the less likely it is to handle you."

"Until I came here," began John slowly, "I had not decided that it was error. I had been thinking that it might be Truth indicating a way different from the one heretofore appointed; that Principle might be leading into different channels from those I had marked out. It is but now I begin to realize, that in my case

at least, the voice of the people, as expressed at the polls, was the voice of God. How great the error that has now been suggested, you shall judge for yourselves."

He paused a moment with closed eyes. When he spoke there was just a bit of a tremor in his voice. "I have been offered a portfolio in the cabinet," he said. "I have been asked to become the secretary of war."

An exclamation of surprise escaped both young women. Then there was silence, which Dorothy was the first to break. "What a wonderful opportunity!" she exclaimed. "What a wonderful opportunity to make it the portfolio of peace!"

John sat unmoved by Dorothy's outburst. His gaze was fastened upon Lucy, from whose face the color had, for the moment, departed. She had closed her eyes as though to shut out some fearful sight. As she opened them she said in an almost inaudible whisper:

"What a terrible temptation! Who can fathom the subtlety and malignity of evil!"

Her words startled Dorothy almost beyond expression. "Subtlety! Malignity!" she gasped.

"Yes," replied Lucy slowly regaining her composure. "Subtle, because of the unexpected source from which it strikes! Malign, because of the evil it would entail!"

"Oh, Mr. Winslow," she continued, addressing herself to John, "your understanding is too great, your purpose too pure and your thought too spiritual, to permit pride or ambition, through this seductive lure, to impel you, like Judas, to betray the Christ-Truth which you have been chosen to voice. I know

these evil thoughts for what they are; so must you."

Stunned by her first exclamation, John sat as one bound by a spell. While she spoke a mighty struggle was raging within him, although outwardly he gave no sign. Was it true that he had loosened the joints of his armour to pride and ambition? Was it possible that he had thus made himself vulnerable to the darts of evil?

As he looked into Lucy's radiant eyes and read therein the wonderful purity, the luminous spirituality of her thought, there came to him an almost overwhelming realization of the pitfall he had escaped and an abiding sense of the protecting care spread around those who "dwell in the secret place of the Most High." As Lucy finished speaking he arose from his chair and raising his hand, said:

"Through the grace of God; through the omnipotent power of divine Love; through your spiritual understanding of omnipresent Truth, the error has been destroyed!"

CHAPTER VI

THE BEGINNING OF UNDERSTANDING

It was the third week of the extra session of congress—a session called by the president to take action in the emergency created by conditions which had now become so strained, it seemed that actual war could not long be delayed. The closing acts of the last congress had not been of a character that would tend to bring about a better understanding between the two nations, although a resolution had been passed at the last moment, empowering the president to refer all matters in dispute to the Hague tribunal. This tribunal had been so slow in getting the disputed points before it, however, that before it could really get to work, other hostile acts had been committed, anyone of which might be easily aggravated to a *casus belli*.

It would be difficult to say which nation had been most often, or most greatly the aggressor. While the action of Great Britain had been most arbitrary in attempting to dictate the commercial relations to be maintained toward her colonies by the United States, the attitude of the United States with regard to the use of the Panama Canal had been quite as aggravating. Again, egged on by the great manufacturing syndicates, the United States had first put an embargo upon certain foreign goods that forced them completely

out of the market; then it had put an export duty on certain raw materials so high as to almost destroy many English industries. Urged on by the same syndicates, which practically controlled the senate, the United States had also made such a discriminating toll between English and American merchantmen in the use of the Panama canal, that it was impossible for British ships to compete with American vessels.

England had retaliated with a prohibitive inspection of American meats and canned goods which kept them entirely out of all her possessions. In fact the present condition was solely the result of acts of retaliation by first one side and then the other, so that without any reasonable reason the two nations had been gradually drifting apart. Now the crisis seemed to have been reached by the announcement that troops were being mobilized in some of the interior Canadian cities, to be ready in case it came to an actual breaking out of hostilities, while the use of the Welland canal by United States vessels had been prohibited except under certain very stringent conditions.

The action of the last congress in granting power to the president to refer the matter under dispute to the Hague Tribunal, had brought a feeling of relaxation to the United States and the peace party had experienced a sense of jubilation; but with the rumor of the mobilization of troops in Canada, the expectation of continued peace gave way to a sense of alarm, and there is no doubt that the administration had the full support of the nation in calling the extra session. Still, as the people came to look at the matter calmly, it was evident that if armed vessels were put upon the

Great Lakes, as the president suggested—a suggestion which had now become the recommendation upon which congress had been called to act—it would be equivalent to a declaration of war.

However, the mass of the people and a good majority of congress were with the president. Urged on by national pride and a sense of fear on the part of the residents of the lake ports, it seemed likely that before human passions could be given sufficient vent to allow the nations to once more think in a rational and harmonious manner, a step would be taken which would cause a bloody and disastrous war. Only in a few of the larger cities, where for half a century an energetic movement of righteous thinking had been developing, was the sentiment strongly in favor of peace at any price. It was from these cities that most of the congressmen in favor of peace had come—a band of right thinkers, of whom John Winslow was the leader—who were opposed to war as war, as the breaking of the divine law of harmony. Now, in the third week of the session, they were making their last stand against the seemingly overwhelming force of mortal sense, as expressed by the majority.

It had been an all-day session. As it neared midnight, a vote was at hand upon the question of sending the gun boats lying at St. Louis, up through the deep waterway to Chicago and thence over the lakes. It seemed certain that the resolution would be adopted, although the peace party had made it clear that war was literally being forced upon the people by corporate greed.

Many harsh words had been spoken and many

strong terms used during the debate, but a vote had at last been agreed upon, when John Winslow gained the floor on a question of personal privilege.

"The gentleman from Missouri," said the speaker, "arises to a question of personal privilege. I trust he will be brief."

"So brief," said John, "that I hope I shall tire no one; but despite the fact that so much has been said upon both sides of this question, I feel that I should not be doing my duty to my constituents, my fellow-citizens, my country and my God, divine Truth and Love, did I not make one more effort to prevent this violation of a sacred compact; to prevent evil from using these two great nations as a channel for the spread of its malign influence."

So compelling was the young man's bearing, so thrilling his voice and so impelling his reference to his God, divine Truth and Love, that the confusion and hum of voices which had prevailed, ceased; and then after a whispered: "Winslow of Missouri," had passed over the galleries, there was absolute silence. Everyone who had heard John's voice seemed to feel the presence of the great controlling Mind which he so earnestly expressed.

"It has been urged," he continued, "that because on certain aggressions on the part of another great nation, we should take this retaliatory action; and it has futhermore been claimed that the occasion demands an armed force on the Great Lakes to protect our ports.

"I deny both statements.

"Today, at least, our ports are not threatened, and if we will here and now vote to act solely in accord

with the divine Principle, Love, and be governed by the precept: 'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,' laid down by the greatest Law-giver that ever trod the earth, they will not be threatened. If we will apply this divine law to the present condition of human affairs, we shall unquestionably destroy all seeming necessity for war, because there is no power in false human sense to stop the great dynamic force of Love—that force which is the omnipotent power of omniscient Mind—always active and always acting in perfect harmony."

The silence in the chamber became deeper and the interest more profound.

"But it is of this resolution as a retaliatory measure that I wish particularly to speak. Before proceeding, however, I want to say that I believe the words I am about to utter are eternally true and that I am but voicing the word of God to this nation in what I feel it my solemn duty to say. Moreover I believe it was to hush my voice that four months ago I was offered a portfolio in the cabinet of the chief magistrate—an offer which my friends know I refused, that I might be free to speak as I now do!"

A murmur of surprise passed over the assemblage, both on the floor of the chamber and in the visitors' galleries, which was quickly hushed as John continued:

"Two wrongs can never make a right; nor can one wrong be righted by another. We cannot destroy one error by committing another. Truth alone destroys error and right alone destroys wrong, just as light destroys darkness. Yea, just as Love alone can destroy that sense of injustice and the desire for retaliation;

that feeling of revenge, yes hatred, if you please, which is now impelling this nation—this great nation founded upon the teachings of the most lowly and yet the wisest teacher the earth has ever known—to take a step not in accord with the precepts of the Master and the great law of God. Rather is this action a step in keeping with the teachings of those nations whose attitude has been one of selfishness and revenge, and which have disappeared before the approach of God's true spiritual idea.

“I now speak a warning! If this nation allows itself to be led on by this sense of anger, retaliation and revenge, it is forsaking the teaching of Christ Jesus. It is opposing the law of God and placing itself in the position of another chosen people, who, for their transgressions of divine law and following after other gods have been scattered over the face of the earth. If we, too, forsake God, who is Spirit, for the gods of materiality; if we forsake God, who is Truth, for the gods of error; if we forsake God, who is Love, for the gods of hatred, envy and revenge, and seek to destroy our enemies by any other than the law of Love, we must expect to suffer.

“My words are true! The new commandment, ‘that ye love one another as I have loved you, that ye also love one another,’ is the very heart of the decalogue! And immediately after comes that other and fearful utterance of Jesus: ‘If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now have they no cloak for their sins. He that hateth me—Christ, Truth—hateth my Father also.’ So do I now declare

to this august body that we have no cloak for our sins, because we have been warned.

"We call ourselves a Christian nation! We call ourselves Christian men! Dare we then, in the face of these commands—dare we, I ask, vote for retaliation, and attempt to thwart the law of divine Love?"

Amidst breathless silence John took his seat. With bowed head he awaited the result of his words, which were but the expression of the united thought of thousands of Christian men and women in both hemispheres, who, with him, were realizing the allness of God, good, and the nothingness of evil.

The interest in the chamber was intense. No such words had ever before been spoken, no such scene enacted in the congress of the United States. The voice of Truth had set men thinking. The power of divine Love was working in their hearts. Its effect was certain. While John sat with bowed head, Andrews of Ohio, the leader of the majority, arose. All eyes were at once centered upon him.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "in accordance with the agreement already reached, I call for a vote on the resolution! And," he continued most impressively, "I wish to be the first to record my vote against it!"

There was a moment of unbroken silence and then, as the assemblage realized what this action meant, the galleries burst into wild applause. Interest in the result was so great, however, that the sharp rap of the speaker's gavel quickly stopped the outburst, and almost before the sound had died away the clerk was calling the roll on the resolution.

That it would be lost was soon apparent. The action of Representative Andrews had completed the demonstration begun by John's words. Long before the roll call was finished, the vote was seen to be going overwhelmingly against the resolution, and as the particular vote was recorded that gave the peace party the majority, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, the galleries broke into a hearty cheer that showed where the sympathies and desires of the people lay.

As soon as the call was finished and the vote announced, a hasty adjournment was taken amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Although British troops might be mobilizing; although hostilities were still a possibility, and although conditions which had necessitated the calling of the extra session had not changed in the slightest, nevertheless a radical change had in truth taken place. The thought, not only of congress, but of the entire nation had changed, and with this act a firm conviction at once took possession of the minds of the great majority that war was not necessary. The defeat of the retaliatory measure put the two nations on a peace footing. At once all began to think peace instead of war, and a feeling of optimism regarding a peaceful settlement of the points in dispute began to show itself. It was man in God's image and likeness—that spiritual manifestation of the one Mind—asserting his dominion over the passions of false mortal sense. It was love foreshadowing a complete demonstration of the Golden Rule.

Among the members of the peace party there was great jubilation that night. They crowded around John to congratulate him—as did also the members

of the opposition. To one and all he made substantially the same reply: "It was not I, but the truth spoken by me."

"I only spoke the words I was impelled to utter," he said to Representative Andrews, "but I spoke with a trusting realization that they were the words of Truth—the voice of God."

"And none who heard them could doubt it," was the reply.

In the midst of the congratulations a page put a note into John's hand. It read:

"We are waiting for you at the eastern entrance.
Lucy."

As soon as possible he hastened to the appointed spot where, midst warm congratulations, he climbed into a waiting automobile in which were Lucy, Dorothy and Uncle Eph, and they were quickly speeding out the avenue toward the Lee residence.

"It was a wonderful demonstration of God's power!" said Dorothy as they sped along.

"And it transpired just as I knew it must," said Lucy, her fair face aglow in the moonlight with a spiritual radiance. "'He shall call upon me and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him,'" she quoted. "Surely 'he that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High' knows whence cometh power. There could be no other result. I knew it!"

John looked at her reverently as to himself he thought: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Mr. and Mrs. Lee were waiting to receive them. They had already heard by telephone the result of the vote, and their congratulations were most hearty.

"And it is not only you, Mr. Winslow, who are to be congratulated," said Mr. Lee as the party entered the library, "but the entire nation. I am satisfied that the action taken tonight is a great step toward universal peace."

"How I long for that day!" said John earnestly. "Already in my thought I can perceive it. I begin to realize a time coming when two, three,—yes, many nations shall be brought into a condition of perfect harmony of thought and action. When in a single day, out of these many, one great nation shall be born."

Lucy's color came and went and her eyes sparkled as she listened.

"What a beautiful thought!" she exclaimed looking up into his face. "And a perfect realization of the one Mind must and will eventually bring this condition—a time when men will understand fully the spiritual import of the first commandment, and keep it."

"And the second which is like unto it," quoted John.

Uncle Eph looked intently at the pair as they stood thus, seemingly absorbed in each other's thoughts, and after a moment exclaimed in his characteristic way:

"Talk about one mind; if you two haven't got it, I'll lose my guess."

The sally elicited an outburst of laughter, which almost disconcerted Uncle Eph and he turned to leave.

"Aren't you going to stay and have a bite of supper,

Uncle Ephraim?" asked Mr. Lee. "You must all be hungry after your long day."

"No, indeed. I had a late dinner down town. These young folks were so interested in the proceedings that they forgot all about eating; but I ain't built that way. No late suppers for me. My old stomach won't stand it."

"Of course not, Uncle Eph," laughed Lucy. "Your stomach is an unusually wise one. It knows just when to work and when not. Some day it will be telling you how to keep your books and run your business."

Uncle Eph shook his finger at her.

"That's all right for you, Miss, but wait until you are as old as I am. Then we'll see."

"Poor Uncle Eph," said Lucy as he disappeared up the stairs. "He cannot for the life of him see how it is possible for man to have dominion, not only over the whole earth, but even over his own stomach, despite the fact that he professes to believe the Bible and tries his best to live up to its teachings."

Seated at the table the details were again gone over and Mr. Lee asked John what he thought might be the immediate result of the action taken.

"I do not know that I can predict," was the answer. "I should say, however, that it would greatly simplify the work of the Peace Tribunal, as I expect England to meet us half-way."

"What effect do you think it will have toward disarmament, if any? Would you say it might be a step in that direction?"

"I see no reason why it should not be," replied John.

"It is unquestionably a step toward thinking about disarmament, or perhaps I should say a step towards thinking less armament; for this, I take it, will be the order of education—first the cessation of an increase of armament, then less armament and finally disarmament."

"That certainly looks reasonable," said Mr. Lee.

"In this line of argument," continued John, "I was much impressed by reading a statement made by Lord Asquith, a former premier of Great Britain, at a banquet tendered the delegates to a peace conference held in 1908. At that time Lord Asquith said he could not indulge in the hope that the youngest person then alive would witness the day of universal disarmament.

" 'As long as man's nature continues as it is,' he said, 'it will be necessary to provide for war. In order to bring peace,' he declared, 'the notion that there are hereditary antagonisms and natural antipathies which must from time to time find an outlet in carnage, must first be recognized as pernicious superstition and eradicated, not only from the minds of children, but from the minds of whole communities.' In other words, he did not look for national disarmament until the thoughts of mankind had been disarmed."

"That is," said Mr. Lee, "he thought it necessary to change the thought of the individual, before he could change the thought of the nation."

"Exactly!"

"And how far, Mr. Winslow, do you think the action taken tonight will tend in that direction?"

"Believe me, Mr. Lee," replied John impressively, "who for the last eight years have studied the question diligently and have practiced the Golden Rule continually in connection with my law practice, it will go a long way. I look upon the action taken tonight as the first declaration of the American people that they are willing to give up the thought of war. This thought will soon be reflected in the consciousness of other peoples, and as a first result I look for a cessation in the increase of the navies of the world. It is the old idea of the little leaven: First the individual, then the community, then the nation.

"The action taken by the house of representatives tonight, in view of the disturbed condition of thought and the manner in which the change of sentiment came, is a big step toward universal peace. It shows that this nation, at least, is ready to think peace, instead of war."

"John is right," exclaimed Lucy as her beautiful eyes radiated the spirituality her thought contained. "I, too, can feel the approach of universal harmony. Even now I can hear the voice of Truth proclaiming 'on earth peace, good will toward men.' "

"I hope the day may not be far distant," said Mrs. Lee as she noted the words and the light in her daughter's eyes.

"Time is but a mortal thought," said John. "The day will come ere we realize it."

The conversation was interrupted by the hasty entrance of Sam, the colored servant.

"Mr. Stuart wants someone to come right up and

see him," he said. "He's mighty bad, and he says will someone send for Dr. Bremer right off."

John looked from one member of the family to another in some surprise as Mrs. Lee arose from the table and went quietly up the stairs, while Mr. Lee stepped to the telephone. Lucy noted the look.

"Uncle Ephraim still has more faith in the doctors," she exclaimed, "although his physicians have told him that they could do nothing more than relieve his pain temporarily. We have offered him spiritual assistance, but he has refused it."

"It would seem that the expression of Truth in this household would be sufficient to heal his unbelief," exclaimed John.

"We have all discovered, however, that you cannot drive anyone into the kingdom of heaven," declared Dorothy.

"True," replied Lucy, "but it does seem that he should have grasped sufficient of the Truth to help him realize the kingdom of heaven within himself."

"Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead," quoted John.

They arose from the table as Mr. Lee hung up the phone and John prepared to take his departure.

"I'm sending the machine for Dr. Bremer, and Robert can drop you at your hotel on the way," said Mr. Lee. "I expect you'll have a busy day tomorrow."

Twenty minutes later Dr. Bremer arrived and went hastily to Uncle Eph's room.

"It's my old enemy," groaned Uncle Eph as the doctor entered. "I can't breathe and there's such a pain about my heart."

"I've warned you," said Dr. Bremer. "At your age you must be more careful; but I'll do all I can for you."

"Anything, Doctor, to ease this pain!" groaned the sufferer writhing in agony.

Dr. Bremer administered a remedy and seated himself at the bedside with his hand on his patient's pulse, while Uncle Eph continued moaning. At the end of five minutes he administered the remedy again, but still the moans continued.

"Don't you get any relief?" the physician asked.

Uncle Eph shook his head and his hand clutched his breast.

For another five minutes the doctor held his fingers upon the patient's pulse. Then once more he administered the remedy. To Mrs. Lee, who stood by, he said:

"I have given him all I dare at present. I think it will relieve him shortly; but I must return to Senator Carleton's where I am badly needed. Will someone sit by him while I am gone?"

Dorothy appeared in the door. From the hall she had heard the physician's request.

"I will," she said. "Have you any directions?"

"None." Then to Mrs. Lee as he passed out into the hall: "If the medicine does not take effect within the next fifteen minutes, I fear the worst. His is a bad aneurism and this attack is the worst yet."

When Dr. Bremer returned half an hour later, Uncle Eph was still suffering.

"Is there nothing more you can do for me, Doctor," he groaned.

The physician slowly shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. I have exhausted all known remedies. I think it but right to tell you that only the power of God can save you."

For a half hour longer Dr. Bremer remained with the suffering man and then left, telling Mrs. Lee that he feared the end was near, but asking that he be notified at Senator Carleton's of any sudden change.

As the doctor left the room Uncle Eph opened his eyes, which he had closed in pain, and raising his hand motioned Dorothy to come near.

"What is it, Uncle Eph?" she asked as she took the hand which closed in a spasm of pain.

"Do you think you could help me?" he whispered.

"Do you want me to?"

"Yes," he gasped. "I'd be ashamed to ask the others, after all I've said. I'd die first. But I don't mind you."

"The others would help you just as quickly," said Dorothy, "but now let us see this pain for what it really is. Let us understand that it is but the final struggle of error to resist that spirit of Love which has encompassed us all so closely today. Let us know the truth—that truth which makes free from all pain."

Still clasping his hand, she stood at the bedside with uplifted face and closed eyes, looking away from matter to Spirit—looking beyond the human sense of death, to that omnipresent God, to know whom is eternal life.

Gradually, as she thus stood and prayed, the moans ceased, the paroxysms became less frequent, the hand she held relaxed and Uncle Eph slept.

CHAPTER VII

MAKING FOR PEACE

It is two days before the presidential inauguration, and John Winslow's term in congress is rapidly drawing to a close. He could easily have been elected to succeed himself, but had refused the nomination, declaring that he was not seeking political preferment. He had accepted his first nomination when he believed there was work he was called upon to perform. Having performed that work he had declared his intention of returning to his law practice and private life.

How well he had performed the work for which he had been elected the history of his two years in congress bears ample evidence. On the day after the event recorded in the last chapter—an event which filled a remarkable page in the history of the nation—the house of representatives had assembled with a sense of a work well done. The press of the world, in voicing the opinion of men and nations, had unanimously commended its action and had given the United States credit for having taken the greatest step in history toward permanent international peace. Had England not been peaceably inclined, she would almost have been obliged to accept the friendly hand thus extended; but events showed that the English people were just as anxious for peace as the American

and were more than thankful for the new condition forced upon them. Even Uncle Eph, when he opened his paper that morning in a considerably changed frame of mind, was surprised at the unanimous endorsement of the action of the house for, as he said: "There are usually a lot of people who object to every action taken, simply for the sake of objecting. They think they are showing wisdom by such objection, when, as a matter of fact, they are simply displaying their ignorance."

Therefore, being well pleased with themselves after reading the morning papers and still better pleased upon the receipt of the many congratulatory messages from their constituents when they arrived at the capitol later in the day, the representatives began immediately to devise plans whereby they could still further help along the good work of peacemaking. Naturally the first thing they thought of was the Hague Tribunal, and a resolution was quickly passed, creating a special congressional committee to appear before this tribunal and give such an account of the wishes and sentiment of the American people as would best help it in making its decisions.

The resolution likewise provided that the chairman of that committee should be Representative Winslow of Missouri.

The committee had started for the Hague forthwith, and, aided by a similar committee from the British parliament, worked to such good purpose that before hot weather set in the tribunal had reported its findings and the decision had been ratified by the two nations.

Upon its return home, the committee had received the thanks of congress while Representative Winslow had been given such a reception by the people of Missouri as is rarely accorded an American citizen.

In view of changed conditions, many new questions had come up during the regular session of congress and, as chairman of the committee on international affairs, John had found plenty of hard work. But here, as elsewhere, his habit of right thinking—his realization of the one Mind and man as the reflection thereof—had enabled him to solve and demonstrate successfully every problem that confronted him. His legal training, also, stood him in good part, especially his practice before the Court of Individual Conscience. He had proven the Golden Rule so often in this practice, that when he came to practice in the court of National Conscience, he was able, also, to prove it there.

That he had made a reputation as a most successful interpreter of international law goes without saying. His party appreciated his services, as well, also, as did the incoming president whom it had elected. And so today, John found himself confronted by another serious problem, for President-elect Webster, not only desirous of doing something for John, but likewise desirous of his advice and assistance, had offered him his choice of two places, that of secretary of state, or that of chief justice of the United States—the present incumbent having announced his intention of retiring as soon as the new administration had been inaugurated.

The conference between John and the president-elect had been held at Annapolis the previous evening.

John had been asked which, if either, he would prefer and with little hesitation had named the chief justiceship as more in keeping with his training; but he had made it very plain that this answer did not necessarily mean that he would accept either.

Then it was that the president-elect told him frankly that he greatly needed his assistance as secretary of state and begged that he would accept the place.

"Your record in handling international affairs, Mr. Winslow, especially the recent affair with England, has been so great," he urged, "that there is no one whose aid I so earnestly desire.

"You, even better than I, know the delicate relations existing between the United States and the nations of the Orient, and—while I know not by what method you have succeeded—your success in adjusting international differences has been too great for anyone to question its efficiency."

For some moments before replying John sat silently thoughtful. When he at length spoke it was with great deliberation and earnestness.

"Mr. Webster," he said, "I feel that I must talk to you just as frankly as you have talked to me. While I thoroughly appreciate the honor and the compliment you have paid me, I greatly prefer to return to private life. I feel there are matters that need my personal attention. If I accept either position, however, I feel that I could do more good as a justice of the Supreme Court in adjusting the great industrial and commercial differences now agitating the nation, than as secretary of state in maintaining the peace which already exists."

For several moments there was silence and then John continued impressively:

"But if I should decide to accept the great and honorable position of secretary of state, peace must be the watchword of the administration."

"It shall be!" was Mr. Webster's emphatic reply. "But the great task is to always preserve peace with dignity."

"That ought to be an easy matter," was John's immediate rejoinder, "if we simply do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

"It is that little 'if', Mr. Winslow, that makes the task so hard."

"Then, if I should decide to accept the position," declared John, "we shall be obliged to change the proposition to read: '*It will be easy to preserve the peace, because we will always do unto others as we would have others do unto us.*' We will, in our dealings with foreign nations obey implicitly the command of Jesus when he said: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart . . . and thy neighbor as thyself.' We will love the welfare of our neighbor nations just as we love our own."

"That may seem simple to you, Mr. Winslow,—it must be simple, for I have heard it said that you seem always to practice it. But to me, it is largely visionary. How is it possible to love one's neighbor as one's self?"

"Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to each other, are they not?" was John's quiet answer.

"Certainly; but I fail to see how that solves the problem."

"The Bible tells us that man is made in the image and likeness of God. Do you believe that?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And if man is the likeness of God, he must not only be a reflection of God but he must likewise reflect God?"

"I should suppose so."

"Now, to me," continued John, "God is Mind—the only Mind, because He is omniscient—is All-in-all. Therefore the true man, all spiritual individualities, inasmuch as they reflect God, reflect also this one Mind. To this extent they think alike and act alike. They have the same intelligence, the same motives, the same hopes and desires and the same love. It follows, then, that when all men reflect only the one Mind—when they attain to that Mind which was also in Christ Jesus, they will necessarily all see the truth as it is and they will hold the same thoughts about others as they do about themselves."

Mr. Webster looked puzzled and eyed John intently for some moments. At length he said:

"That may be true if the time ever comes when all men do reflect the one Mind, as you put it. At present they do not appear to, and your neighbor is continually at variance with you. If you are right, how can you love him when you can see that he is doing wrong?"

The answer was quick and pointed: "Love speaketh no evil, seeth no evil, thinketh no evil. If I am reflecting the one Mind which is Love, I shall try to see only the spiritually perfect man and know, that although my neighbor may seem to be at odds with me, in reality there is no variance between the divine ideas, and that it is possible for us to enter into a realization of Paul's

statement: 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Man must be an expression of the one Mind, no matter how opposed to that Mind the false human sense may be.

"If my neighbor does not, therefore, realize in himself the perfect man in God's image, I must realize it for him—be he one or a nation. In this way I, at least, shall be loving my neighbor as myself; and only in this way can I really love him at all—for in this way only can I reflect the one Mind which knows no evil."

"And how think you, Mr. Winslow, will this affect your neighbor, my neighbor, our neighbor—the foreign nations?"

"Try it and see," was the earnest rejoinder. "If there is in your opinion the slightest doubt as to what will happen, believe me who have proved it often, that the Golden Rule can be and is being successfully applied in solving the many problems of mankind; and it can be just as successfully applied in dissolving all the differences that may arise between nations."

"And this, then, is the plan upon which you work?"

"Absolutely!" was the forcible reply. "But this rule can only be successfully applied by understanding that there is but one Mind and that man reflects it.

"Now because God is Love, and the reflection of Love is loving—that is seeing your brother perfect—as we endeavor more and more to apply this rule, we become more and more God-like, until we reach the 'measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ' and realize our unity with the Father. This is the spiritual import of the first commandment. Obedience to this commandment, we are taught, will establish the

brotherhood of man and ultimately bring universal peace and harmony—that harmony which is heaven.”

For some moments neither spoke. At length Mr. Webster asked:

“And where did you acquire this very primitive religion, if you will pardon my inquisitiveness; and what do you call it? It appeals to me most strongly.”

“I call it scientific Christianity,” replied John. “Its Founder and Discoverer, Mrs. Eddy, calls it Christian Science,—Christian because it impels one to follow in the footsteps of Christ Jesus and to obey implicitly his commands; and scientific because it dispels the darkness with light, error with truth, war with peace, and hatred and revenge with love.”

Again there was silence which was finally broken by Mr. Webster asking, with a twinkle in his eye: “Do you not think you would be practicing the Golden Rule by accepting this portfolio?”

John smiled in return: “I have not yet decided, but I will let you know tomorrow evening, if that will do. I must have time to take the matter up carefully and scientifically.”

“That will be entirely satisfactory,” replied Mr. Webster. “I will, then, see you in Washington at the Shoreham.”

With this understanding the men had parted.

It was now nearly noon of the succeeding day and John had not reached a decision. Although he had taken the matter up prayerfully and had tried to realize where his duty lay, the desire to return to private life, where he could find more time for study and to practice the healing truth, was strong within him. He could

not believe that it was Principle leading in a different way. It seemed rather another claim of ambition trying to turn him from his duty.

To get entirely away from any sense of confusion and to find an absolutely quiet and orderly spot, he went over to the congressional library. Entering the beautiful rotunda and pausing for a moment to contemplate the wondrous decorations, from the high ceiling to the tessellated floor, upon which the signs of the zodiac were grouped about the sun—that symbol of the Soul which governs the Spiritual Universe, including man—he found his way into the reading-room devoted to house members, where he sat down and took up his thought in an orderly manner. All about him was an element of grandeur and an atmosphere of the greatest and best in the history of civilization, and in this atmosphere he was soon able to look at the subject in hand more impersonally

As he reviewed his work during the past two years, he reached the point where he was once before asked to accept a cabinet position, and remembered with a sense of pleasure the source of the clearest thought and greatest help that had been given him. This realization, at once prompted a determination to again seek advice from the same source.

“I wonder if she has returned from Boston,” he asked himself. “And I wonder if she saw mother. I’ll soon find out.”

With John to think was to act.

“I’d enjoy a little fresh air, too,” he said as he left the library and descended the broad steps which led to the street. Here he took the first public conveyance

he encountered. It was a big touring car; and he was soon speeding out the avenue toward Georgetown.

Lucy was just coming down the steps as the auto drew up in front of the Lee residence.

"It's an age since we've seen you," she said as John stepped from the car.

"That's because you've been out of town. I was here the evening before you left, and gave you an important message to my mother."

"Which I delivered. But I've been back three days."

"What?" exclaimed John. "And you didn't let me know it!"

Lucy laughed.

"I thought it was your place to keep posted—provided, of course, you wanted to know. But what are you doing with this machine? It's big enough for a tour of the United States."

"Is it?" said John. "I hadn't noticed. My thoughts were full of such big things, I must have taken it because it was in keeping. But I came to take you for a ride. I need some advice—real advice by one who can see; so get in."

Lucy realized by his manner of speech that there was something back of his attempt at levity, and took her seat without more ado.

"Where?" asked the chauffeur.

"Any place where it's quiet," replied John, "unless," turning to Lucy, "you have some preference?"

"None at all."

The chauffeur continued westward to the aqueduct bridge and then, crossing to the Virginia shore, was

soon running leisurely along toward Mt. Vernon. It was a typical spring day, the last of April, and so strong upon them was the spirit of the resurrection season that for a mile or more neither spoke, both absorbed in their own thoughts. At last Lucy broke the silence with a happy little laugh.

"It is certainly beautiful!" she exclaimed. "Every time I come this way I gain a clearer sense of what the spiritual universe must be like—a universe filled with harmony."

"I hope," said her companion, "that you have a clear sense of that harmony right now, for I want some help in working out, what to me seems a most difficult problem. Once before, under similar circumstances, you made the way very plain. Perhaps you will be willing to do so again?"

"Can you doubt it?" she asked.

"You know," continued John, "that I have intended retiring to private life at the close of my term. My plans have all been laid to that end. Now—"

Lucy interrupted him by placing her hand on his arm.

"Let me finish for you. If I am right I shall know how to advise. Now—," and she looked up into his face with earnest simplicity, "now the president-elect wants you to accept some position with the new administration?" Her eyes looked into his enquiringly.

"You have heard it rumored?"

"I have heard nothing; but I can see plainly that such a condition should exist in the harmonious order of events."

"Harmonious order!" repeated John. "What do you mean by that?"

"To my sense," explained Lucy deliberately, "the thought of the world is rapidly becoming harmonized. The visible manifestations, as yet, are comparatively few; but I realize it. We are reaching this condition in an orderly manner, for order, you know, is heaven's first law.

"In this harmonious order of events—this progression toward perfection, purity and peace on earth, every good thought is needed in the active work—every thought trained to right thinking. I know of none, John, which is today reflecting more of Love—the Love that knows no evil—than your own. Trained towards righteous thinking in childhood, you have developed along with it the ability to make your understanding practical. Your fellow citizens have seen this, and while only comparatively few know where you have obtained your knowledge of God and man, they all see the results. They realize in one way or another, that you are daily giving proofs of the practicability of the Golden Rule, although they have not as yet classified it by that name. While they have not attempted to analyze your method, they realize in you the ability needed for a certain work. This is why you are being called into it."

"It is undoubtedly as you say, to a certain extent at least," replied John. "But to me it seems that I am needed in my home field. I am needed as a practitioner in the healing of the false claims of sickness, sin and the inharmony that continually besets mankind. In public life I seem to be out of reach of the many who need me."

Lucy shook her head and gave that happy little laugh

that reminded John of the first note of the robin in the early spring time.

"You are allowing yourself to be influenced by a seeming law of limitation. You are thinking too much of what we are sometimes pleased to call an individual sphere and are not taking the broader view. Does not Paul say that we wrestle with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places; and do not the so-called rich and great need the healing Christ, just as much as the lowly?"

"Undoubtedly," replied John.

"Well, then, to paraphrase St. Paul, let us lay aside the doubts and fears which so easily beset us, and run with patience the race which is set before us.

"Come, now," she continued almost gaily as she again placed her hand on his arm. "Out with it! What is it you are needed for this time?"

"Well," said John slowly as he noted with a sense of the deepest pleasure the real interest she displayed, "I am informed that I am especially needed to act as secretary of state for the coming four years, because a peacemaker is demanded, but the coming vacancy on the supreme bench is also offered."

Raised as she had been in the atmosphere of Washington, where place is everything and where the scramble for office is the absorbing occupation of two-thirds of the population, Lucy could not fail to be affected by the information. She would have been either more or less than human had she not been; but that same clear sense of right and wrong, that spirituality which had so quickly enabled her to detect the error in a previous offer, was just as quick now to detect where her friend's

duty lay. With parted lips she looked at him for a moment, realizing for him the true, unselfish man, whose decision must be in keeping with the highest good, and then said gently, not wishing to give needless pain:

“And you prefer the latter, do you not?”

“Under certain conditions, yes.”

Again she paused. When she spoke there was decision in her voice:

“But you will accept the other,” she said.

The automobile was rapidly approaching the home of Washington. The spirit of noble thoughts and deeds was about them. The clear thought of the girl at his side, as well as his own, lent their weight to the occasion. For a moment he closed his eyes but made no reply.

“‘Blessed are the peacemakers,’ ” quoted Lucy, “‘for they shall be called the children of God.’ What a glorious promise!” Then earnestly: “All your life has been devoted to this work. By your own words a peacemaker is needed in the department of state. Will you not accept the position and continue the great work for which you are so eminently fitted, not only by your training, but by your higher understanding of what peace, harmony, really is? I am pleading for our fellow citizens, our country and our God—divine Love.”

John seemed about to reply, but hesitated as the machine came to a stop and the chauffeur alighted to open a gate that blocked the way. Lucy noted the hesitation.

“Will you not still continue a peacemaker?” she urged.

John turned his eyes and let them rest for a moment upon her fair face, radiant with spiritual light. An inspired sense of what his decision might mean to the cause for which he stood, came clearly to his thought, and he replied slowly:

“I will, if you will promise to unite with me in the work; if you will join your more illuminated thought with mine and transform the peacemaker into the peacemakers. Will you, Lucy?”

She gently placed her hand in his.

“But it can only be the peacemaker, John, for we shall be one in thought and in deed.”

The chauffeur climbed back into his seat and the car slowly passed within the peaceful precincts of Mt. Vernon.

BOOK TWO

A DEMONSTRATION

“The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.” — JAMES III: 18.

CHAPTER I

HISTORICAL AND OTHERWISE

SHELTERED from the scorching rays of the tropical sun by a broad awning stretched high above the white deck, a group of passengers is enjoying such glimpses of Polynesian scenery as can be caught through their marine glasses, while the great liner plows her way through the placid waters of the southern Pacific. Islands are all about them, some lying low and surrounded by great encircling coral reefs, while a few show abrupt headlands, or sloping green hills against the far distant horizon. It is an ever-changing picture; and now, two days out from Honolulu and but three from their destination, the voyagers are drawing all too quickly toward the end of their journey, albeit scenes new and strange await them there.

Somewhat apart from the rest of the company, but interested listeners to the conversation about people and things which the passing sights bring to mind, sit a couple whose faces are strangely familiar, although, seemingly, too young to have figured in the events concerning which they chat as the sun slowly descends toward the sea.

"How long did it take you to make the trip the last time you visited Elmborn?" the woman asked.

"Over two weeks, I think," was the reply. "But the first time I came over, some eight or ten years

after we gave the Filipinos their independence, it took nearly a month."

"Surely great progress has been made in the past fifty years. Was that before airship travel, John?"

"Oh, no! I think the first airship crossed the Atlantic during my term in Congress. It does not seem as though that was forty years ago, does it?"

"Indeed it does not. As I look back over the years, it would seem but yesterday, but for the great spiritual progress I so clearly perceive."

"Yes, that has been even more marked than material progress, so-called, great as that seems to have been. Often, as I stop to consider the world's spiritual advancement, I feel as though the time must be approaching for some pronounced manifestation of this unfolding thought; as though the evening must be so far spent that the dawning morning must soon mark the completion of the first day."

"Still a bit impatient, John," and the woman laid her hand gently on her companion's arm. "Still a little too eager to leave the boat, although not yet able to walk the waves! Remember that the day will dawn just as fast as we are able to bear the light."

Looking lovingly at the woman, as his fingers toyed caressingly with a wisp of hair just tinged with gray, which the wind had blown over her shoulder, the man exclaimed:

"Surely, you must begin to see the heavenly light, Lucy; for the pure in heart shall see God."

For a few minutes there was silence as the vessel sped through the waters, and then Lucy, changing the subject of conversation, exclaimed:

“Do you not think we should notify our friends of our arrival? It seems a little selfish to arrive so unceremoniously.”

“I expect you are right, dear,” replied John, “although I did want to take them completely by surprise. But perhaps the aerogram will be surprise enough. However, I think I will wait until we are only a day from port, as we do not want them to become tired waiting.”

“Just as you think,” laughed Lucy, “but after waiting over fifteen years, it does not seem that they would mind one more day.”

“Is it really fifteen years, since we were last here? My! My! How time does fly when one is busy!”

Again both lapsed into silence as their thoughts ran back over the years they had labored together; and as mankind reckons, what a long time it was. Years have followed years in quick succession, and decades have run rapidly into decades until more than four have passed—four decades that have wrought great and surprising changes in the political and religious history of the world since John Winslow took his place in the cabinet of President Webster.

The movement for right thinking about God and man, started in Massachusetts in 1866, has gone steadily forward, unfaltering and unchanged—gathering force and followers as the years advanced—until it now appears that fully one-half the civilized world, in one way or another, has been imbued with the teaching of this practical and scientific Christianity; but this change, though great, has been neither surprising nor unexpected.

It is in the political history of the world that the surprising changes have come. Not since the days of Napoleon, when nations rose and fell in a night, have such happenings occurred. New alliances have been formed, kingdoms have been divided, empires have been dismembered, and out of these divisions and alliances other kingdoms have been created, new republics have been established and new powers have arisen.

As might have been expected, the appearance of these new nations and the formation of these new alliances have made great demands upon the United States of America, and many times that nation has been called upon to tender its good offices in the settlement of some international dispute. Because of this, men have been needed—men trained to think along the line of the greatest good for the greatest number; and no citizen of the United States has been more active in keeping the peace of the world or in bringing harmony out of discord than has John Winslow.

After eight years as secretary of state under President Webster, during which time the Filipinos were granted their independence, he had been appointed ambassador to Russia at the time when the partition of Manchuria had been decided upon by all the powers, as the best method of developing that great country, the product of whose fertile fields were so badly needed. After four years service, he had been reappointed, but before this term expired, he had been assigned as special commissioner to represent the United States in the settlements growing out of this partition. It was an arduous task and consumed many months. But

by the application of the Golden Rule, John had made settlements which had gained the United States many friends and strengthened her position as the foremost power for peace among all the nations of the earth.

Returning home after this successful work, he was elected to the United States senate where he served for one term, but refused a re-election. When asked by a friend some time later why he had refused, he laughingly replied:

“Man’s days are four score years and ten. He has no time to waste.”

Having thus decided, John returned to Missouri and resumed his law practice. At the expiration of three years, however, he was again called into the diplomatic service on special missions to several of the new nations whose creation has been suggested, and was finally appointed ambassador to the court of St. James. Here he had served continuously until the year previous to the one of which I write, when he had been recalled at his own request.

It was as ambassador to England that John had become particularly interested in the political changes already briefly alluded to, for of all the nations affected by the mutations of time, none has experienced greater or more unexpected changes than have come to the British Empire. Its vast possessions in India, Africa, Egypt, America and the islands of the southern sea have become richer and more powerful than even the most daring had ventured to prophesy. Year by year they have grown in commercial importance, and as they have thus grown, more and more have they insisted upon the right to think and act independently.

Even as early as the first decade of the present century, one of these imperial governments decided to build a fleet of war-ships for home defense, and others soon followed. In another part of the empire a great union of colonies was formed for additional protection. In other sections these widely separated principalities became more and more self-governed, until finally one of them, an island of vastly greater area than the British Isles, acquired such wealth, population and commercial prestige, that even as the Roman empire was divided into the eastern and western empires, so did this, while remaining one at heart, separate into two.

Out of this southern island empire another great kingdom has been formed, with a government patterned after the parent nation except that the monarchy is much less limited. The first king was a younger son of the then reigning monarch of Great Britain, and in honor of a great and good ruler, Guelph was chosen as the name of the new kingdom and the city of Elmborn was made its capital.

Into the service of this new and developing kingdom were summoned the descendants of many of England's oldest and most illustrious families; and that they might be provided with stations befitting their rank and position, a new nobility was created.

Soon after the formation of this kingdom, other possessions of Great Britain, as well as colonies of other nations, began to clamor for independence. This was particularly true of the island possessions in the Pacific and Indian oceans. Already the United States had granted independence to the Filipinos, who

had organized themselves into a republic. It had been named the United States of Luzon, but is usually referred to as Luzonia. This republic had at once formed a defensive and offensive alliance with Japan and Corea and the combination is known as the Pacific or Nipponese alliance, although it must be admitted that its attitude is not always as pacific as its name implies.

Next came the organization of a confederation of the Dutch possessions comprising the Malay archipelago. After some fighting, some negotiation and some arbitration, especially the first, these colonies gained their independence. Having been referred to by the Dutch as the Eilanden, and the name having been adopted by the press of the world during the days of revolution, now that they had become a recognized power, they were usually called Eiland, although their official name is the Javanese Confederation. The chief power in the confederation is Borneo, although Sumatra, Java and Celebes are all more powerful than were many of the older nations at the beginning of the century.

To the west of Guelph two other powers have also come into existence. They are Vaalmara, erected upon the ruins of the Boer republic, and Madagascar.

The history of the South African union is too well known to the readers of this tale to need re-telling. It is sufficient to say that after a few years of British rule, the Boers again began a struggle for independence, but not by might of arms. So persuasive were their appeals for justice that they won over to their cause Natal, the Cape Colony and all Rhodesia. By their united efforts.

and because of the righteousness of their cause, they were soon granted their freedom. The Kongo Free State immediately sought an alliance with the young nation, and a few years later the German Damaraland on the west and the Portugese possessions on the east cast in their lot with the new confederacy. This condition continued till along in the twenties, when a master hand appeared in the person of Count Otto von Waldeck, who, out of these various fragments, formed the Vaalmaran Empire, with the German element as the dominant factor; and an empire it has since remained. It is now reckoned a world power and among the strongest.

With the growth in strength of Vaalmara it was impossible that France should longer retain possession of the Island of Madagascar. The story of the island of Cuba was but repeated in the history of Madagascar. Twenty years previous it was given its independence and is now a flourishing republic.

There is still another of the islands of the Pacific whose history at this time must not be lost sight of. This is Zelandia, formerly New Zealand. It, too, has been granted its freedom; and such great strides has the commonwealth made in the science of government, that for nearly a score of years it has been absolutely without any army or navy. Located at a great distance from the rest of the world and having as early as the nineteenth century given striking proof of its ability to settle all its internal differences by arbitration, it had, at the time the events herein narrated took place, been set apart, as it were, by the rest of the world as an experimental government, and as such was proving

a striking illustration of the practicability of the Golden Rule.

These southern and oriental nations, comprised as they are within what may be termed the water hemisphere of the globe, have for the past twenty-five years been left practically to themselves by the older nations of the earth in so far as the settlement of their national and international affairs are concerned, and gradually they have come to hold relatively the same positions towards each other as do the nations to which they chiefly owe their existence.

During the first two decades of its thirty odd years as an independent nation, Guelph was absolutely at peace with the world. To be sure England watched over it as a parent would a child; but, with its vast wealth and because of its extensive sea coast, the new kingdom had speedily built a great navy, and some fifteen years previous to the present time, having been drawn into a war with the most powerful of the northern oriental nations, had administered such a swift and crushing defeat as had at once placed it in the rank of a great maritime power. When peace was declared it had expended the entire indemnity it had received in further increasing its navy. Now, although the nation is rich, the cost of maintaining this great force of armed ships and men is becoming a burden which the people have declared their intention of throwing off. Furthermore, the building of war-vessels has raised the cost of material to such a point that it has almost completely stopped the construction of the merchant marine, upon which the future commercial growth of the nation depends.

Located to a large extent in the tropics, there is still a great area of the southern portion of Guelph in the temperate zone. Here had been built up, during the last fifty years of its colonial existence, many mansions and estates that compare favorably with the beautiful and stately homes of old England. One of the most beautiful of these is Somerton-by-the-Sea. It is an extensive property, and was originally laid out by the descendant of a famous English family, who had been led hither by the spirit of adventure and discovery.

Built by a naval man, the mansion is peculiar in its architecture, having about it many of the characteristics of an old-time man-of-war. In its exterior construction this is most noticeable in a turret that partakes largely of the character of a "crow's-nest." From this lookout, a fine view is obtained of the long bay on one side and the Southern ocean on the other. This tower is a favorite resort of all visitors, of which Somerton has many. It was from this tower that its builder used to watch for the incoming ships from old England, and it was from this tower in recent years that Admiral Sir William Moreland—Guelph's most dashing officer, and now the first lord of the admiralty—watched the home-coming of the victorious fleet after its sweeping victory in the north. Immediately after the decisive battle in the Chinese sea, he had hauled down his flag and hastened home in the fastest cruiser to have a voice in making the terms of peace. When the squadrons had finally been ordered to assemble in home waters and the bay had been appointed the rendezvous, he had taken a special down to the navy yard at Vreelong and thence to Somerton.

“It gave me a chance to kill two birds with one stone,” the then young admiral explained when he alighted at the famous old mansion. “It gave an opportunity to see the fleet at a distance and to pay my respects to my friends.”

“An opportunity you did well to grasp,” said his host. “We see all too little of you.”

“I am a busy man,” Sir William replied, “but it is life to me. I love to work and the greater the opportunity, the better I love it.”

No better description of Admiral Moreland could have been given, and the admiral is a fair sample of the people of Guelph. While their kingdom lies in what is commonly called the Orient, they have the spirit of the west, and but for the conservatism handed down to them by their English ancestors they would frequently have fallen into over-zealous radicalism.

But while in their business and political methods the Guelphians are breezy and active, in their home-life they partake more closely of the characteristics of the parent nation; and no spot in the realm is more typical of this life than this same Somerton-by-the-Sea, where on a glorious morning in December, while John and Lucy are sailing southward, the magnificent park has just awakened to life after a night of peaceful and refreshing quiet. The dew is on the grass and the flowers have opened wide their petals to drink in every drop that has gathered upon them, while the song-birds in the trees above are singing gaily. Over the lea comes the musical tinkle of the Swiss bells as the kine get in motion and start toward the milking-pens, cropping the fresh grass as they move along.

But sweeter than the song of birds or the tinkle of bells is the sound of childish laughter that comes rippling through the broad windows of the stately mansion, which stands half hidden by the great trees that rear their heads so proudly and yet so meekly toward the blue and seemingly limitless sky. It completes the awakening symphony while bringing to the broad veranda a barking, bounding Dalmatian hound, which by every means known to his dogship, evinces his joy at hearing his little playmates. The barking attracts the children's attention and a curly pate is thrust out of the window, while a childish voice calls:

"Here Don! Here Don! Nice doggy! Did you get lonesome? We'll be out in a minute."

And almost immediately two rosy-cheeked, sturdy tots of some four and six years come tumbling out of the door, nearly falling over Don, the exuberance of whose joy makes him a good deal of a barrier in the way.

"Get down, Don!" said the elder of the two as he pushed the hound out of his way and jumped to the wide gravel walk, two steps at a time, while the younger hitched himself down the steps more slowly as he called out:

"Wait for me, Harry! Wait for me!"

"I'll wait," called back the other, "but you can come faster'n that, Bobby! Look up not down! There, now jump! There you are! Go way, Don!"

Again the sturdy youngster gave the dog a push to make him keep on four feet, and then they all started up the walk on a run, the dog in the lead.

While they romp the whole household is awakening

and directly the sound of a sweet voice in song is wafted out of the open doors and windows.

"Listen!" said Harry. "It's Lady Judith. Let's go meet her," and off he darted around the corner followed by Don and the chubby Bobby as fast as his little fat legs could carry him.

They had no sooner disappeared than the singing ceased; but in a couple of minutes they reappeared holding to the hands and skirt of a bright, fresh, joyous young woman, clad in a becoming walking suit, with her head uncovered except for a wealth of hair that closely resembled burnished copper and was done up in a truly Grecian fashion at the back.

To say that Lady Judith Osborne was attractive would be a very trite statement of an indisputable fact. Most young women of twenty-four who are in the full knowledge of their God-given health and happiness are attractive. Some may be more so than others, but all have about them that charm which draws to them more or less attention, and makes for them friends and admirers—also some more and some less. Lady Judith was one of those who had rather more than less, although it must be admitted that her admirers were more numerous than her friends. This is due to the fact that Lady Judith is inclined to make the circle of her friends rather small, but she cannot prevent people from admiring her from afar—both on account of her personal appearance, and from the further fact that she is the daughter of the prime minister of Guelph and the Marchioness of Oxley in her own right.

That Lady Judith is very well satisfied with her

position in life, she has already given proof on several occasions—when besought to change her lot of single blessedness by men who are considered suitable alliances by those competent to judge. She evidently has her own idea of what constitutes happiness, however, and up to the present time it has not appeared to depend upon any man other than her father.

Right here it may be well to explain that the young marchioness and her illustrious father, the Duke of Lackland, are on terms of the closest intimacy. Having had no mother that she could recollect, her father has ever been her confidant. He, in turn, as his daughter has grown out of her girlhood and developed into a brilliant and talented young woman, has come to depend upon her more and more, not only in his home and social life, but as a counsellor in the affairs of state.

"I do not know," he once said to her, when she had suggested the solution of a puzzling diplomatic problem, "where you get your insight into international affairs."

"I think I must inherit it from my father," she said with a laugh, "unless, perhaps, it be from some of my more distant, but no more illustrious ancestors."

"I do not know about that," he replied, tweaking her ear, "but your grasp upon some of these complicated matters is little short of a miracle."

"You knew the solution, father, better than I," she said gravely, "but you have the fear that comes of age and past experience; while I, in my youth, see nothing but the bright side and have not yet learned to be afraid."

The duke regarded her tenderly for several minutes

and then exclaimed in a voice of pride and affection: "That answer alone stamps you as a most extraordinary young woman."

These little exchanges of mutual confidence became more and more frequent as the girl matured, until Lady Judith has now become her father's almost sole adviser. And had it not been that the warm weather had brought the duke down to his country home, it is doubtful if his daughter would have left Elmborn even for a visit to such dear friends as those at Somerton-by-the-Sea.

She had been promising herself this pleasure for the past six months, for there was no place outside of Lackland Hall in which she felt so much at home as Somerton. Being in the same county, and the roads in perfect condition, it did not take long for the fast-flying electric motors to annihilate the space between the two estates; and so, from her early girlhood, Lady Judith had been in the habit of paying frequent visits to Somerton, where Sir Allin and Lady Strong had been real foster parents to her. In fact Lady Strong had been the only mother she could remember, and much of Lady Judith's fearlessness and self-reliance were due to the broad American ideas gained from this loving lady.

For Lady Strong was a Canadian. She had been Miss Edna Gray and had married Sir Allin years before when he was plain Allin Strong. Shortly before the birth of their first child, a daughter whom they had named Constance, Allin through his mother, fell heir to the estate and title of Somerton, and when the national changes, heretofore referred to, had occurred

a couple of years later they had removed hither from Quebec. Here had been born their two other children, Thomas, the heir to the estate and title—who had adopted the family name of Allin in accordance with the terms of his kinsman's will as well as in honor of his great ancestor, Admiral Sir Thomas Allin—and Sibyl, who was the same age as Lady Judith.

Just how Sir Allin had become so intimate with the Duke of Lackland would have been hard for anyone not thoroughly acquainted with the character of the two men to have told. It was the mystery of the countyside; but it was really in no way remarkable. It simply grew out of the fact that Sir Allin was a nobleman in the true sense of the word—a perfect gentleman, after the model of the world's great exemplar, the First True Gentleman that ever lived. The duke being a man of education and discernment, was quickly impressed with Sir Allin's kindly thought, which was reflected in his every action; and when, early in his political career he needed a staunch friend, supporter and adviser, Sir Allin was the man to whom he turned. It was plain that he had something which other men of the duke's acquaintance did not have; but as Sir Allin never forced his opinions and beliefs upon anyone, the duke, a typical English gentleman, was careful never to show any indication of inquisitiveness.

As soon as Lady Judith became old enough to visit Somerton without her father, however, she was quick to notice that Sir Allin's family was greatly different from others she knew. There was about the household an air of repose and orderly harmony that she was unaccustomed to, even in as dignified an atmos-

phere as Lackland Hall. The Strong children were always happy, peaceable and healthy, and while they occasionally met with little bumps, or other childish injuries, they never seemed to pay any attention to, or talk about them. In fact the atmosphere of the whole household was so different that she asked her father why it was. He looked at her sternly for a moment as he replied:

“Remember your position, and never allow yourself to show any curiosity concerning your friends and neighbors.”

“But, father, I am curious,” she insisted. “Why don’t the children cry when they fall down and bump their heads? It isn’t natural.”

The duke bit his lip to keep from smiling as he replied: “It may be natural to them. It is certainly a good trait and I hope you will pattern after them.”

Year by year as Lady Judith came to know the family better and to see the harmony existing in it, she had tried little by little to pattern after it in many ways, until at length, when she had come to partially understand the reason for it all, she had, without saying anything to her father, tried to learn more of that Truth which was guiding and protecting Sir Allin’s family.

When Lady Judith was eighteen, Constance, the elder daughter of Sir Allin, paid a visit to America, and shortly after her return married a gentleman with whom she had become acquainted while there—Judge Morgan Taylor, C. S. D., LL. D. To them had been born Harold and Robert, the youngsters who now held Lady Judith captive and were leading her up the broad walk.

"Let's go out and look at the deers," said Harold as he tugged at Lady Judith's hand. "They'll be up by the pen."

"Yes, let's," echoed sturdy Bobby. "Let's look at the deers."

"All right," said Lady Judith, "but you shouldn't say deers—just deer, the same as though there were only one deer."

"Mommer calls us dears," said Bobby, "and mommer knows."

Lady Judith laughed: "Yes, mommer knows. You are dears but not the kind that run in the park."

"We run in the park," said Harry. "We'd rather run in the park than anywhere."

"Such boys!" she exclaimed. "But the deer that we are going to see are not the kind that are dears."

"I think they are," said Bobby, "they are the dearest little deers in the world."

"Except Lady Judith," interrupted Harold, "she's the dearest dear."

Lady Judith shook her head as she laughingly exclaimed: "It's no use. I'll give it up!"

"Give what up?" said a voice at her shoulder that caused her to give the least bit of a start. "I did not know that the Lady Judith ever gave up anything."

"It's Uncle Tom! It's Uncle Tom!" cried both the children at once, and letting go Lady Judith they seized upon the stalwart young man who had so suddenly made his appearance, striving to see which should be first on his shoulder.

"You didn't answer my question?" said the young man as soon as he had given each of the youngsters a

welcoming kiss and they had calmed down enough to make talking possible. "What was it you were giving up?"

"Trying to explain the mysteries of their own language to two young Englishmen," she said. "I was trying to teach them not to say deers. But I thought you were in Elmborn."

"So I was, but I heard you were here and came down."

"You think Lady Judith is a dear, don't you, Uncle Tom?" suddenly asked Harold, his mind reverting to the language lesson.

Lady Judith's face turned pink.

"How dare you ask such a question," said Tom with emphasis, "when—"

"Yes, indeed," interrupted Lady Judith, "how dare you ask such a question?"

"When you know that I do," finished Tom.

Lady Judith's face became more pink and a startled little laugh escaped her as she exclaimed: "How can you?"

"How can I help it?" he echoed under his breath.

There is no telling what might have followed had not Bobby caught sight of his father on the veranda and called out: "See, father, see! Uncle Tom's come home!"

Judge Taylor descended the steps and approached with extended hand: "This is indeed unexpected. We hadn't hoped to see you before Christmas. To what do we owe the pleasure?"

Tom looked at Lady Judith questioningly as he replied: "Oh, just a desire to leave Elmborn. Every-

one I cared for had left and I thought I might as well do likewise. Everyone at home is well, of course?" he continued with a quizzical smile.

"I am glad that at least you do not doubt that," said Judge Taylor. "There is that much hope for you."

"Why should I doubt it, Judge? I have never seen any of them any other way," and again Tom smiled broadly.

"And you see no reason why your father's family should be free from sickness and inharmony, while, all around them, many families are continually suffering from both?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I see a very good reason. They are healthier."

Lady Judith looked at the young man with surprise.

"How can you, brought up as you have been, make such an answer as that?" she exclaimed.

"How would you have me answer?"

"According to your real conviction. You know well that the freedom of your father's family from sickness is due to their right thought."

"I am not so sure of it," insisted Tom. "I see plenty of other people well and happy who have an entirely different thought from theirs."

"Do not worry about Tom," said Judge Taylor. "He is just talking for the sake of argument. He is—"

"He's just talking error, that's all," put in Harold who had been listening intently to all that had been said. "But just wait until he gets sick; then you'll see."

"Then you think it is possible for me to get sick, do you?"

"Anybody who thinks error can get sick," replied the child.

The sound of the breakfast bell interrupted the conversation, and both boys made for the house as fast as they could run, with Don barking at their heels.

Seated at the breakfast table the conversation, stimulated by Tom's arrival, touched upon pretty nearly all the topics of the day and finally drifted to people and affairs across the sea.

"What seems to be the opinion in Elmborn regarding the action of the Canadian parliament?" asked Sir Allin. "Will it be satisfied with home rule or will it seek absolute independence?"

"I'm not authority on public sentiment," replied Tom. "Lady Judith, being on the inside, ought to have better information, even though longer from town."

"I'm not good at conundrums, Sir Allin. You never can tell what a lot of ambitious men may do," declared Lady Judith. "But if Canada wants independence I favor it."

"Which means that the duke and his majesty favor it, I suppose?" ventured Judge Taylor.

"Not at all," said his wife. "Lady Judith and her father are not always agreed upon national policies."

"Not at first," said Sir Allin with an odd little smile.

"Now, Sir Allin," laughed Lady Judith, "you know I do not always have things my own way."

"My dear young lady, I did not say that you did. I simply said that at first you were not agreed."

"And you know I give in quite as often as father."

"Considering that your father is the prime minister

of Guelph," said Sir Allin with a merry twinkle in his eye, "let us hope so; at least for a few years yet."

"Why?" asked Judge Taylor with a laugh. "Woman was made to rule."

"And I know a woman whose rule, I think, would almost revolutionize the world," declared Sir Allin.

"Who is she?" queried Lady Judith.

"She is the wife of the foremost American diplomat of today, Mrs. Lucy Lee Winslow. Of all the women I have ever met, I have never known one who was so quick to detect error of every sort, or who could so easily bring harmony out of chaos. I feel that it is she, quite as much as her husband, who is responsible for the lead the United States has taken in the effort to bring about international disarmament as well as to increase the sentiment of the American people in favor of such action."

"I have often heard my father speak of Mr. Winslow," said Lady Judith, "but I do not think he ever met his wife. Has she ever visited Guelph?"

"Oh, yes! At the time Mr. Winslow was ambassador to Russia some years ago, they spent several months here on their return to America. It was a couple of years later, however, right after your father became prime minister, that he met Mr. Winslow, who came over on a special diplomatic mission in the final settlement of the apportionment of Manchuria."

"That must have been about the time you were active in politics," ventured Lady Judith.

"Being well acquainted with Mr. Winslow," explained Sir Allin, "I became likewise well acquainted with your father. I doubt if ever a matter of so great

importance between nations, was settled with so little trouble as was that.

"I shall never forget the first conference. I was invited to be present. The duke had prepared certain concessions he was willing to make. Mr. Winslow looked them over and after a few moments said: 'They are hardly fair, My Lord!' The duke frowned. 'What more do you wish, sir?' he asked. 'You mistake, My Lord,' said Winslow. 'I mean they are hardly fair to Guelph. You have conceded more than we ask.'

"I nearly laughed at the surprised expression on the duke's face as it changed from a frown to a smile. He looked at Winslow for fully a minute before he replied. Then he broke into a hearty laugh and as he brought his fist down upon the table with a sounding whack he said: 'Egad, sir, this is a new kind of diplomacy to me. You are the first man I ever saw who would not take all he could get, fair or unfair. Has the United States turned philanthropist?' 'Oh, I don't know,' replied John with his good-natured smile, 'the United States gave Spain twenty millions for the Philippines when she might have taken them for nothing.' 'Yes,' said the duke, 'but when you gave the Filipinos their freedom they paid you back.'

"But," continued Sir Allin, "from that moment there was no hitch. The duke saw that the United States wanted to be fair and the government of Guelph met it more than half way. It took a load off your father's mind, as that was the year that Benton made his great attack upon the government. Had the other members of the cabinet been governed by your father's advice and settled with Japan and Germany as with

the United States, the ministry would not have fallen the following year and much trouble would have been averted.

"Jack,—I call him Jack because he and I were schoolmates and roommates, I won't tell you how many years ago,—stopped with us in town while on this mission. That evening in talking over our interview with the duke, I said to him: 'I see you are still practicing the Golden Rule, Jack.'

"He laughed just as he used to at school as he replied: 'Just the same, Allin! Just the same! If you wish good treatment, you must treat others as you would have them treat you. I think that was the first thing I told you when you came to Reciproca, wasn't it?'

" 'Yes,' I replied. 'And do you remember what I told you a few nights after?'

" 'Can't say that I do,' was his answer.

" 'I remember it very well, I said: Jack, you are all right, but you are an awful mollycoddle!' "

A maid at this moment entered with a sealed envelope.

"A messenger just brought it from Vreelong," she explained.

Sir Allin opened it and glanced hastily over the message, while an expression of pleased surprise burst from his lips.

"It is from Jack!" he exclaimed. "He is on board the steamship Atlantis and will be here tomorrow."

"Not really the same Mr. Winslow of whom we have just been talking?" queried Lady Judith.

"The very same," declared Sir Allin joyfully.

“And is he an awful mollycoddle, grandpa?” asked Harold.

Sir Allin laughed with the light-heartedness of a boy as he replied:

“Just you wait and see.”

CHAPTER II

LADY JUDITH'S FIRST LESSON

THE present prime minister of the kingdom of Guelph, Charles Edward Frederick Poole Osborne, second duke of Lackland, is a descendant of one of the early dukes of Suffolk, all of whom, for centuries, have been prominent figures in English history. Not all of these dukes have by any means been good and not all have been successful—in fact one, who was prime minister back in the seventeenth century, made such a mess of it that the king cut off his head; but whether good or bad, successes or failures, the majority of them have left their imprint upon the history of their times. Even so the Duke of Lackland has already left his mark upon the history of Guelph and with a firm belief in his own ability, he has made himself easily the first man in the realm.

From the brief introduction through the breakfast-table chat recorded in the last chapter, one might think that the Duke of Lackland was easily moved, either through personal attachment or the character of his environments; but such is not the case. True, he may have made some mistakes, but being a man of indomitable will and having always aimed at the highest good, his influence upon the brief history of the nation and upon his own times has been for the betterment of mankind.

The Duke had succeeded to his title when but twenty-five years of age, and immediately took his seat in the House of Lords. It was the critical period in the formation of the government of Guelph and so active was he in promoting the interests of the kingdom, and such a clear understanding did he show of the needs of the rapidly growing nation, that when Albert II ascended the throne he called upon the Duke of Lackland to form a ministry.

By birth the duke was the first peer of the realm, and while not related by blood to the reigning family, he had, soon after he succeeded to the title, married the king's sister. When his daughter Judith was born, Albert, himself childless, had, as a special mark of favor, created her Marchioness of Oxley—the title nearest the crown.

Being an upright man, with a strong sense of living up to his highest conviction of right, the duke could not fail to have many opponents and some pronounced enemies. Whether the Honorable George Lytton Benton belonged to the first or last of these two classes, the duke was for many years unable to decide. Being political rivals, they had quite naturally indulged in some strong terms concerning each other's policies; but it had never entered the mind of the duke to hold any personal enmity against his opponent. It had only been against the things for which Benton stood that the duke had been outspoken in his condemnation, regarding them as unwise and against the welfare of the young kingdom.

While for years the duke has been the undisputed leader of the House of Lords, Benton had been the

leader of the House of Commons for almost a corresponding period, although he was some years the duke's junior. As in the case of Disraeli and Gladstone, first one and then the other had dominated parliament and the government. Each had been prime minister once and the duke twice—being now in his second term. Benton's opportunity had come at the time when Guelph had engaged in its only war—a war which Benton advised but to which the duke was opposed. Although it had resulted in a signal victory for the new kingdom, the commercial results had been bad, and so, when the time came for another test, the duke had been able to point out wherein the war had been an evil instead of an unmitigated good.

At the present time, in conjunction with the great powers of the world, a leading question before the Guelphians is that of disarmament. For more than fifty years every peace congress held and every session of the Hague tribunal has concerned itself with this matter, and had it not been for the ever recurring Eastern question, all of the great powers, under certain conditions, would have been glad to reduce their armament to the lowest possible force—a force simply sufficient to police their coast and frontiers and to keep in order the dissatisfied of their own people, of which there still seemed a plenty.

But there were reasons other than political and the difference of birth which, from the first, made the Duke of Lackland and George Lytton Benton natural adversaries—for politics is only a difference of opinion, while birth at best, is but an awakening. The duke was a man who, as has been said, ever lived up to his

highest conviction of right, while Benton made the most of every political opportunity, whether in line with his convictions or otherwise. While it could not be said that he had ever been found on both sides of any particular question, he had frequently ignored, completely, issues upon which he had previously taken a radical stand, declaring that the condition which made the question paramount had ceased to exist. He was ever creating new issues, and was a great favorite with the common people. If not a demagogue, he certainly laid himself open to the charge.

While but little past forty, he had been a prominent figure in Guelphian politics since he became of age. Left an enormous estate by his father, a billionaire steel manufacturer, he had so managed the property as to greatly increase his wealth; and one of the most serious charges made against him was that he was in politics to advance his personal affairs rather than those of the government. He had large interests in various lines of industries in many lands and large holdings in railroad and industrial securities. At the time he had been premier, he had taken the portfolio of commerce and labor, so that there seemed some foundation for the charge that he administered the affairs of the government to meet the needs of his corporations, rather than the needs of the people.

Wealth, however, was not his ambition. More than all else he craved power. It was for this that he had entered politics, and his success had been so great, that during his term as premier he had allowed his fancy to soar in the wildest flights. Realizing that it would be difficult to attain the height to which he

aspired unless he were elevated to the peerage, he had tried his best to secure a patent of Guelphian nobility. Not having been able, however, to do this, he decided that the easiest way to attain his ambition was through marriage—and if by marriage, why not with the daughter of his strongest rival? He readily perceived the possibilities arising from such an union and so the one upon whom his choice had fallen was the Lady Judith Osborne.

Political considerations had opened to him the doors of Oxley House, the duke's city residence, and he had made the most of these opportunities in becoming acquainted with the young marchioness. Being a man of many attainments, and, with all his business acumen, likewise a brilliant scholar, a fascinating conversationalist and a man of unusual culture—developed through travel and association with the brightest men in the world—he did not lack for topics or words to make himself agreeable. Endowed by nature with a physique which made him conspicuous, his personal appearance alone was sufficient to attract the attention of most women. Dashing in appearance and manner, he had also a magnetic personality and knew full well how to make the best use of his abilities.

Thus equipped, and being considerably her senior, Benton had at first made a most favorable impression upon the young marchioness. As she came to know him better, however, she detected in him the absence of that true manliness that appeals to a noble character, and had it not been that she recognized in him a powerful political leader she would have avoided him entirely.

But it was just at this time that the duke was en-

deavoring to bring about certain reforms in the administration of industrial affairs, and on her father's account she tried to lay aside her prejudices and treat the premier courteously. Try as she would, however, there was something about him that repelled her, and she quickly perceived that even in his most popular measures he was selfish and insincere. When at last her woman's wit disclosed to her his real intentions, she was filled with a repugnance which she took no pains to conceal.

But Benton was not a man to be easily avoided. As premier of Guelph he had a social standing that was quite as exalted to some in this new kingdom as though he were of noble birth, and, so, in spite of her attempt to shun him, he finally found the opportunity he desired to make known to her his wishes.

It was at an embassy ball given in the palace. With her father, Lady Judith had been in waiting upon the king and queen. Upon their retirement she and the Duchess of Newcomb had become the center of a little group in one of the numerous alcoves with which the palace abounds, but gradually she had been left alone. First her father had been led away by Admiral Moreland to meet a visiting dignitary. Then his grace of Penrose had claimed the duchess for a dance. A few minutes later she had deliberately sent away a couple of the younger court ladies who had failed to interest her, and was about to seek more entertaining company when she was confronted by the prime minister. She started to rise but he detained her.

"Do not go," he said, "I have something to say to you that I am sure will interest you, although at first

it may be new and startling. I hope before I finish, however, that you will see the wisdom of what I have to propose and will honor my proposal."

Again she started to arise. "I should greatly prefer not to hear it," she said. "I am sure it will not meet with my approval."

"And even at that, it may interest you," he said in a manner most courteous. "Pray remain seated. I shall not detain you long."

His manner was so quiet and yet so forceful, that while Lady Judith felt certain of what he was about to say, she could not refuse to listen.

"The matter upon which I would speak," he said gravely, "is one very near my heart, and I have the honor to believe that, although a political antagonist of your father, I shall have his full sanction in the matter."

Lady Judith looked at him incredulously and was about to utter a protest, but he interrupted her.

"I know what you would say," he declared, "but with your youth and inexperience in the ways of the world, you do not comprehend what may come into the minds of men, especially of those who, like your father and myself, have to deal with diplomatic affairs."

Then, much as though he were setting forth a line of policy to a meeting of cabinet ministers, he made his proposal. There was no mention of love, only of great admiration and the benefits to be derived from such a matrimonial alliance, and so adroitly was the proposal worded, that for a time she was led to believe that he was actually speaking with the consent and approval of the duke. He referred to his work as prime minister and to his desire to make Guelph a

great nation. Realizing her interest in the people—with whom she was so great a favorite as to be almost a popular idol—and her great desire for their betterment, he pointed out the benefit they would derive if he were joined with her in the work for their good.

His words were fair, but they lacked the true ring, and her woman's sensitiveness rebelled at the proposal.

"I love my country and its people," she finally said, "but I do not feel that I am called upon to make such a sacrifice as this."

He smiled suavely although the thrust cut him to the quick.

"I am sorry you look upon it in that light," he said. "To become the wife of the prime minister of Guelph—though a commoner—would not be considered such a sacrifice by most women, even though to the manner born."

"True, but they have not all been a prime minister's daughter," she said proudly.

"That was five years ago, you were little more than a child then."

"I shall be older the next time," she retorted.

He laughed a little sarcastically. "Considerably. I trust you will change your mind long ere that."

"Never!" she exclaimed indignantly. "But whether the daughter of a prime minister or not, I am still Marchioness of Oxley."

Then, after a moment's pause and filled with an irresistible desire to make her words as biting as possible, she added: "But doubt not, Mr. Benton, that I shall be a prime minister's daughter again, and that right speedily."

"The quickest way to become so," he declared, "is to become my wife. Your father realizes this and would be glad to have it happen. He is entitled to be even more than a prime minister. With my popularity—with your popularity and right of birth, and with the dislike of the people to their present sovereign—"

"They do not dislike their sovereign," she interrupted suddenly.

"Let me finish," he said sternly. "With their present opposition to the King, whether it be because of their own dislike, or whether the unrest be incited by others—there is no reason why you should not, with my assistance, become, not only the daughter of a prime minister, but," in a whisper, "why you should not at once become queen of Guelph."

He leaned forward with bated breath to watch the effect of his words. That they would startle her he had no fear; that they would cause her to listen he had no doubt and that they might arouse her ambition and cause her to accept his proposal he had hope; but for what did happen he was not prepared.

"Traitor!" she exclaimed, hurling the words at him almost before he had finished his speech. "Traitor, to have accepted the highest position in the realm, while your heart was filled with such dastardly thoughts. I will expose your perfidy!"

At her first word he had recoiled; and when she started to rise, he put his hand upon her shoulder and prevented it.

"Stop and listen!" he said sternly. "You will do nothing of the kind! The very first whisper of such a suggestion would mark, not my downfall, but your

own and that of your father! Who, think you, would believe that I would suggest such a thing to you, without the duke's knowledge and consent?"

She sank back into her seat appalled at the picture.

Not realizing that it was possible to say too much, he continued:

"It is doubtful if even your father would believe you; and if he dared to speak, his words would be attributed to political jealousy. I am too powerful with the people to be overthrown by a girl's story."

She made a desperate effort and released herself from his grasp.

"You coward!" she cried in a fierce whisper as she drew herself to her full height. "To think that such as you call themselves men in the image and likeness of God. You are the manifestation of evil! Out of my way! Let me pass! You have been telling me lies! Lies! My father knows nothing of this base proposal!"

He stepped to one side.

"Go!" he exclaimed. "Go and tell your father! If he believes you he will tell you what a fool you are not to accept my offer. Go!"

Drawing her skirts about her she passed him as though he were some polluted thing, and sought the duke; but the duke had been called suddenly over to the House of Lords and had asked Lady Newcomb to see his daughter safely home. Without delay, Lady Judith had asked to be taken thither; but Lady Newcomb could not leave at the moment and as a result it was long past midnight when Lady Judith reached Oxley House. Late as it was her father had not yet returned, but had sent a message for her not to

wait up for him. This in itself was unusual, and with the other happenings of the night, so greatly disturbed the thoughts of the young marchioness that she found herself wondering if after all Benton's words might not be true and if perchance her father did not have ambitions which he had never confided to her.

Two years later Lady Judith would have recognized the lie for what it was; but at this time she had not learned where to go for guidance, and as a result passed a miserable night. Looking back upon the duke's words and actions for the past few months, she seemed to find in them confirmation of Benton's statements. By the time that her father did come home she was in such a state that she did not dare to talk with him and kept herself locked in her own room, where, as the sun was rising, she fell into a troubled sleep with the sense of being without a friend.

She was awakened the following morning by a call from Constance Taylor, who had come up from Somerton with the Judge on a lecture tour. For a moment she forgot her worriment and sent word by the maid that she would be down at once. But while dressing, the thoughts of the previous night forced themselves upon her. It was as though a black cloud had suddenly obscured the sun, and the joy which she had experienced but a moment before gave way to a nameless sense of inharmony that almost overpowered her. When she met Constance in the drawing room ten minutes later, that clear-sighted young matron, in the first hasty glance, detected the inharmony and gathering the girl in her arms asked:

"What is it, dearie? What do you think has gone wrong?"

"What do I think has gone wrong?" she sobbed burying her face on the other's shoulder. "Everything! And I don't only think it, I know it."

"Then let me give you a better knowledge. In the realm of the real nothing can go wrong, you know; because God makes and governs all and He makes only good. In God's kingdom, which is everywhere, everything goes right."

"When I tell you what has happened you will not say so."

"Oh yes, I shall," calmly. "If evil seems to have happened I shall know that it only seems, because evil is false. God and his government alone is true. Come, now, put all this out of your mind and dry your tears."

The girl gradually ceased her sobs and as she raised her eyes to those of her friend exclaimed:

"I wish I could believe as you do, Constance. It must be such a comfort."

"It is, dearie. And you can believe it, because it is true. I have proved it so many, many times. Now let's hear what the error is, so we can destroy it."

In disconnected sentences Lady Judith poured her startling story into Mrs. Taylor's sympathetic ears. She told in detail of Benton's proposal, his insinuations and her fears. At first her remarkable tale of suggested treason, even caused a momentary sense of inharmony in the trained thought of her hearer, because of its perfidious and invidious subtlety; but as she listened,

there came to her a clearer sense of its falsity and she detected the lie and the thought back of it.

"Lady Judith," she said quietly but firmly when the girl had finished, "you must tell all this to your father at once. You ought to know—you do know him too well to permit such thoughts to enter your mind. You have been doing your father a grave injustice. I know it! No man with such thoughts could do the things he has done for the good of the nation. You are surely bearing false witness."

Lady Judith flung herself into her friend's arms.

"Your words are true!" she exclaimed. "I feel that they are. O what a load of grief you have lifted from my heart!"

"No, dearie, not I, but Truth has lifted the load. I am but the channel. It is always thus."

Lady Judith looked at her questioningly. "I do not understand," she said.

"Why, dearie, can you not see that what has destroyed your sense of evil conditions—what has destroyed the lie—is not my words, but the truth they conveyed. In the same way, it was not George Benton's words that caused you grief, but your belief in the lie which they contained. And just as I have been a channel for truth, so he has been a channel for error.

"And now, Lady Judith," she continued earnestly, "the only way that we can fully destroy all sense of evil in our own thought—all sense of anger against Mr. Benton—and be able to obey the command of the Master to love our enemies, is to know that it is not really the man in God's image and likeness who has done this thing, but falsity; and that man cannot be

made a channel for error. In this way we shall lose all sense of resentment against Mr. Benton and be able to see the impersonal evil which Love can and will destroy."

"I think I catch a faint glimpse of your meaning," said the girl. "I will do as you say—go to my father. Will you come?"

"No. It is better for you and your father to meet this trial without the assistance of a third party. But afterwards—after you have told your father—if either or both of you want any help that we can give you, do not hesitate to call on us."

When Lady Judith told her story to her father, the duke's anger was fearful; but even the little glimpse that his daughter had gained of the truth, enabled her to control herself and to help calm him. As best she could, she repeated Mrs. Taylor's words, and her attitude so surprised the duke that for a moment he sufficiently forgot his anger as to ask:

"Where did you ever get such an idea as that of loving your enemy?"

"From Constance Taylor, father. They certainly have a different religion at Somerton. They have something that others do not seem to have, just as I told you when a child."

"Without doubt they are earnest Christians," replied the duke, "and I shall try to use a little of their method in this case if I can. However, the king must be told; not that I wish to injure Mr. Benton, but because a man with no principle—whether Mr. Benton or the greatest peer in the realm—is not fit to be prime minister."

And tell the king he did. The scene that followed cannot be described, because neither the king nor the duke would ever consent to discuss it. Suffice it to say that the king's anger was even greater than the duke's. Had such a report been borne to a king a hundred and fifty years previous, the head of the prime minister would have paid the penalty.

But in the kingdom of Guelph they do things differently. To a few of the king's most trusted councilors the situation was explained and parliament was prorogued. Upon the issue of a changed foreign policy, an election was ordered; and by a brief hint at the truth in the radical strongholds, the conservatives won a substantial victory and the Duke of Lackland was again summoned to form a ministry.

During this time, however, it must not be thought that Benton had been idle. Realizing the cause of the sudden action, he had, by an appeal to the people, done his best to stem the tide which had set in against him; but the knowledge that his treachery was known had caused a fear that made him timid, and long before election he felt the approach of certain defeat. Secretly he became a most bitter enemy, not only of the duke and Lady Judith, but of the king and his councilors as well. In public, however, he professed to take the whole matter as simply another turn of the political wheel and declared, after the election, that he had not been given his discharge, only a furlough. He still retained his seat in parliament and the following month started in his private yacht, the *Falcon*, on a tour around the world.

In many places—the inside history of his recent

defeat being known to only a small group in Guelph—he was received with distinguished honors and entertained at numerous public meetings, banquets and social functions. Rankling with a desire to cause trouble for the new ministry, he so worded his speeches on such occasions as to give the impression abroad that Guelph not only considered herself a world-power, but had hopes at no distant day of ruling the sea and extending her dominion.

At present Benton was in the United States of America; but evidence was not wanting that he had in Guelph plenty of lieutenants, who not only kept him minutely informed of the course of events, but were willing and ready to accept his money and to carry out his plans to injure all those to whom he attributed his downfall.

First and foremost among these was the duke and his daughter, and the ways in which Benton found means to vent his spleen and annoy them were numerous and unexpected. He caused stories to be circulated detrimental to the duke's financial condition at a time when he was trying to assist in a large manufacturing industry. He caused to be published in a newspaper in which he was interested, a story reflecting upon some of the duke's ancestors. It was clearly proven that Benton was responsible for an attempt upon the duke's life by supposed housebreakers, while to crown his infamy, he had caused to be circulated stories reflecting upon the honor of the duke in relation to other members of the ministry.

At first neither the duke nor his daughter were able to determine the source of these attacks, but as investi-

gations were started, they all pointed clearly to Benton. Being at a loss as to the best course to pursue and remembering the help that Sir Allin had been to him in his early days as a politician and diplomat, the duke again turned to this friend for advice.

That he might not seem to be giving too much importance to the matter, the duke brought it up in an incidental way at a very informal dinner to which he had invited Sir Allin and Admiral Sir William Moreland—for although considerably younger than either the duke or Sir Allin, the admiral was a staunch friend of both. It is quite probable, too, that the duke was anxious to get the admiral's views, for he was exactly the opposite of Sir Allin in thought and method.

While Sir Allin's motto was: "Do right for righteousness' sake," the admiral's might well have been: "My country! Right or wrong my country!"

Very adroitly, as he thought, the duke had led the conversation up to the doings and sayings of Benton abroad. Then he had related simply as a bit of table gossip the annoying happenings already referred to. In spite of his seeming indifference to the matter, it was at once plain to his guests that he was deeply in earnest, and they expressed the keenest interest.

"And what steps have you taken," inquired the admiral, "to put a stop to further attacks?"

"Practically none," replied the duke, "unless it has been to try and guard more closely those avenues through which he has already reached us. Inasmuch as all his attacks have been based on falsehoods, it is impossible to tell where he may strike next. I had hoped that Sir Allin might suggest some method to

guard us against our enemy—for this is what he seems determined to be.”

Sir Allin paused with a nut in one hand and a nut-cracker in the other. Speaking slowly to give emphasis to his words he said:

“There is but one way to rid one’s self of one’s enemy. That is to destroy the enemy.”

“Quite right!” exclaimed Sir William. “Benton must be destroyed.”

“Easily said!” was the duke’s comment, “but we have discovered that under existing circumstances, Mr. Benton is not so easily disposed of.”

“I do not think,” replied Sir Allin as he proceeded to crack the nut, “that I mentioned Mr. Benton’s name. I said that there was but one way to rid one’s self of one’s enemy—”

“Well,” said the admiral, “isn’t Benton the enemy?”

“Scientifically speaking, he is not,” was Sir Allin’s reply. “The real enemy is the impersonal evil, the falsehood—to which the duke has just referred; that error which is using Mr. Benton as a channel. This is the enemy to be destroyed.”

Lady Judith, who had up to this time been but an interested listener, gave her father a knowing look as she exclaimed: “How much better Sir Allin explains it than I did!”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the admiral emphatically. “Sir Allin is always suggesting absurdities.”

Sir Allin continued to extract the kernel from the shell as he laughingly replied: “Absurd to you because you have never been willing to look farther than your eyes can see. But it is most rational to me.”

The duke looked puzzled. "You will not deny *my* willingness to search, Sir Allin; but even I am unable to see how your view of the matter can help the situation."

"If we can detect a lie, it is certainly easier to get at the truth, is it not?" asked Sir Allin.

"Undoubtedly."

"Very well, then! And now that we know the enemy—the error—for what it is, we are able to destroy it."

"How?"

"First by destroying it in our own consciousness and—"

"Another absurd proposition," declared Sir William. "'It is a condition and not a theory which confronts us,' as an American president once said—an annoying reality, whether impersonal or otherwise."

"If this were the first time I had tried to enlighten you," laughed Sir Allin, "I should have some hopes for you; as it is, I almost begin to despair. But you are both good churchmen and I will simply ask you if you really believe that man is made in the image and likeness of God?"

"I certainly have never doubted it," declared the duke.

"Nor I either!" exclaimed the admiral warmly, "and sometimes as I have seen the perfect forms of my men stripped for action, I have stopped to admire God's handiwork."

This time Sir Allin could not refrain from smiling broadly as he remarked in a quizzical manner: "And looking at these men, I suppose you have had a very clear sense of what God looks like?"

"Naturally," replied the admiral.

"If you will pardon my digression," laughed Sir Allin, "I will say that you remind me of a story I once heard: A lady found her little boy busy drawing a picture. 'Of what are you drawing a picture?' she asked. 'Of God,' replied the child. 'But no one has ever seen God,' the mother declared. 'No one knows what God looks like.' 'Well,' replied the child, 'they will when they see this picture.' And I am afraid, Sir William, that your idea of God is somewhat like that of the child.

"But can you not for the moment put aside this physical concept of God and think of Him as something higher—as Life, Truth and Love—and of man as the likeness of this higher ideal?"

The admiral's face flushed while the duke replied quickly: "I am sure that I can."

"Then," declared Sir Allin, "let us all be manly enough—enough like God, infinite good—to be as Habakkuk tells us, 'of too pure eyes to behold iniquity,' whether it appear through Mr. Benton or any other channel."

Sir William started to speak but Sir Allin continued: "Now how are we to make this thought practical—how destroy Mr. Benton's power? I will tell you. By realizing that the only power Mr. Benton has to annoy any of us, is just what we give him."

"It is not for myself that I am troubled," said the duke, "but for my daughter."

"Why, father," exclaimed Lady Judith, "it is not on my account at all that I worry, but on yours!"

Sir Allin laughed as he picked up another nut. "It

seems," he declared, "that we are very rapidly destroying Mr. Benton's ability to annoy at all—and it is only annoyance at best—for we know that he can have no power to harm."

"I should be glad to stop him just the same," declared the duke.

"You will," replied Sir Allin, as he laid down his nut-cracker and leaned back in his chair, "just in the proportion that you put away all sense of annoyance, resentment or anger, and lose your desire for retaliation."

CHAPTER III

IN THE WILDERNESS

“AND what constitutes the sum of human happiness, Tom?”

The questioner was Lady Judith, as they two sat on a rustic bench at Somerton-by-the-Sea, the afternoon after Tom’s unexpected arrival, looking across the blue waters of the Indian ocean.

The young man looked at her in a perplexed fashion.

“What constitutes the sum of human happiness?” he repeated. “I do not know as I exactly understand. To me the possession of your love would be the sum of all happiness; but what might constitute happiness for another, I know and care not.”

There was just a tinge of sadness in the young woman’s voice as she said slowly:

“That is rather a selfish thought, isn’t it?”

“Perhaps. But it is the way I feel. Most men, I fancy feel pretty much the same; at least that is the way they treat one another.”

“How can you expect anyone to treat you differently, Tom, if that is the way you look at life?”

“I don’t.”

The girl smiled a bit quizzically as she asked: “How about me?”

“Oh, that is a different proposition altogether. And

of course I care for your happiness, too," he added hastily. "But why are you always asking these vague questions? I am never quite able to understand you."

"I do not think I quite understand myself," she said, "but I have within me a longing for something I do not seem able to attain."

"I reckon we all do," was Tom's reply.

"No, we all do not. I am sure your father—your sisters, Constance and Sibyl—are satisfied with life as they see it. They have something I seem unable to acquire."

"I know what you mean, Lady Judith; but if you could see away down into them, you would find that they, too, have a longing. I used to have it, but when I could not get the thing I wanted, I quit worrying about it. They are no more satisfied than you."

"You are wrong, Tom. They may not be satisfied, because they may want more of what they now have just a little; but it is only with the quantity and not the quality, that they are dissatisfied, while I have not been able to reach anything like such a condition of thought. That is why I ask, what is the sum of human happiness."

The young man studied for some minutes.

"What do you think it is?" he finally asked, slowly accentuating every word.

"I do not know. Alexander the Great wept because there were not more worlds to conquer, and he was a fair type. Other men in his position would have done the same. Why was he, and after him all mankind, so dissatisfied?"

"You'll have to ask someone besides me. But, to change the subject: It was not of happiness that I asked you to come out here and talk with me. I am in a deuce of a mess and I have come to you for advice."

"Why not go to Sir Allin?"

"Because I do not want to worry him, and you are so near your father that you surely can advise—for this is a state affair."

"A state affair?" quoth Lady Judith with a start, her thoughts turning at once to George Benton. "I hope there is nothing wrong in the foreign office."

"No! It is in the admiralty office. Ever since your father appointed me under-secretary for naval affairs I have conducted all the correspondence with Vaalmara, Madagascar, Eiland, Nippon and Luzonia concerning the coming of the fleets that are to visit us the fifteenth. Of course the globe-encircling voyage is supposed to be for the purpose of showing the western nations what progress these new powers have made; but at the same time, we all understand that it is intended likewise as an object lesson to Guelph that she cannot rule the Orient."

"I understand," said Lady Judith, as the young man paused. "Go on!"

"Well, so many unusual questions regarding the anchorage were asked, that I felt obliged to write for instructions from the foreign office in order that I might avoid any breach of international etiquette.

"The reply to my note of inquiry, signed by Lord Auckland himself, was very plain. If understood as an answer to a simple question, it could give no offence; but taken alone, the letter could be made to show that

we held one nation in greater esteem than the others. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Well," again began Tom and then he paused; "well—"

"Well," also said Lady Judith impatiently, "go on."

"Well then," said Tom, "Lord Aukland's letter has been stolen."

Lady Judith looked at him in blank surprise.

"Stolen?" she at length exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes, stolen."

"How could it be stolen? I thought all correspondence between the departments was carefully guarded."

"So it is, but this letter seems not to have been; although as far as I can remember I placed it in the file where I keep all letters from the foreign office."

"What could anyone want with the letter?"

"The only thing that I can imagine," replied Tom, "would be to stir up a rumpus in diplomatic circles. These diplomats are a fussy lot."

"But the real purport of the letter could be easily explained?"

"Easily."

"Then I do not see that the letter has any real value."

"It has not in itself. But something has happened which suggests a complication. Day before yesterday General Dudley, in charge of the harbor defenses, sent over from the war department saying that he understood that I had the information he desired. When I went to look for the letter it was gone. Thinking I had simply mislaid it, and to save time, I sent

over to Secretary Blucher, who forwarded the letter, asking for a copy. Judge of my surprise when he sent back word that he had made no copy and that if I had been so negligent as to lose it, I would have to depend upon my memory. Fortunately I remembered the instructions pretty accurately as they fixed themselves in my mind and I wrote them out for the general. Inside of an hour I received word from him that such an arrangement was impossible. I replied that such were my instructions. He then sent over to the foreign office and was told that no such arrangements had even been suggested.

"Shortly afterward I received a personal letter from Lord Auckland answering the questions I had asked in my original letter and curtly demanding what I meant by giving General Dudley such information as I had without awaiting his reply."

"Without awaiting his reply?" queried Lady Judith. "Why, I thought you said he sent you the letter that was stolen."

"So I supposed; but this second letter, coming by his personal messenger, would indicate one of two things—" Tom paused.

"I must be very dull," said Lady Judith noting the hesitancy. "What are the two things?"

"Either that Lord Auckland is losing his memory, or that the first letter was a forgery."

Lady Judith started from her seat. "Impossible!" she exclaimed. "Who could have done it?"

"I cannot imagine, unless it was Blucher."

"And why should he do such a thing?"

"I am at a loss for a motive."

There was a long period of silence and then Lady Judith asked:

"What answer did you make to Lord Auckland's inquiry?"

"I have not replied. I was so puzzled over the whole affair I decided to run down here and have a talk with you, and then, if necessary take the matter up with your father."

"It certainly is strange," mused Lady Judith. "And you have no idea as to what is back of it?"

"Only as I say, a desire to stir up a rumpus among the diplomats. So far as I can see it is absolutely a matter of indifference what part of the harbor any squadron may occupy. But if someone should show the ambassador from Vaalmara, for instance, the first letter ordering one arrangement, and later, when the fleets arrived, he could see a different arrangement, he would begin to ask questions. We should never be able to finish explaining. It would therefore be charged that I had blundered thus making me the scapegoat—"

"And the result would be," interrupted Lady Judith, "that you would lose your official head."

"Just when I could not afford to lose it," replied Tom. "It would put an end to my diplomatic career."

"Have you no idea who could have done it?"

"Not unless it was Blucher. But I have always been friendly with him. In fact I have been friendly with all the secretaries. I do not really know that I have an enemy. I certainly have given no one any cause to dislike me."

"Do you think so?" laughed Lady Judith archly as her face became pink. "Have you forgotten, sir, that there are others who aspire to the favor of the Marchioness of Oxley?"

Tom's face flushed with anger. "You do not mean Benton?"

"He is none too good; but unfortunately," and Lady Judith's color became deeper, "there are others. But it certainly does look like a plot, and we must take steps to make it of no avail."

"I knew you would see a way out of the trouble!" exclaimed Tom.

"Do not be too sanguine. But if nothing is done until the arrival of the fleets we have plenty of time."

"I do not see how there can be," said Tom rising, "but I shall have to answer Lord Aukland. I hardly know—Hello!" he exclaimed suddenly as he turned around, "what's the rumpus up at the house?"

Lady Judith looked toward the place indicated by Tom. "There does seem to be something unusual going on. Looks like there might be a circus." Then shading her eyes with her hand, "I can see that it is Bobby and Harold, but who or what is that with them?"

Tom burst into a laugh. "Why, it is Jackey," he exclaimed.

"And pray who is Jackey?" asked Lady Judith.

"He is an aborigine—one of the few left. I picked him up on a hunting trip into Never-Never Land last May. In spite of his years of service among civilized people, what he does not know about the bush and nature is not worth knowing. But he makes a great man-of-all-work."

"To judge from his antics," said Lady Judith, "he must be giving imitations of a kangaroo."

And that is just what Jackey was doing. With Bobby and Harold as spectators, the bushman was giving some wonderful exhibitions of leaping with Don in a perfect tremor of excitement chasing him and barking at every step.

The boys no sooner discovered Lady Judith and Tom than they set up a series of loud shrieks, intended as imitations of the hunters of the bush, and shouted with delight as Jackey redoubled his antics.

But their glee came to a sudden stop when Jackey discovered his master approaching. With one last, sudden leap he sprang to his feet and before either the boys or the dog could bring themselves to realize the change, the black had transformed himself from a wild bushman into a disciplined servant, and stood at a respectful "attention" when Tom approached.

"What on earth brought you here, Jackey?" was Tom's salutation as soon as he had approached within speaking distance.

Jackey grinned and pulled his forelock. Then he cast a questioning glance at Lady Judith but made no reply.

"What is the matter?" asked Tom. "Can't you speak?"

"Course not!" exclaimed Bobby. "He's a kangaroo!"

"You youngsters get out!" and Tom made a flick at Bobby with a twig he had in his hand. "The trouble is that you have had Jackey jumping about until he has lost his breath"

Jackey chuckled and rolled his eyes in a terrifying fashion which, instead of frightening the lads, set them laughing.

"You can't scare us!" cried Harold. "We know you are good no matter how bad you look."

"Well, clear out, anyway!" said Tom. "I must find out what brought Jackey here."

The boys scurried away across the lawn and Jackey, seeing that Tom was waiting for an explanation, exclaimed:

"Much debbil in town!"

"Much devil in town?" laughed Tom. "I have no doubt; but what has that to do with your being here?"

"I think he means much trouble?" suggested Lady Judith.

The black made a grimace intended for a smile as he replied: "All the same! Debbil, trubble; trubble, debbil! All the same to Jackey."

Lady Judith and Tom laughed aloud at the manner, rather than the sentiment of the speech and Tom remarked:

"Rather a scientific statement, as Father would say, seeing that both are evil."

Lady Judith looked at Tom reproachfully.

"Why will you talk in that frivolous way?" she asked. "With the example and instruction you have had, you ought to do better."

"What would you have me do?"

"I would have you profit by the example of your sisters. You ought to be just as great a power for good as they."

"Am I not?"

"You know very well you are not."

"What is the difference?"

"What a question! But I will tell you. They spend their time helping others. You think of little but self. With you it seems to be always I, I, I. I do not know why."

"Father would say it is because I have too great a belief in material pleasures. Perhaps so. At least I am doing very well."

Then to the black: "But tell us, Jackey, what is all this trouble that is worrying you?"

"Lord Aukland making much fuss. Mr. Bally send a letter. Here!" and from inside his short jacket, Jackey produced a fat yellow-coated missive.

"Bally," explained Tom as he reached for the letter, "is Balfour Mayne, my stenographer."

Breaking the seal Tom hastily read the letter, and Lady Judith noticed that on several occasions his face blanched and his hand trembled. As he read the last line he mechanically folded the paper and turning to Lady Judith with a helpless look in his eyes said slowly:

"Well, it has come!"

"It! What do you mean by it?" asked Lady Judith.

"The explosion. Somebody has told Count von Lindenhohen that Vaalmara has been slighted and Lord Aukland has entered some sort of a complaint against me with the duke."

"How could the alleged change in the arrangements have become known to the count?"

"It appears that General Dudley sent a copy of the order of review to each of the foreign ambassadors

detailing the complete arrangement so that they could aerograph them to the commanders of their respective squadrons. Count von Lindenhohen could not have more than received his notification before the stolen letter was shown him—”

“By whom?” asked Lady Judith interrupting.

Tom’s face flushed.

“I would rather not tell.”

Recalling the allusion she had made but a moment ago, and thinking the talebearer must have been one of her numerous admirers, Lady Judith exclaimed:

“You need not be afraid of my feelings, Tom. If I am to help untangle this snarl I must know!”

For a moment Tom hesitated. “If there were any real reason why you should not know,” he finally said, “I would not tell you; but believe me, there is not. Although my name has sometimes been connected with hers, there has never been anything between us. It was Lady Beckworth.”

Lady Judith’s face flushed as she drew herself to her full height and fastened her clear blue eyes steadfastly upon him. For just a moment she doubted him—doubted his story and its details. But Tom met her look honestly and fearlessly. Intuitively she felt that he was not deceiving her and she determined then and there to stand by him. For several moments neither spoke and then Lady Judith broke the silence:

“It seems to be a deep laid plot to ruin not only your future and your good name, but to cast a slur upon the administration that appointed you; but regardless of what anyone may say, Tom, I believe you. You can depend upon me.”

The young man's eyes filled with tears and his voice was husky as he started to reply.

"And, O Tom!" exclaimed the girl impulsively interrupting him, "will you not try to see things differently. Will you not try to think less of self and to live as you have been taught. Promise me that you will try."

For just a moment he paused; then—under his breath: "I'll do it!"

Lady Judith's face brightened: "Your hand on it!" she said.

CHAPTER IV

OLD FRIENDS MEET

IN the gray mist of the early morning the great ocean liner slowly approached her pier. Along the rail were crowded the army of passengers, eager to catch the first glimpse of some familiar face and anxious to get ashore, albeit they had been but ten days making the run from San Francisco. Still ten days seem long in an era when electricity, aeroplanes and pneumatic tubes are vieing with each other to annihilate time and space.

"It certainly will be a relief when the submarine is completed," said one nervous gentleman to an equally nervous looking companion.

"Yes, and if I have got to make my living selling goods, I wish they would hurry up," was the response. "This being obliged to spend ten days every two months in getting from San Francisco to Elmborn, is most exasperating."

"You fellows are always fretting about the time you lose," said the third member of the group, a jolly round-faced individual who appeared brimming over with good humor. "You are getting through the world so fast now that you are both old men, though neither of you are fifty. I am ten years older than either of you, but I look ten years younger. When will you ever stop fretting about time?"

The passengers in the vicinity smiled at the jolly man's outburst and John Winslow, standing near, remarked:

"Not, I imagine, until they learn that both time and space are conditions of human thought."

The good-natured man looked at the speaker intently for a moment and then replied with a friendly smile: "You look as though you might have learned it."

"Only learning," said the other. "It is not very easy."

The first two speakers looked at each other in a helpless sort of way, clearly having no idea of what the others were talking about, but they had no chance to ask, as the liner had by this time approached near enough to the pier for the passengers to recognize the faces of their friends, and there was a general crowding forward and waving of hands and handkerchiefs.

"Looks mighty different from what it did the last time we was here, Miss Lucy!" exclaimed an ebony-hued servant to Mrs. Winslow who was standing a little apart from the crowding passengers viewing the scene from without, as it were, and with apparently no anxiety whatever to get ashore.

"Then you remember how it looked, do you, Roscoe?" the lady questioned in response.

"'Course I do, Miss Lucy. Why, I was twenty years old."

"You seemed so frivolous."

"'Deed, Miss Lucy, I was thinking a whole lot."

"You should have been. As I remember, it was the first time you had ever left the District of Columbia."

"That's right, Miss Lucy. But why should I want

to leave the District? That's the place a black man's just as good as a white one."

"In spite of your training, Roscoe," remarked the husband, "I am beginning to think you will never be able to eliminate the color line from your thought."

The servant looked at the speaker quizzically as he replied:

"How am I going to 'liminate the color line from my thought, Mr. John, when I can't 'liminate the color line from my skin?"

John and Lucy looked at each other and smiled, while Lucy replied: "Man in the image and likeness of God, Roscoe, is neither white nor black, except as purity makes him white. Color is a mortal concept."

Roscoe shook his head. "Mortals is all I know, Miss Lucy, and the black ones is increasing fast." Then suddenly changing the subject: "Hadn't I better be getting out the baggage?"

"Any time," replied John. "Our friends may be in haste and we had better not keep them waiting."

Roscoe hastened away and as he disappeared down the companion-way Lucy remarked:

"There certainly have been changes since our previous visit. Is it far to Somerton, John? You know Allin was living in town when I was here."

"Not as we measure distance today; but it would have seemed far once." Then after a moment, "there is a lesson even in that, is there not? Time was when they measured distance by miles of space. Now it is measured by the hours it takes one to annihilate that space."

"And still," said Lucy, "it was really always meas-

ured the same way. People only seemed to measure by miles. That is why in some minds heaven seems so far away, while to others it is always at hand."

Her husband placed his hand upon her shoulder, the touch bespeaking companionship and tenderness.

"Heaven surely is no distance away to you, dear," he said softly.

She glanced up at him and smiled. "What a blessed thing to realize," she murmured. "What a joy to understand and dwell in that perfect harmony where Love reigns—to feel no evil; to know no evil."

For some minutes both remained silent, realizing within themselves that kingdom of God, of good, of which the Master taught. They were brought back to a sense of material things by Roscoe who announced with some little show of impatience that "everyone else had gone ashore and that they had better be doing the same as their friends might think they had not come." Laughing they turned towards the companion-way just in time to run plump into the arms of Sir Allin as he came up the stairway. Brothers meeting after years of separation could have felt no greater happiness than that manifested by the two men; and their joy was fully shared by Lucy.

"It is the same John," exclaimed Sir Allin, "and the same Lucy," grasping her hand. "No one could look at you two after these years and deny that time is a mortal concept."

"We were just remarking," replied John, "that space is really measured by time and now we find that time is measured by mortal mind. What is the conclusion?"

"That both are but a phase of human thought," answered Sir Allin.

"As I remarked but a moment ago," said John.

"And that both are unrealities," laughed Lucy.

"We had better be getting ashore," said Sir Allin, "the children are impatient to see you."

"The children?" said John interrogatively.

"Yes, Constance's children."

"Well! Well!" laughed John. "It is surprising how our ideas do increase and multiply. There is nothing, however, that so frees us from the sense of time as the thoughts and deeds of children. I am sure Lucy and I are quite as anxious to see them as they are to see us."

The party quickly made its way to the pier where they were more than warmly greeted by Judge and Mrs. Taylor and the two boys. They were hardly seated in Sir Allin's car when Bobby leaning over whispered confidentially to John:

"I just knew you wasn't anything like that!"

"Anything like what?" asked John, lifting the child on to his knee.

"Like a codfish."

"What is the child talking about?" asked John turning to Sir Allin. "Bobby says I do not look like a codfish. Who ever told him I did?"

"I am sure I cannot imagine," was the reply.

"Why, grandpa," broke in Harold, "you did yourself. You said that when you were boys, you said to Mr. Winslow one day: 'Jack, you're all right, but you're an awful codfish.'"

Sir Allin burst into a great laugh. "Not codfish,"

he finally managed to explain, "but mollycoddle. Do you remember, Jack?"

"I should say I do," was the laughing rejoinder. "And I remember also what a time I had to change your opinion."

"No wonder Bobby was anxious to see you," exclaimed Sir Allin.

Again both laughed heartily at Bobby's conception, and John remarked in an undertone: "At that, Allin, I do not think he was as far from the real idea as you were."

"True, Jack, true! How differently I do look at things from what I once did."

And the two friends unmindful of those about them went back at a bound over the passing years.

"And how is my old friend, the Duke of Lackland?" asked John as the automobile sped down the broad highway and the towers of the ducal home were pointed out in the distance.

"More aggressive and more lovable than ever," replied Sir Allin. "Since he assumed charge of the government this time he has been even more positive in his opinions than when you knew him."

"Because the nation back of him is more aggressive, I suppose?"

Sir Allin looked up in considerable surprise.

"Where did you get such an idea as that?" he asked.

"Is it not so?"

"By no means."

"Then you have been seriously misrepresented," declared John. "In the United States and even in England, there is a strong belief that Guelph aspires

to be recognized as a great world power and is only awaiting an opportunity to assert herself."

"The thought must have had its origin in a fear that she might be. I am sure nothing is further from the minds of our people."

"In his public utterances, your late prime minister, Mr. Benton, has led us to think otherwise."

"Then Mr. Benton is certainly voicing untruth. I hope while you are with us, you will learn the truth about us and that upon your return you will give it to the world. I am sure, from what we know of your career that your word will be believed."

"It is kind of you to say so; and I can assure you that no task could give me greater pleasure. I have tried all my life to voice the truth and I am happy in the thought that all my fellow-men realize it.

"But if this is not the cause of the duke's aggressiveness, what is?" insisted John.

"Why, the verification of his prophecy that our former war would prove anything but a blessing. It is a great thing to be proven right, you know."

"But if the government is so strongly convinced that the war was a curse why does it wish to engage in another—Oh!" exclaimed John interrupting himself—"I forgot, it does not."

"Do not forget again," laughed Sir Allin. "And the first time we have a quiet hour together, I will acquaint you with the whole story of Mr. Benton's defeat and subsequent actions. I feel that the clear thought of yourself and wife will be a great help to us in solving what now appears to be a most serious problem.

"But, to change the subject. To what are we indebted for this most pleasant surprise? I do not know when I have had anything give me so much pleasure as your wireless received yesterday morning."

"We intended it as a surprise. At first we were not going to notify you at all; but as we drew near, Lucy thought we had better prepare you a little. And by the way I am glad to find Judge Taylor with you."

"Yes, he is doing grand work. I do not know why it was, but for several years our work here did not seem to grow. It seemed blighted for a season."

"It is pretty hard," said John, "for good thoughts to flourish upon barren ground."

"But see how it flourished here twenty years ago? Even up to the time of our war!" continued Sir Allin.

"You remember the parable of the sower, do you not?" asked John. "You know how the seed that fell upon stony ground, where the soil was shallow, sprang up quickly and flourished until the sun dried it up. I should say that Guelph was a fair sample of that ground. When the sun of anger and strife arose, it dried up the shallow soil and, lacking the moisture of kindness and gentleness, the young plant withered. But if the nation has learned its lesson, and a desire has come for a lasting peace, you are doubtless sowing upon better soil."

"You always did have a clear way of putting things, Jack, and you reason rightly from cause to effect. Therefore I feel that because the seed of Truth is now taking firm root and the plants are bearing fruit, the heart of the nation must be more fertile."

"It is," ejaculated Judge Taylor, who having heard

his name mentioned felt at liberty to join in the conversation of the two friends. "It is. When I lectured here just prior to the war, I could feel that the people had not a receptive thought. They were halting between two opinions; they were vacillating between fear and anger—pride and envy. But I can assure you, Mr. Winslow, that today the people have put war out of their minds, and the sentiment in favor of disarmament is so strong that could Guelph be certain of the attitude of the great powers she would give practical proof of that desire by turning her men-of-war into peaceful merchantmen."

"And this visit of the fleets of the Orient," continued Sir Allin, "would be much better not made. It is simply keeping alive in the minds of our people the thought that we must be prepared for war."

"I am glad to hear you say that," declared John. "It is exactly my idea. I have been opposed to the display from the first and have not hesitated to express my sentiments; but as I am not now holding any official position, my voice has only been that of a private citizen and has not seemed to carry much weight in quarters where it would do good.

"This brings me to the answering of your question as to my visit, and I will say that primarily my trip here is to see how your people will be affected by this visit."

On the rear seat Constance and Lucy had at first been largely interested in the talk of the children; but as the youngsters calmed down and became absorbed in their own prattle, the conversation drifted naturally to the topic which was uppermost in their minds, and Constance exclaimed:

"We are so glad to have you here at this time. We have had such a seeming sense of trouble, that I feel we need a good clear thought to help us to the light."

Lucy gave her a loving smile as she replied:

"Our mission in life is to help. We are trying to make practical our prayer for growth in grace by giving expression to it as our text book tells us, in love and good deeds. Whence comes this sense of trouble?"

"Through my brother Tom. The coming of the foreign war-vessels seems to have set our people thinking war when they would otherwise be thinking peace. Tom is already expressing this thought, not only in words, but in his actions."

"Your brother is in one of the departments, is he not?"

"In the admiralty."

"Oh yes, I see; and being in such close touch with this affair, he would possibly be among the first to feel the disturbing influence—unless," continued Lucy, "he understands what it means to dwell in the secret place of the Most High."

"He has been taught," replied Constance, "but we feel that he has not lived up to the teaching. He has allowed a belief in his own ability to blind his eyes to the reality of being."

"But his eyes will be opened," declared Lucy earnestly. "We have scriptural authority for the statement: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' But he needs some immediate help."

"He does indeed."

"Doubtless he is attributing his trouble to human agency?"

"Entirely. He thinks it is spite work on the part of one of the secretaries in another department."

"And of course refuses to look for the impersonal error or to recognize it for what it is?"

"Exactly!" replied Constance. "Both Judge Taylor and father have talked with him, but he is full of anger and insists that he will demand an investigation and expose the guilty party."

Lucy laughed softly: "In short he will try to overcome evil with evil. Poor boy! But is he to be blamed when he is but voicing the error continually expressed by the nations of the earth?"

Lucy's words and manner, so full of sympathy and charity for the wayward one, touched Constance deeply and she thought:

"How truly have we been taught that sympathy and kind words are better than the utterance of many platitudes, of whose real meaning most of us have but the faintest idea."

Aloud she said: "There is something in your very presence that brings encouragement. I seem to feel that through you this error will be uncovered."

"It is already uncovered," declared Lucy simply. "It is the belief that man can suffer for aught but his own sins—and the remedy is always at hand. It is to realize man's unity with God—with Truth and Love. Then all suffering will cease, for there is no one who cannot prove the promise of the scriptures: 'Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.' "

"But Uncle Tom won't draw nigh to Love," broke

in Harold, who, unnoticed, had become an interested listener. "He and Jackey are going back to town tomorrow and he says he'll show 'em! Why, he's just running right away from God!"

"But like Elijah and Jonah and thousands of others," said Lucy, "he will find there is no place where Truth and Love are not."

"Oh, you and I know it!" exclaimed Harold, "but Uncle Tom don't."

. "Then we must know it for him."

Their conversation was interrupted by the sudden stopping of the car. As they approached a fork in the road, the chauffeur had discovered another auto flying down the highway that led from Lackland Hall. He slowed up to let it pass, but as soon as the occupant of the other car caught sight of Sir Allin's machine, he stopped and signalled Sir Allin to do likewise.

"It is the duke, himself," exclaimed Judge Taylor, as the two machines approached each other.

"Why so it is," exclaimed Sir Allin; and then louder as they came to a stop, "Good morning, Your Grace! You are out early. You remember Mr. Winslow from America?"

"With the greatest pleasure," exclaimed the duke alighting from his car and extending his hand which John grasped warmly. "This is indeed a most unexpected pleasure. I had not learned that you were expected."

"Nor was he until yesterday morning," replied Sir Allin, "and this is Mrs. Winslow, Your Grace."

"I feel as though I already knew her," replied the

duke. "I am as pleased to meet her as I am to greet her husband."

"The pleasure is mutual, I am sure," said Lucy. "Such good reports have come from Guelph that all must esteem it an honor to know her prime minister."

The duke's face flushed at the kindly words of praise, and then of a sudden his countenance changed.

"The meeting with your distinguished guests caused me to forget the errand upon which I was bent, Sir Allin. I have bad news for you."

"Tom?" instinctively exclaimed Sir Allin.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"Perhaps it were better for your ears alone?"

"No, Your Grace, no matter what the seeming trouble, I would rather it be voiced here. There is no human help I would seek quicker than that of these friends."

"I am afraid you will need all their encouragement at this time. My private secretary wires from Elmborn that Lord Auckland has accused your son of treason."

"Treason!" exclaimed Sir Allin, and the others silently echoed his words.

"Yes, he charges that Tom has been furnishing at least one foreign nation with information regarding our coast defenses."

At the word "treason" Lucy had closed her eyes while she uttered a silent protest. As the duke finished speaking she said quietly:

"Of course the charge is untrue."

"It's a lie!" exclaimed Harold impulsively, but his mother stopped further words by gathering him into her arms.

"I believe it is," said the duke, "else I would not now be on this errand. But, Sir Allin, if you will get into my car we will hasten to Somerton to confer with Tom. The others can come on more slowly."

Sir Allin took his place in the duke's flyer and the two conveyances proceeded on their way. Little was said, all being busy with their own thoughts; but after a few moments Harold leaned over and whispered in Lucy's ear:

"We'll have to know Truth and Love for Uncle Tom harder than ever, won't we?"

CHAPTER V

THE MARK OF THE BEAST

LADY GAY BECKWORTH, Countess of Selwyn, was a disappointed and dissatisfied woman. Having once become the former, it was but a natural consequence that in time she should become the latter; but in Lady Beckworth's case, the dissatisfied thought had followed speedily upon disappointment.

Perhaps at the time when we are about to form her acquaintance, she had reached a bit more healthful condition of thought from a human point of view, in that she was not so much dissatisfied as unsatisfied. She had tried about everything the world had to offer, and while she had been so often disappointed that she was thoroughly dissatisfied with life as she viewed it, she was not satisfied to let matters rest there, and was still seeking happiness from first one and then another fleeting pleasure.

In her girlhood, before she became Countess of Selwyn, she had been deeply religious in accordance with the teaching of the established church of the realm. She had conscientiously observed all its fast days, had consistently refrained from doing the things which its rules prohibited and had striven earnestly to find happiness in its teachings; but for some reason—which she could not put into words, but which she

nevertheless felt—she had been unable to satisfy the longings of her heart. The God she had been taught to call upon was too far away and by far too august a person to pay any heed to her prayers. As she grew into young womanhood and looked back upon her girlhood days, she was sure that not one of her prayers had ever been answered—and she had prayed the best she knew. She had tried to follow the teachings of Jesus, but here again she had scored so many failures that she began to look upon them with mistrust.

Had she not given liberally to the support of the church? Had she not been a regular contributor to its charities? But what especial happiness had she found in this? When she had called upon the needy they had accepted her money, and when she had visited the sick, they were too feeble to notice her, and she had gone away discouraged.

“What is the use of my doing these things?” she finally asked her rector. “It is my money and not my society that the poor are after; and as for the sick, they need doctors, not visitors. If I could heal as the apostles did, I might be of use; but as it is I would better stay at home.”

And stay at home she did.

Having ceased trying to do church work, she found herself out of any kind of employment. In her dissatisfaction, she turned completely around and sought only worldly pleasures. She became in habit, as well as in name, *My Lady Gay*, and before the season was over was a confirmed butterfly.

When she was twenty-five she had married the Count of Selwyn, but her married life was brief, her husband

having been one of the first to fall in war. Having no children, the title passed to a brother and Lady Gay went home to her mother.

Disappointed in her married life, dissatisfied with society, and being a woman of great natural activity, she had next turned her attention to politics. Here, at least, was something worth while, she thought. Having already a slight acquaintance with George Benton, she cultivated this acquaintance, and soon became an apt pupil of his methods, while he in turn, found in her a very useful assistant in acquiring diplomatic secrets. It was not long, therefore, until her residence became the home of what might be termed the second diplomatic circle.

At the end of five years, having largely reduced her income by numerous extravagances, she had been obliged to appeal to Benton for financial assistance, and this had put her completely within his power.

Every once in a while there would intrude itself upon her consciousness that longing which was gradually transforming her from a dissatisfied to an unsatisfied woman, but as yet she had not reached the point where she was ready or even desirous of turning from her present mode of thought and action.

While she heartily despised Benton's methods, she greatly admired the man and had been one of his most trusted workers during the recent election. He had never told her the real cause of the sudden change, and she had believed to the last that he would win.

When he was finally defeated her wrath knew no bounds; and when the Duke of Lackland was made prime minister, she vowed vengeance upon him and

his—and the “his” to Lady Gay, meant not only his daughter—but everyone and everything in which he was interested.

This condition of thought made her a willing tool, not only for Benton, but for anyone who might be opposing the government. And when Benton left on his trip around the world, and she could not so easily sell to him any secrets she might obtain, she turned to the secret agents of other nations.

Among those with whom she especially ingratiated herself was old Count von Lindenhohen. With a weakness for handsome women, he was especially susceptible to a brilliant woman. Lady Beckworth was both, and so they speedily became fast friends.

Having found what she considered a market for her information, she next cast about for a source of supply; for while she did not hesitate to manufacture information when in need, she wanted something to give it an air of probability.

It was just at this time that Tom Allin was appointed under-secretary of naval affairs and it did not take the astute Lady Gay long to discover the great friendship that existed between his family and that of the Duke of Lackland; nor did it take her long after she once set out to get acquainted with Tom, to discover that he was considered by far the most favored of all Lady Judith’s many suitors.

Now if there was any one woman in the world whom Lady Beckworth feared it was the young Marchioness of Oxley. Why this should be, she could not tell. She knew why she hated her—because Lady Judith had absolutely refused to receive her at Oxley House,

even at the most democratic of the government functions—but she had not yet learned that evil fears goodness and that error fears truthfulness; that the more impersonal they are the greater the conflict, and so, while she feared Lady Judith, she was ignorant of the cause. But this fear did not lessen her desire to injure the young marchioness, nor her determination to do so.

So it was, that when error sought a channel, it found Lady Beckworth ready; and it was upon information furnished by her, the duke told Sir Allin as they sped along to Somerton, that the accusation against Tom had come.

“I have warned him upon at least two separate occasions,” said the duke, “not to visit her. Both times, as I recall, he told me that the visits had really been forced upon him.”

“How could such a thing be possible?”

“Designing women have many ways of bringing around results they wish to attain. I have no doubt your son will tell us.”

“It is a great comfort to me,” exclaimed Sir Allin, “that you have faith in Tom.”

“I have, because Judith has. I look upon Tom, Sir Allin, almost as my son.”

Tears came to Sir Allin’s eyes. “And I had hoped that he might prove worthy of your affection and confidence; but did I not know that God is the only power, this news you bring would seem to mark the end of his career.”

“It is surely a time for fortitude,” declared the duke earnestly.

"I should have no fear, Your Grace, could we only bring my son to realize where his strength and safety lay and to trust in God."

The duke looked at Sir Allin almost with compassion as he said:

"Were it not that I have had so many proofs of your ability to avert trouble by the means you suggest, Sir Allin, I should rather be glad that your son had confidence in his own ability. To simply trust in God, seems to me not only uncertain but a bit cowardly. I like young fellows who have faith in themselves."

"No one, who believes that man is made in God's likeness," replied Sir Allin earnestly, "can have faith in himself, who has not faith in God—divine Truth and Love."

They entered the beautiful park and approached the house where Lady Judith, Sibyl and Tom were out on the veranda awaiting them.

"Where are your guests, father?" asked Tom as he came down the steps to greet them, "and where did you pick up the duke?"

"The duke picked me up, and our guests will be here shortly," replied Sir Allin as he and the duke alighted. "But, my boy, we are the bearers of bad news, which, as you know, travels fast."

"More bad news?" said Tom interrogatively.

"Yes," answered the duke, "more."

Tom's face blanched. "Have I been removed without a chance to explain about the letter?"

"It is more serious than that."

Perceiving that something unusual had happened Lady Judith and Sibyl had drawn near to listen.

"Lord Aukland has written a personal letter to the king," continued the duke, "accusing you of having furnished information of our coast defenses to a foreign nation."

A low cry escaped Lady Judith's lips, but Tom stood speechless.

"It amounts to a charge of treason," broke in Sir Allin, no longer able to control himself. "My boy! My boy!"

At his words, Tom reeled and would have fallen had not the duke caught him.

"Treason!" he whispered. "Treason! O father! O Lady Judith! You do not believe it?" he cried. "I am the victim of some terrible plot."

He covered his eyes with his hands and sank fainting into the duke's arms, just as the second automobile drew up in front of the house.

Quickly alighting, John and Judge Taylor carried the young man up the steps and laid him on a porch seat, while Lucy and Constance closed their eyes in prayerful denial of any power apart from God. In a few moments Tom opened his eyes, but he made no response to the questions put to him by his father and Judge Taylor. His eyes had a vacant stare, and he gave no sign that he recognized those about him, except as his fingers mechanically closed around the hand which Lady Judith laid upon them.

"I fear the shock has been too much for him," said the duke. "I do not suppose it would be of any use for me to suggest a physician?"

"A physician is certainly needed," said Sir Allin. "All in this household except my son depend upon the

Great Physician, but his case is pitiable indeed," and he covered his face with hands.

Both John and the duke looked at him enquiringly.

"I do not think I understand," said the duke.

"I think I can explain," said Lady Judith quietly. "Tom has refused before this to have a doctor, because he has no faith in medicine; and he has likewise refused Christian Science treatment, because he realizes that if he would have permanent healing through its ministrations, he must live a different life. In the words of Jesus, he must go and sin no more lest a worse thing come upon him."

By this time Lucy had approached the unconscious man.

"Will you take him to some quiet room," she asked, "and leave him with me."

The very tone of her voice caused Tom to turn his eyes in her direction as Sir Allin replied:

"Most gladly. He shall be removed to his own room. Oh, how thankful we are for your presence!"

Left alone with her charge Lucy stood for several minutes beside the bed upon which the young man lay, seemingly unconscious, and regarded him with a look of unutterable compassion. Tenderly she laid her hand upon his pallid brow and the radiance of a love divine was reflected in her wondrous eyes. It was such a love as the Master must have felt for sinning and suffering humanity when he stood at the bedside of the little maid and said unto her: "Arise!"

Gradually the color came into Tom's cheeks, and he opened his eyes and regarded Lucy intently. She

stepped quickly to the window and threw the shutters wide.

"Let us have all the light we can," she exclaimed. "Let us come out of the darkness. So!" opening still another window. "That is better."

Tom shaded his eyes with his arm.

"It will not harm you," she continued, "any more than the light of Truth, of which it is but the poor counterfeit. 'I am the light of the world,' said Christ Jesus, and it is the light of the Christ-truth we want. Let us rid ourselves of the darkness of error and come out into that light in which God and man stand revealed."

Tom lowered his arm and raised his head to get a better view of her.

"Who are you?" he faintly asked.

"A friend. A neighbor, if you prefer, who would be the channel through which the streams of love may come to your heart. I have come to save you from the would-be murderers—doubt, anger, fear, selfishness—among whom you have fallen, and to bind up your wounds."

Tom sank back wearily. "I have heard all that so often," he said very faintly. "It is not for me."

"Not for *you*," exclaimed Lucy in a voice that commanded attention. "And who are *you*?"

Again Tom raised his head at the forceful words. For a moment she allowed him to think and then continued:

"You are right. It is not for you. It is for the children of God. It is for the offspring of Spirit, not

for the offspring of matter. It is for man in God's likeness, that the great truths of being are intended—for those who reflect enough of the infinite and eternal good to realize their God-given right to 'every good gift and every perfect gift, which cometh down from the Father of lights in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.' ”

Tom sat up in the bed and put his feet on the floor, but she gave him no opportunity to speak.

“ ‘Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto righteousness,’ ” she quoted. “And whom are you obeying? It is not for me to answer; but I feel that you are obeying sin unto death. You are worshipping the beast, of which St. John so graphically tells us. You are yielding yourself to the beast, to your carnal desires, and thereby creating his image in your thought. In your hand is his mark, and neither material pains nor pleasures have power to free you from your self-imposed bondage. Only Truth and Love can do this, my son, and you know it. You may deceive others; you cannot deceive God and your own true self. You are not obeying unto righteousness.”

“I have never been talked to like this before,” said Tom with an aggrieved tone, “and in my present condition it does not seem kind.”

“Then separate yourself from evil and let us contemplate the error impersonally.”

Again Lucy stopped and regarded him with a compassion which he could not fail to realize. For a moment he met her loving look and then his eyes fell.

"My poor boy," she said, "your case is most serious."

He mistook the meaning of her words, and putting his hands to his head said:

"I am sure it is. I have such a dull pain here." He turned and laid his head on his pillow. "What do you think is the matter?"

"Selfishness, lust, hypocrisy," was Lucy's instant reply, which brought the young man to his feet. "Unless you can separate yourself from these evils, they will destroy you physically and morally. They are the sins which Christ, Truth, must destroy if you are to be made whole and restored to health and happiness."

"And you do not think it is my brain?"

Lucy looked at him long and earnestly.

"You know it is not," she at length said with emphasis.

The door was softly opened and Harold glided quietly into the room.

"I want to help Uncle Tom," he softly whispered.

Lucy sat down in a chair and lifted the child on to her lap.

"He will be glad to have you. Uncle Tom is having a hard fight, dear, but he is better."

"And he'll be all well when he just thinks truth and love, won't he?"

"How do you know I am not thinking truth and love?" asked Tom, as he walked slowly across the room and took a seat by the open window.

"Why, Uncle Tom, what a question! If you were, you couldn't do the way you do. You are not reflecting Truth and Love—you are not reflecting God."

Lucy laid her hand on the child's head. "The little

one knows what he means, but maybe he has not expressed it very clearly."

"And do you understand?" asked Tom.

"What the child means is simply this," replied Lucy: "Man in the image and likeness of God reflects God, Spirit, all good—in righteousness, truthfulness, courage, kindness, perfection and goodness of every kind. The child feels that you are not expressing any of these."

"Then what am I expressing?"

"I should say doubt, fear, selfishness and all those carnal thoughts which are the very opposite of love and perfection."

"That's a pretty tough picture. And I begin to think that maybe I do not understand. If man is in the image and likeness of God, how can he reflect these imperfections?"

"In Christ, Truth, he cannot; but for you or me to say that we are in the image and likeness of God and then to express not love, truthfulness, spirituality—all goodness; but instead, doubt, fear, hatred, envy, revenge, materiality,—error of all kinds; is hardly common sense, to say nothing of its being unscientific. We are not expressing the image and likeness of God save as we manifest truth and goodness—Godliness."

"Do you think I can be healed?" Tom asked.

"Do you want to be?"

"Yes."

"Then you can be."

There was a gentle knock at the door. It was Lady Judith.

"I am after Harold," she explained. "His mother thought he might have come here."

"He has done me a world of good," said Tom. "And, Lady Judith, come in and hear me. I begin to see what a conceited fool I have been; and I want you to know that by the grace of God I am going to do better."

Lady Judith's face beamed with happiness as she exclaimed impulsively: "Oh, Tom! Oh, Mrs. Winslow! How we shall all rejoice! And you will be well, Tom?"

"I am better. But this terrible charge! Lady Judith, you will stand by me?"

"I gave you my hand upon it, Tom, and I am more your friend now than ever."

"The charge is utterly false, Lady Judith," he continued, "but how am I to prove it?"

"'Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him,' " quoted Lucy. "If you know these charges to be false, then they are certainly false, nothingness to omnipotent Mind. There is nothing that can be hidden from right sense."

"Your words give me courage," said Tom. "I feel like another man."

"Not like *another* man," declared Lucy, "but like man, a son of God. Against such, no charge of treason can stand."

CHAPTER VI

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE

Two days later, and the summer sun has just sunk to rest in the Indian ocean. In her large, airy apartment in Oxley House the young marchioness sits in the gloaming, thinking over the events of the last forty-eight hours. How long those hours seem. When truth and error meet in mortal combat, what changes in human affairs may be wrought in two brief days.

Since that morning when she had seen her friend sink unconscious into her father's arms, to be revived and given a new sense of Life by the visitor from across the sea, she had alternated between hope and fear, confidence and doubt, joy and sorrow, smiles and tears. With almost every succeeding hour she had been swayed by various passions and changing emotions. Upon Tom's declaration of his innocence of any wrong-doing, she had believed him, while Lucy's words had filled her with confidence. Two hours later, when a message from the secret service agents informed the duke that the charges against Tom, while seemingly well founded, were evidently part of a plot, her heart grew still lighter. But when the following hour brought an officer and two soldiers, who placed Tom under arrest, not only her grief but that of the entire household had been great.

The duke and Sir Allin had accompanied Tom and the officer to Elmborn. The following morning, at the earnest request of Lady Judith, Lucy and John had come with her to town and all were now located at Oxley House. The trio had but just arrived, when they were cheered by a visit from Admiral Moreland, who came over to pay his respects to the distinguished visitors and to assure Sir Allin of his loyal support; but Sir Allin had already gone out, so he expressed himself to John and Lady Judith.

"I am sure there is no truth in the charges," he said as he was leaving. "Why," he continued excitedly, "with such a father he could no more do this thing than a fishing smack could resist the shot of a twelve-inch gun. I can not see how Lord Aukland could make such a charge."

John smiled gravely. "Did he realize the untruthfulness of all evil report, he could not."

Sir William looked up in surprise. "You talk just like Sir Allin," he said; "and he appears utterly oblivious to all the evil which to me seems to completely envelop the human race."

"I presume that Sir Allin and I think considerably alike. I trust, however, that does not lessen in your mind the truth of the statement."

"I have no opinion on the subject. I am more versed in physics than in metaphysics. I can get better and quicker action with a battleship and a couple of cruisers than with such abstract propositions as the allness of good and the nothingness of evil."

"But not as lasting, My Lord, nor as far-reaching. Your battleship and cruisers—in fact your entire

navy—has to do with only a very limited sphere. The other has to do with the universe.”

“I do not know about that, Mr. Winslow. Shots have been fired which were heard around the world.”

“Physically or metaphysically?” asked John.

Sir William laughed: “I do not believe I am in your class,” he said. “But anyway, I have faith in Tom.”

“A staunch friend,” remarked John, as the admiral passed down the steps. “And he is reflecting more of God than some who consider themselves much more spiritual.”

Later the same day, through the duke’s influence, Tom’s case was made the subject of a special meeting by the king and his cabinet. The duke had gone into the details of the affair and related the incident of the letter. Lord Auckland had at once declared this to be only a part of a plot to divert attention. He declared that it made absolutely no difference to Count von Lindenhohen where the Vaalmaran fleet anchored, and that it was simply a ruse to conceal the ambassador’s dealings with the traitor, as Lord Auckland persisted in calling Tom.

“There is no one else who could have given the information in this particular manner,” he declared.

Admiral Moreland was on his feet in an instant.

“That,” he exclaimed, “is a calumny upon the entire admiralty. Why, there are marines in the service who know the fortifications as well as I.”

“But they do not know these foreign emissaries, and could not have communicated with them without making themselves so conspicuous that they would have been detected at once. They—”

"And how did this young man become so well acquainted with these emissaries?" interrupted Sir William indignantly.

"Through a woman, of course," sneered Lord Aukland. "Pray do not get excited, Sir William. We are not on the high seas now. My information, you will find, is quite correct."

"It certainly should be from your standpoint, My Lord," said the Duke of Lackland quietly, "seeing that it came through the same woman."

Lord Aukland's face flushed and he started to his feet. He had supposed that the source of his information was quite unknown. He was about to make a denial, but was interrupted by the king, who asked:

"Without mentioning names, my Lord of Aukland, are you aware of the reputation of your informant?"

Lord Aukland quickly regained his composure as he replied:

"Your Majesty, it is sometimes necessary to fight fire with fire."

"But not tar with pitch," said the duke.

"Of course you do well to defend this man," said Lord Aukland, "because it is all in the family, I am told."

The duke started to his feet.

"My Lords!" exclaimed the king, "we are discussing a national and not a family affair. As for you, my Lord Aukland, I would suggest that before you proceed farther with this matter, you take the time to discover where your informant learned her diplomacy. Perhaps you will not then so readily give credence to her words, even though the proofs seem so convincing."

As a result of the conference Tom's confinement was made as light as possible. In fact, so little credence did the king give to the accusation, that he would have released Tom but for fear of offending Lord Auckland, whose connections abroad were very powerful. As it was, Tom was allowed to have his servant with him, which meant much, for Jackey was good company and Tom was rejoiced to see him.

"Nice and cool here," he said after looking about the room in which Tom was confined, "but the skeeto bars am berry wide."

Tom could not help smiling as he replied:

"Those are only to keep out the big bugs. Little fellows like me get in easily."

"But not out," said the black. Then after a few moments pause: "But why come here? Jackey said not to wait. Plenty room in bush. No ketch Mister Tom dere."

"But, Jackey, I have not done anything wrong; why should I run away?"

"Ever hunt kangaroo, Mister Tom."

"Yes."

"Ever see kangaroo run?"

"Oh, yes."

"Kangaroo never done no wrong, too; but kangaroo not stand still and be shot."

"But that is different. A kangaroo will run from a man whether he is trying to shoot it or not. A kangaroo is afraid of men."

Jackey grinned. "Kangaroo got much sense. Kangaroo know men."

Tom made no reply and for several minutes sat lost

in thought while Jackey tidied up the room and unpacked a bag of clean linen.

"And that kind of man," he said to himself, "seems to be the only kind the most of us know. Oh, for a better knowledge!"

While he mused, footsteps were heard upon the stone floor without and presently the door was opened to admit two visitors—Lady Judith and John Winslow.

"We came to bring you something we thought you might want," said the young marchioness as they entered. "You have neglected them too much of late." And she laid upon the table a black leather case in which were two little books. "This is your opportunity to obey the command to search the Scriptures."

"And remember also that man's extremity is likewise God's opportunity," said John.

"Jackey was just giving me a bit of advice," said Tom, "and I could but think that after all our searching of the Scriptures, how few of us have any higher idea of man than this poor black, who sees in him only something to be feared."

"Which makes quite clear," declared John, "the teaching that we shall never really know what man is, until we realize what God is.

"But," continued John, "we want to help you out of here and that right speedily. The duke has told us of the cabinet meeting and we want to know more about this claim of error. Is it malicious or ignorant, do you think?"

"I want to be charitable," replied Tom, "but I am sure it is malicious."

"And what cause is there for malice?"

"None,—except—except—well, except—perhaps—"

"Out with it," said John.

Tom's face grew very red and he wiped away the perspiration with his handkerchief.

"Except—well, except disappointment," he finally blurted out.

"Disappointment?" queried John. "Disappointment about what?"

"About me—about herself," exclaimed John.

Lady Judith turned and gazed out through the grated window. It was a severe test of her faith; but she had given her word and as best she could she tried to realize that evil has no power.

"And is there any cause for this disappointment, as you call it? I mean on your part?" insisted John.

"As I hope for heaven, Mr. Winslow, there is not. She may think otherwise; but this is the truth."

"And the truth about anything is all there is about anything," replied John, "no matter what anyone may think to the contrary. But you have a work to do, and this is the place to do it. Learn to say with the Master when he was persecuted even to the cross: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' It will be easy for you to do this, for it must be clear to you that it is true."

Lady Judith turned from the window and drew near the speaker, while Tom bowed his head in his hands as John proceeded:

"When you think that malice is urging some one to injure you, you are giving malice power. But if you will separate malice from personality and know it for

what it is—a nonentity, because not of God—you will break its seeming power and destroy it, not only in your own consciousness, but in the consciousness of others.”

Tom made no reply. His bowed head and evident grief were indicative of the struggle going on within him. Seeing him thus Lady Judith was moved by a great pity to exclaim:

“But, oh, Mr. Winslow, it does seem so real!”

“Just as all sin seems real until we get near enough to God—infinite good, to perceive its unreality,” was John’s emphatic reply.

Then for a minute he paused, desiring to so express himself that he would be perfectly understood. At length he said:

“To erring human sense, sin is very real; but, from the very nature of God, sin can never be a part of God’s creation, hence not real. What mortal man has done, in the language of the Scriptures, is to seek out many inventions—and sin is one of them.”

“And all this trouble is the result, is it not, Mr. Winslow?” asked Lady Judith.

“It certainly is. It is the result of our sense of separation from God, from Truth and Love. And the only way to free ourselves from the inharmony of sin, is to lose this sense of separation by regaining a perfect realization of man’s unity with his Father.”

“Do you think I can ever do it?” asked Tom.

“My boy,” replied John, “there is not the slightest doubt of it. ‘Ask and ye shall receive,’ ‘Seek and ye shall find,’ ‘Knock and it shall be opened unto you.’

“But now we must leave you. In fact, I am not

sure but we have already taken up time which you could have spent more profitably alone. I have told you nothing which is not much better told in these books which Lady Judith has brought you."

Tom shook hands with them and followed them to the door. When he turned back into the room Jackey stood by the table intently regarding the two books which nestled so lovingly in their attractive and snug little case.

"Do you like their looks?" Tom asked.

Jackey looked first at Tom and then at the books. Finally he said:

"He is a great man."

"You mean Mr. Winslow?"

Jackey nodded his head. "He can tell a lot."

"Yes, Jackey, he can."

"And still he say little book tell it better."

"Yes, I think that is true."

For several moments the black eyed the books silently while the puzzled expression of his face became more pronounced. Then turning to Tom he said:

"Jackey not hear it say anything! Mister Tom make the books talk to Jackey."

Tom's face flushed and a sense of his ingratitude suddenly came upon him with overwhelming force. How he had been throwing away his opportunities. How he had turned from the source whence he could have gained that understanding, whose power even this poor savage felt. But he realized that it was not yet too late, and picking up the case he removed the two little volumes as he said:

"Jackey, they shall talk to both of us."

And talk they did. For hours and hours from that time on, Tom read and explained to Jackey. It was just the opportunity he needed to put aside his thought of self and do something for someone else; and he did it willingly and gladly. Because for many years Tom had ceased to give, he had almost ceased to have any of that understanding which is necessary for growth in grace; but now, as he began to give, he began to receive abundantly, and in a few days he had regained much that he seemed to have lost. It came to him as a new revelation, and as he drank in the truth in great draughts he realized as never before how

The heart grows rich in giving
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered fill with gold the plain.

When Lady Judith had gone down to dinner that evening it had been with a sense of great sadness, not only for Tom, but more especially for Sir Allin whom she had not seen since he left Somerton the night before. She had rather dreaded the meeting, expecting to see him more or less broken by the shock; and in her mind she was comparing his grief to that of David over Absalom. What was her surprise—although she acknowledged to herself that she should have expected it—to find him as cheerful as though nothing unusual had happened. Later, when she found herself tete-a-tete with him in a quiet nook, she had told of her visit to Tom and how pleased he seemed to receive her gift.

“A few days ago,” exclaimed Sir Allin joyfully, “he would have looked with little favor upon such a gift. What a blessing this promises to be, although.”

he continued with a twinkle in his eye, "I must say it has been pretty well disguised."

"But, it seems so hard upon you, Sir Allin," she declared sympathetically.

"Tut! Tut!" he replied with gentle gravity. "If what blesses one blesses all, I shall receive my blessing along with the rest. Who can tell where it may end. One perfect demonstration of the truth may be the means of bringing many into the light."

After she returned to her room that night Lady Judith had thought long and earnestly upon Sir Allin's words.

"Was it true," she wondered, "that what blesses one blesses all." She could feel in Tom's case that whatever blessed him would bless his whole family—and in this she mentally included herself—but she could not see that it would or could go much further.

Then suddenly came to her mind the woman to whom she was attributing all of Tom's trouble—whether justly or unjustly she had not stopped to consider.

"How can any blessing that may come to Tom bless Lady Gay Beckworth?" she asked herself. "Surely Tom's acquittal must bring disgrace upon her, while his change of heart would take him completely from under her influence."

It was a hard problem. The more she studied it the less light she seemed to get. But suddenly another and a more startling thought came into her mind.

"Suppose Tom should not be cleared. Suppose Lady Gay were giving truthful information."

But this could not be. To this extent Lady Judith felt sure of Tom. Was it not possible, however, that

Lady Gay had sufficient false testimony at hand to sustain her charge. She felt that she must know.

Then she recalled her visit to Tom, and John Winslow's words that the putting of malice out of one's own thoughts would help to destroy it in the minds of others. She would stop thinking hard things about Lady Beckworth. She would even try to be friendly with her. She would go and call upon her.

With this thought in her mind she retired for the night and awoke in the morning with an even stronger determination to this end. She would go to Lady Beckworth and see if she could not induce her to tell the truth about Tom. If she would not—well, then Lady Judith had not exactly made up her mind what she would do; but it would be something forcible.

The meeting between the two women was just about what might have been expected.

"This is indeed a most agreeable surprise," exclaimed Lady Beckworth as she greeted Lady Judith in the little private reception-room whither she had given orders to have her guest conducted. "I do not think I have seen you since you were a girl. I have been so retired since the count's death that I have almost lost sight of many I once knew."

"Yes, it has been some time since we met," replied Lady Judith greatly at a loss to know how to proceed. "But I trust we may see more of each other from now on. I am trying to broaden my sphere of usefulness."

"And to what new line of work am I indebted for this call?" asked Lady Beckworth elevating her eyebrows.

Little fortified as she was with the understanding

which comes through the illumination of Truth and Love, Lady Judith found it utterly impossible to say the thing she felt she ought. The feeling of resentment was still uppermost, and she exclaimed proudly:

"I have come as a matter of justice, to ask you to speak the truth and withdraw the accusation you have made."

Lady Beckworth feigned a look of the utmost surprise.

"Accusation I have made!" she exclaimed. "I do not understand. Accusation against whom?"

"You know very well," replied Lady Judith haughtily. Lady Beckworth laughed sarcastically.

"I am not a mind reader," she declared.

"I had hoped not to mention names," said Lady Judith, "but if I must, I will. I mean your accusation against the son of Sir Allin Strong."

"Oh, Tom," exclaimed Lady Gay indifferently. "Poor silly boy. But how could I help accusing him of insincerity when he is so frivolous."

"Insincerity! Frivolous!" gasped Lady Judith utterly at a loss to comprehend the older woman's subtlety. "I do not understand."

Again Lady Beckworth feigned surprise.

"I think I, too, must be in the dark," she said. "I thought you came as a friend of Tom to get me to change my opinion of him—to accept him again into my good graces. But he ought to know I never could marry him—I am much too old. You would make him a better wife."

Lady Judith was completely dumbfounded. She seemed to have lost the power to think. That anyone

could stoop to such deceit or become so consummate an actress off the stage never occurred to her. How she left the house she never knew. All she could remember as she rode homeward was the sound of Lady Beckworth's tantalizing laughter as she left her at the door.

Arriving at Oxley House the first person she encountered as she entered the hall was Lucy. The sight of her loving face was like sparkling water to Lady Judith's thirsty heart and burying her face on Lucy's shoulder the young marchioness poured forth her misery in broken sobs.

Clear sighted as she was, it took Lucy some moments to calm the young woman sufficiently to enable her to explain coherently what was the matter. When at length Lucy did comprehend, she at once saw the falsehood for what it was.

"My dear child," she said in a voice of encouragement, "do you not see it is all an untruth. You have gone out against the Philistine armed with a sword and armour which you have not proved, and have met with certain defeat. How much wiser, had you taken only the shepherd's sling of love."

"But how can anyone speak and act such a lie," sobbed Lady Judith.

"The ways of the erring human mind are past finding out; but your keen sense of right and wrong, and your diplomatic training should have enabled you to detect the deceit."

"I see it all now," declared Lady Judith, drying her eyes. "It is I who am at fault. I thought I was going to see her in the right spirit, but it was just my pride that was impelling me. How I have been humbled."

“ ‘Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean,’ ”
quoted Lucy. “ ‘Wash me and I shall be whiter than
snow.’ This cleansing process is sometimes trying
but its pains are most salutary. They show us the
folly of human wisdom as nothing else can, and lead
us into the true understanding of heaven—eternal
harmony.”

CHAPTER VII

SOWING THE WIND

SEATED at the breakfast table in a quiet apartment in a Chicago hotel, the Honorable George Lytton Benton, M. P., had just finished reading an interesting item of news.

“A serious condition of affairs this,” he said to his valet-secretary as he laid down the newspaper and buttered a roll. “The Journal predicts, from what could be gleaned in an interview a reporter had with Mr. Benton, the former prime minister of Guelph, and from a remark inadvertently dropped by his secretary, that there is grave danger in the Orient—far more grave than any that may arise through the Mongolian races. Did I say that, Saunders?”

The valet at once became the private secretary.

“I am sure, sir, that you said nothing that would warrant such a construction—and of course you know how discreet I am.”

“No one could be more so. The Journal seems to think otherwise, however, and suggests that ‘such action be taken by the great powers as will leave no doubt in the mind of the Guelphian King Albert as to what would happen to the young kingdom, in case it were foolish enough to commit any overt act.’

“Pretty bad, eh, Saunders?”

"It is indeed, sir. Do you think I had better ask them to correct the statement?"

"I think perhaps you had, and if they decline to make ~~the~~ correction you will doubtless have opportunity to make it ~~elsewhere~~." Then as the telephone bell rang: "I think the opportunity has already arrived."

It was as Benton had surmised, and upon his request to the hotel office, a reporter from the Evening News was at once shown to the apartment.

"You will pardon me if I finish my breakfast," said Mr. Benton to the young man. "I travel very simply and have but a small apartment; but we can talk quite as well while I finish my coffee, Saunders," to his valet, "won't you pass Mr—?"

"Martin," prompted the reporter.

"—Mr. Martin the cigars. Of course you have breakfasted? You young gentlemen of the press are such active fellows. I certainly admire the American newspaper man."

Mr. Martin acknowledged the compliment becomingly and asked that he might be excused from smoking.

"Certainly, Mr. Martin. Certainly. Put it in your pocket and smoke it at your leisure. And, as I know you are in a hurry, what can I do for you?"

"I think perhaps you know better than I," replied the reporter. "I see you have been reading the Journal."

"Oh, yes," laughed Benton, "and my secretary, Mr. Saunders, was just asking if I did not think he had better correct it. I am sure that I said nothing that could be so construed. Do you think so, Saunders?"

"Certainly not."

"How about your secretary?" inquired Mr. Martin. Mr. Benton looked at Saunders severely.

"Do you think it possible, Saunders, that you could have given out any such impression?"

Saunders colored as he replied hesitatingly: "I do not think so. I- I- certainly did not intend to."

The reporter looked wise as Mr. Benton said sternly: "Remember, Saunders, that you cannot be too guarded—you know your failing—and in our present unofficial position we are so likely to be misunderstood. I have cautioned you before."

Then to the reporter: "I trust, Mr. Martin, that you will not repeat, even to your chief, this little warning I have given my secretary. I must confess I am a bit annoyed. But I wish to deny emphatically that there is any desire on the part of the people of Guelph to cause the slightest break in the peace of the world. Of course you understand that I do not speak for the government."

Then, as an after-thought: "You are familiar with our form of government?"

"I think so."

"You will understand me then, when I say that it is the so-called conservative party that is now in power; but to me this conservatism means the clinging to old ideas. I am a radical. I believe in extending the right hand of good will to all nations. That was my policy. Competition is the life of commerce."

"I am sure our people will be pleased to hear that," declared the reporter. "And what do you understand to be the policy of the present government?"

Mr. Benton smiled as he lighted a cigar. "I should not care to discuss it, especially at this distance from home. But," and he threw away the match, "our party was defeated at the recent election because of its foreign policy. That should answer your question."

The reporter arose to take his departure.

"Of course politics is politics," continued Mr. Benton, "and as I am not now in the confidence of the king, you can see that I know absolutely nothing about the present governmental policy. But, speaking for the people, I can assure you we are a satisfied and peaceable nation and will disturb no one—as long as we are let alone."

After the reporter had taken his leave, turning to his secretary, Mr. Benton remarked: "I am sure no denial of any warlike intention by the people of Guelph could have been more emphatic. You may say the same to the Journal representative when he calls again. I shall be unable to see him."

There was a knock at the door. Saunders opened it and received a cablegram from a messenger boy.

"Blucher's daily report," said Benton tearing open the envelope, and glancing at the signature.

The message was in cipher and for some time he was busy reading it. As he slowly deciphered its contents, however, an expression almost satanic in its malignity, spread itself over his countenance, but gradually gave way to a smile of satisfaction as he muttered to himself:

"Well done, Blucher. Well done, Lady Gay. Do as well ten days hence and I shall be master of Guelph."

Then aloud: "I think we shall have plenty of news-

paper callers before long. Young Allin, a protege of the prime minister, has been arrested for treason."

"Treason!" exclaimed Saunders.

"Yes. It appears he has been furnishing Vaalmara with plans of our harbor defenses."

Saunders looked at Mr. Benton from under his eyebrows, but said nothing.

"Of course, if anyone asks you," said Benton, "you know nothing about this. It is news to us—you understand?"

"Perfectly."

"If any more messages come for me be sure they are carefully guarded, till my return. I have an engagement to lunch with the president of the Peace society and some friends. I trust they will not ask too many pointed questions."

Whatever the other failings of the Honorable George Lytton Benton no one ever accused him of inaction. Before everything else he was a man of the greatest activity. When once he had started out to accomplish a given task he never allowed himself any rest until it was finished. Therefore, having determined to make all the trouble possible for the government of Guelph, he devoted his time to this work with the greatest energy. As has been seen in the foregoing interview, he allowed no occasion for creating an erroneous impression regarding the government to pass unheeded, and he never spoke a word about its policies without giving an impression that it was possessed of unwarranted arrogance. Nevertheless, he was so guarded in his language, that it would have been impossible to have put your finger upon a single utterance which,

like those of the oracle at Delphi, was not capable of a double meaning.

Of conditions in Guelph, Benton was also kept thoroughly posted as we have seen, and while he understood that his emissaries were working solely for what they could get out of him and not for love or glory, he did not care. Money was nothing to Benton except for what it would buy—and he was never happier than when buying men. As Pope has said: "A mighty hunter was he, and his prey was man."

The one thing that Benton craved was power; but he, better than any man with less wealth, realized that the power of money was limited. He had been given a striking proof of this in his recent defeat. Now he was attempting to use a still more subtle power—the power of falsehood, whose impotence he was yet to learn.

"Next to the absolute truth," he had once told an intimate friend, "the greatest power is the cleverest lie," and he was now working on that theory.

There is no class of men in the world who are so easily deceived for a time as the reporters for the press. Their anxiety to get every scrap of information, makes them easy prey for one in whom they have confidence; and while they cannot long be deceived, it is easy for a prominent personage, as he passes through a city, to give out falsehoods which are reported as gospel truths. Thus it was that Benton worked. Always affable, he never gave out absolute information, professing reluctance; but he aroused the reportorial curiosity, and the valet-secretary seemingly let slip the news.

It was several hours after his interview with Reporter Martin, that Mr. Benton found himself in the company of a small gathering of men and women whose earnest and intellectual faces gave evidence of the deep purpose of good which animated them. Outside, a December storm raged in all the fierceness of a northern winter; but inside, there was warmth, cordiality and expressions of good will. It was approaching Christmas, and the very atmosphere of the large homelike mansion was redolent with the spirit of the season. The little company had lingered unusually long at luncheon, and the gathering shadows, without, but added by the contrast, to the cheerfulness of the brilliantly lighted interior.

As the party came in from the dining room Mr. Benton stopped for a moment to admire a large reproduction of the famous painting of Washington resigning his commission as commander-in-chief. Turning from this, after a moment's inspection, he was confronted by a portrait of Abraham Lincoln. Intuitively he turned to note the classic face of the great general and compare it with the rugged and lined features of the still greater emancipator. For several moments he stood thus, busy with his thoughts, when his reverie was interrupted by a voice at his elbow:

"Truly a wonderful face, is it not, Mr. Benton?"

"It is, indeed," he replied without turning.

"And still not so wonderful as the heart which inspired that loving utterance: 'With malice toward none, with charity for all.' "

Benton started as though just awakening. Turning to note the speaker he found himself addressing a

fair-faced woman, whose age he could only surmise from her wealth of iron gray hair, but whether it were tinged by time or otherwise he was at a loss to determine. Seeing he hesitated for a reply she said:

"Being interested in peace, you are of course familiar with the sentiment?"

"Yes, but I do not think it ever before came to me with such force, Mrs. —"

"Miss," she said. "Miss Dorothy Howerton."

"You are a member of the peace society, I judge from your remark, as well as from meeting you at this gathering?" he interrogated.

"I am a member of that great peace society which was founded by the Nazarene."

A cynical smile rested on his lips as he replied: "You surprise me. I thought Jesus said he came not to send peace but a sword."

"True. The sword of truth which destroys error, inharmony, war, and brings that lasting peace which finds its permanency in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

He looked at her in surprise.

"Your church must be a bit heterodox," he said.

"Possibly so. You are familiar, I suppose, with the epigrammatic definition of the word?"

"I cannot say that I am."

Dorothy laughed as she replied: "I do not recall who first said it, but it is to the effect that orthodoxy is what I believe and heterodoxy what others believe."

"Very well put, whoever said it," he laughed. "But really I am interested in knowing the name of your church."

"I can assure you it is no secret. I am a Christian Scientist—at least I am trying to be."

"The denomination is not particularly strong in Guelph, I think."

"No, the field has not as yet been very fruitful. You know in some places that Jesus visited he did not many mighty works because of their unbelief."

"You are severe on Guelph, Miss Howerton."

"Oh, not at all. I simply suggest a condition of thought."

"I had always understood that Christian Science was simply a faith cure for the sick."

"You mean the physically sick, I presume?"

"Certainly. Although I would include mental diseases, which to me are simply the result of disordered physical conditions."

"Physical healing," replied Dorothy, seeing that her companion was interested in the subject, "is but the beginning of the work that Christian Science is doing. The great work is the healing of sin, which brings not only physical disease, but inharmony of all kinds. The healing of war and the bringing of peace is another great part of this healing work. You should read Mrs. Eddy's works to fully understand what I mean. In her Miscellaneous Writings this thought is especially brought out."

"It seems to me," declared Mr. Benton with considerable energy, "that you would make a most valuable member of the Peace Society."

Dorothy laughed: "Did I not tell you I was a member of a peace society; for so I consider the Christian Science organization. Every worthy Christian Scientist is

trying to follow consistently in the footsteps of Christ Jesus, the truth of whose teaching must eventually bring universal peace because it brings peace to each individual.

"It takes men to make nations," continued Dorothy. "When the brotherhood of man is established—when the perfect man appears—the nations will melt with fervent heat into one great family and the occasion of war will cease."

"I am not sure that I understand your philosophy, but your theories interest me, Miss Howerton."

"If you have not studied the question from this viewpoint, I am not surprised that you do not understand," said Dorothy. "Mortal man is at best but a big interrogation point. He is continually asking himself: Who am I? What am I? Where am I? Outside of divine science he cannot find the answer."

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of President Daniels and several guests.

"Miss Howerton has been giving me some hints as to how best to bring about peace," remarked Mr. Benton.

"Her views are worth considering," said President Daniels, "although we are working along somewhat different lines. We are trying to help by bringing about more general arbitration. We are also trying to do away with the further invention of war-like devices—devices made for the sole purpose of destruction."

"It is surely a step in the right direction," declared Dorothy. "I remember when I was a girl of going to see the newly invented airships, then giving their first practical demonstrations at Fort Meyer. I remember then of thinking how sad that the first use of these

ships should be for war, and for me they suddenly lost their charm."

"And still," said Mr. Benton, "war seems the only means of destroying certain evils."

"One evil can never destroy another evil," replied Dorothy. "It may absorb it, but any attempt of this kind is simply an exemplification of the story of the one devil who returned with seven other devils; 'and the condition of that man,' said Jesus, 'was worse than before.' To bring harmony on earth, it is necessary simply to realize that perfect harmony, which has always existed in the one Mind; not to see a lot of evil which seemingly needs destroying, but to perceive infinite good and to become positive, not negative, in our thoughts. Just so long as we see things as destructible, just so long will we want to destroy.

"The very nature of mortal mind is to destroy, not only what some other power has created, but even its own so-called creations. It is the nature of divine Mind to create and protect. It is just the difference between hatred and love, the latter being that quality of Mind which continually and eternally contains and sustains each of its ideas in their perfection, thereby forming perfect protection. Against such love, human, erring will is powerless, and before it human hatred, with its accompanying wars, must fall."

"You have suggested new lines of thought, Miss Howerton, which I shall certainly remember. Perhaps if this thought had taken deeper root among our people, they would now be planning peace instead of more warships."

Then, as though he had unintentionally voiced a

secret, he explained: "I do not know as I should say that our people are thinking war; but of course you all know that the present prime minister is not such an advocate of peace as we could wish."

"I do hope," exclaimed President Daniels, "that Guelph will take no backward steps."

"I trust not," replied the former premier, "but the Duke of Lackland is very ambitious. Urged on by his confidential adviser, Sir Allin Strong, it will not be surprising if he is led to commit some folly."

At the mention of Sir Allin's name, there came to Dorothy's mind the picture of a dark-faced lad, whose untrained thought had caused her many unpleasant hours, and she started to speak a word of criticism. Fearing, however, that she might be judging unrighteous judgment, she hesitated and another member of the party exclaimed:

"Bad counsellors are the curse of kings; may they not also be called the same of prime ministers?"

"They may," replied Mr. Benton. "For my part I never could understand how the Duke of Lackland could be so influenced. My recollection is, however, that the two men were brought together by a countryman of yours—Mr. Winslow—when he was in Guelph on a diplomatic mission."

Now Dorothy was glad that she had controlled her tongue, for she felt certain that if John Winslow approved of Allin, there could be little to criticise.

"I understand that Mr. Winslow has just gone to Guelph again," remarked Mr. Daniels. "I saw a brief interview with him in a San Francisco newspaper the day he sailed. His trip is purely one of pleasure the

article stated, but he is desirous of seeing how the visit of the international fleets will be received. You know he is opposed to the display."

"He is wrong," declared Benton. "The stronger the display the better for all parties concerned."

"Do you think it will prove to your countrymen and the world anything they do not know?" asked Dorothy.

"I cannot say that it will; but seeing, you know, is believing."

"And believing wrongly, oft times," replied Dorothy. "It is only the perception that is enlightened by spirituality—right thinking—that avails."

"Well," replied Mr. Benton, "I know of nothing that will cause more correct thinking about the wisdom of war, than the display of a great fleet of warships."

"On whose part?" asked Mr. Daniels. "Surely war would look very wise to the nation possessing the biggest fleet. This, I suppose, is where the two power idea comes in."

Benton looked a bit embarrassed as he replied: "Of course I took it for granted that the great powers were peaceable."

"It looks to me," replied Mr. Daniels, "that, while navies have helped to keep the peace of the world, unless they are evenly matched they accomplish little. A nation like Spain, with almost no navy, would be helpless against a nation like Italy, which has a good navy. But Italy would be helpless against the navy of Great Britain. Disarmament is the only thing that puts all nations on an absolute equality."

"That," said Dorothy, "and the understanding that

the only power is God, infinite good. The powerful nation is that which is at one with God. Then, no matter how great the opposing force, if we see with the eyes of understanding, we shall, like Elisha, be able to say: 'They that be with us are more than they that be with them.' No, gentlemen, there is power neither in arms nor in numbers—as the history of the children of Israel repeatedly shows; only in the strength that comes with a knowledge of man's unity with God—infinite Truth and Love."

The conversation was suddenly interrupted by the arrival of a belated and excited guest. In his hand was a copy of the Evening News.

"What do you think of this, Mr. Benton?" he asked.

"Not having read it I can hardly say," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Then listen and I will read it to you. It is headed: 'War Was the Issue. Former Prime Minister of Guelph, the Honorable George Lytton Benton, M.P., Declares That It Was on This Ground That He Was Defeated. Deplores Governmental Policy.' The first two paragraphs of the article are as follows:

"That the government of Guelph is practically committed to a policy of national aggrandizement, no matter at what cost, was admitted to a representative of the Evening News by the Honorable George Lytton Benton, former prime minister of Guelph, in an interview at his hotel this morning. He declared that the real issue at the recent election was a changed foreign policy, to which he was opposed, and that the new government stands committed to an aggressive movement in the Orient, no matter at what cost. Mr. Benton greatly

deplores the stand his nation has taken and looks upon it as a backward step. 'Of course,' he declared, 'there is no question of Guelph's ability to hold her own against any power in the world, but in these days of commercial activity, men and nations have something better to do than to seek a market by conquest. The people of Guelph cannot be said to be looking for trouble, nor do I understand this to be the policy of the Lackland government. It is rather that it will do as it pleases and woe to that power which shall interfere.' "

The reader paused: "Did you really say that, Mr. Benton?" he asked.

"By no means. I did admit that the issue at the recent election was upon our foreign policy, and I did say that the new ministry stood committed to an aggressive policy for extending our trade, but I did not say 'Woe to the power that interferes.' "

"Well, what would happen to the power that did interfere?"

Benton shrugged his shoulders. "I am no longer prime minister," he said.

"Here is another item which may interest you," continued the reader. "It is headed 'Another Dreyfus Case—Under-Secretary of Naval Affairs of Guelph Accused of Furnishing Harbor Plans to Enemy.' And says: 'Upon information furnished by Lord Aukland, minister of foreign affairs, Thomas Strong Allin, under-secretary of naval affairs of Guelph, has been arrested upon a charge of treason. The specific charge is that he has furnished plans of the fortifications of the leading seaports of Guelph to the secret agents of the govern-

ment of Vaalmara. Thomas Allin is a son of Sir Allin Strong, one of the closest friends of the Duke of Lackland. It is reported that young Allin, for he is not yet thirty, is a suitor for the hand of the Marchioness of Oxley, daughter of the Duke of Lackland, and his appointment partook of the nature of a family affair. His arrest is taken as a severe blow to the new government.' ”

During the reading of the item, Benton's face was a study and as such it was observed by Dorothy. As a practitioner she had too often been obliged to handle evil thoughts not to recognize their expression. As she watched George Benton there came to her such a strong sense of his hypocrisy that she felt like crying out: “Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!” Intuitively she knew that she was right in withholding her judgment of Sir Allin Strong and she determined then and there to communicate at once with John and Lucy.

But all this passed through her mind much quicker than it can be told, and when she noted the gleam of satisfaction on Mr. Benton's face, caused by the closing words of the item, she felt that she did well to utter a silent protest against the evil thought she had apprehended.

So interested were the others in the information contained in the news that they failed to note Benton's mood. When the reader had finished and Benton simply remarked that he was not surprised at anything he might hear, they construed his words to mean that he considered the government in a hopeless tangle.

“It is truly lamentable,” declared Mr. Daniels,

after all the good that we had hoped from Guelph."

"And I am particularly sorry that it should have come up during my visit to the United States. It places me in a most embarrassing position."

"Not at all," reassured Mr. Daniels. "It really is to your credit that you were outvoted at the last election. I am very glad you are here at so opportune a time, and are able to sound a note of warning."

As the company was dispersing some time later, finding himself alone with Dorothy for a moment, Mr. Benton said, half ironically:

"I have been greatly interested in your views on peace, Miss Howerton. I shall hope to see you again and hear more of your wonderful system of bringing harmony out of discord and good out of evil."

Dorothy looked him squarely in the face as she replied:

"I know of no one, Mr. Benton, who needs it more than you."

He gave an almost imperceptible start, but instantly recovering himself said, with a shrug of his shoulder and a mocking laugh:

"The devil is not always as black as he is painted."

"An unwarranted epigram, Mr. Benton. No paint is black enough to do evil justice."

That evening two aerograms left the city for Elmborn. One was from Benton to his emissaries and said: "I have sown the wind. It is for you to gather the whirlwind."

The other was from Dorothy to Lucy and was in the words of a former King of France to a former King of England. It read: "Watch, for the devil is unchained."

CHAPTER VIII

THE FURY OF MORTAL MIND

It is a day of days in Elmborn. For the nonce all roads in the kingdom lead thitherward. The city, as well as the citizens, has put on its best bib and tucker and the streets are gay with the wealth of hunting and national and international colors with which the buildings have been decorated.

And why not? Have not the combined fleets of the neighboring powers arrived in the harbor on their way around the globe, and has not Elmborn and the entire nation of Guelph extended to them the hand of welcome? If there are any with hostile thoughts among the vast multitude that throngs the streets and jostles each other good-naturedly in an attempt to gain a coign of vantage, there is nothing to indicate it. Whatever may be the feelings of those entrusted with the conduct of the government, the people are surely pleased with the visit and earnest in their efforts to give the visitors a good time.

This is the third day of the festivities and the great day. On the two previous days the social events had been confined to entertaining the officers of the fleet, and the honors had been done by the national and municipal officials. There had been calls and recep-

tions galore, and on the previous night there had been a great ball at the parliament house, in which the king, the queen, the court ladies and all the dignitaries in the realm had participated. But this is the day on which the marines and sailors are to be feted by the people. This is the day of the big popular demonstration, which is to begin with a parade, to be followed by a barbacue in one of the public parks, and to close with a grand display of fireworks in the harbor.

The program as arranged provides for a reception of the men of the visiting fleets by several regiments of national troops ; a march through the principal streets to the great parade ground back of the palace and a review of the troops by the king, the officers of the Guelphian army and navy and the visiting admirals,—all to be followed by the stacking of arms and a general breaking of ranks until 6 p. m. During the afternoon the men are to be feasted and feted and given the freedom of the city. At night they will view the fire-works from the decks of their ships.

If the day had been made to order it could not have been more perfect. The sun arose behind a slight mist, which rapidly disappeared, and by 7 o'clock there was not a cloud in the sky. An hour later the avenues leading into the city were thronged, and by nine o'clock the sidewalks were a mass of moving, jostling, good-natured humanity, while the roadways were filled with flying autos and galloping horsemen. Such a display of gold lace and gorgeous uniforms had never before been seen in the streets of the young metropolis; for the Guelphians are democratic in their tastes, despite their monarchial form of government,

and the common people are not greatly given to gorgeous raiment.

But, as has been said, this is a day of days, and everyone who can boast a bit of decoration or find an excuse for a uniform has donned the same, and the streets are a veritable kaleidoscope of changing color. On the plazas and in the market places, booths have been erected for the serving of free refreshments to every man who wears a foreign uniform. The stores, stands and cafes where refreshments are sold, have outdone themselves to provide for the hungry and thirsty, and all are doing a rushing business. Wherever one of these places is to be found, there is always a crowd, but particularly is this true in the vicinity of the ships at which the men from the fleets are to land.

The harbor of Elmborn is one of the most remarkable in the world. Nature originally designed it thus and the artifice and ingenuity of modern inventions have made it still more unique. The city is situated at the head of a great bay, and as it has grown, has built down the bay on both sides so that the harbor is largely the shape of the space contained within a horse-shoe. In the center of the shoe, where one would look for the toe cork, is located the palace. On both sides are the more pretentious government buildings. Toward the water front is a great plaza, in which, surrounded by a large grass plot, is a monument symbolical of the integrity of the nation—a plain obelisk, rising 586 feet above the sea level. For the space of more than a thousand feet, stone steps lead immediately down to the water's edge. In the offing, which is commanded on either side by a

series of huge guns arranged on disappearing carriages and which can be pointed either seaward or cityward, the royal yacht is wont to lie. The palace faces the bay, and the parade ground is nearly half a mile in the rear with barracks at either side.

On each side of the harbor, beginning where the steps end, are slips. Those nearest the palace are arranged for the use of the passenger craft that ply up and down the harbor. Somewhat farther down, are the commercial wharves with their covered piers; and much farther down, the government warehouses and experiment stations. Adjoining these are two forts, auxiliary to those at the mouth of the bay.

With the arrival of the warships of the visiting powers, the royal yacht had been made the center of a semi-circle of Guelphian men of war, facing which are anchored the flagships of the various fleets. Immediately behind these is stationed the flagship of Admiral Sir William Moreland. Still further down the bay, and riding at anchor almost in perfect alignment, as they had steamed into harbor, lay the visiting squadrons—just off of the government warehouses, through which they are getting their supplies. As it is more than a mile across the harbor, there is ample room for the ships to lie thus and still leave plenty of space for the pleasure craft to ply between them. The other Guelphian men-of-war have retired to the navy yard at Vreelong, nearer the mouth of the bay.

The arrangement is most simple, and that there had ever been any question as to the anchorage seems strange; but the idea of having the royal yacht form the pivotal point for the visiting flagships had not at

first occurred to the officers charged with the arrangements. When the misunderstanding over the missing letter had become known to the king, he had, himself, suggested the plan which brought all the flagships close to and in the same relation to the royal standard, but left the position of the squadrons down the bay unchanged.

It was around the passenger slips, where a view of the steps leading to the palace could be obtained and where the sailors could be seen putting off from their respective ships, that, as the day advanced, the greatest crowds collected. Each nation was represented by six ships and a flagship—the flower of the navies of the world—manned by thousands of sailors, and the appearance of the harbor filled with boatloads of these men making their way to the various landing places, furnished a most inspiring sight.

Promptly at ten o'clock the king, surrounded by his military escort, appeared upon the palace steps and the imperial standard was broken out at the mast head of the royal yacht. This was the signal for the flagships and they immediately thundered forth a royal salute of twenty-one guns. While only the smaller batteries were used in firing the salute, the cannonading was terrific, and the crowds on the streets stopped their ears and their chatter until it was ended.

Within his prison, whose windows commanded a good view of the harbor, Tom and Jackey watched the great spectacle. Electric launches filled with officers in dazzling uniforms, and pleasure craft crowded with gaily dressed excursionists, darted in and out among the men-of-war, while over-head, several airships plied

up and down the length of the bay and over the city. As each of the naval launches passed the royal yacht, it dipped its colors, and on the excursion boats the bands played gaily. Occasionally an airship would drop a bomb, which would explode high in the air.

When the salute had been fired Jackey had shouted with glee at every gun, and when it was over he had laughed long and loud. His unusual antics so greatly astounded Tom, that as soon as he could make himself heard he exclaimed:

“Don’t you like the noise?”

For a reply Jackey only laughed the louder.

Tom watched him in surprise and finally asked again:

“What is the matter? Have you gone crazy?”

The black stopped suddenly. “Who’s gone crazy? Jackey?”

“Yes,” replied Tom.

“Not Jackey who has gone crazy, Mister Tom. All the rest of the world. Ki-yi-yi. They make Jackey laugh.”

Tom smiled in spite of himself. “It does seem foolish, does it not?” he asked.

“Why do it, Mister Tom?”

Tom shrugged his shoulders. “Quien sabe? as the Spaniard would say. Who knows?”

Jackey looked at Tom in surprise. “Mister Tom, not know?” he asked.

“No, Jackey, I do not. It is simply a custom among civilized nations.”

“Civilized? What civilized mean?”

“It means,” replied Tom as he tried to think of a

good definition, "it means—well it means to act in an orderly, intelligent, peaceable manner. It is the opposite of barbarous, or fierce, or savage."

"And is the big noise civilized?"

"Well, not exactly," laughed Tom.

"Jackey not think so. Jackey think it fierce."

On a balcony, which led out from the spacious offices of the Duke of Lackland and overlooked the bay, a similar conversation was taking place between Lady Judith, Sibyl and Lucy and John Winslow. They had come out at John's request because the balcony not only furnished a view of the bay, but the plaza as well, and gave him an excellent opportunity to watch the crowds. While his visit was that of a private citizen, John had been one of the most conspicuous figures during the festivities. And wherever John and Lucy were seen, in the same group the young Marchioness of Oxley was nearly always to be found.

From the day of their arrival at Somerton, Lady Judith had been greatly attracted toward this remarkable couple, as she had classified them. But, while she had been drawn toward Lucy because of her loving thoughts and her kindly sympathy, it was John who impressed her with the force of his actions. She had not yet come to recognize Lucy's quiet power; but John's vigor and energy seemed to come as the expression of that one Mind which Lady Judith had now for so long a time been striving to apprehend, and she talked to him constantly. So it was that during the many functions incident to the visit of the fleets, she had made it her especial duty, not only to present John and Lucy to her personal friends, but to so

attach herself to them that she might gather from their words and actions more of that spirit which animated them.

John's prominence at home and his acquaintance abroad—for he had, at one time or another been on diplomatic missions to nearly every nation represented—made him a welcome guest everywhere. The representatives of the various nations, although trained for war, were delighted to honor one whose life had been devoted to the promulgation and demonstration of peace. And no one will deny that since the day that John and Lucy decided where his duty lay, he had consistently and conscientiously striven to prove the truth of those tenets which he believed would one day bring universal peace. That he had been compelled to participate in many a bitter struggle, none will doubt who have ever striven to follow in the way of Truth's appointing; but the very fact that the struggle was so bitter and that so few, comparatively, had the stability to continue in its footsteps, was proof to John and Lucy, at least, that Truth was leading.

It was only upon their present voyage, that, sitting upon the deck of the steamer one evening, John had said:

“Thirty-five years ago universal peace seemed very near to us, sweetheart, and while we have done much to advance the cause, it really does not seem as near now as then.”

Lucy had given one of those little laughs that had been so noticeable as a girl, and as she laid her hand on his arm had said tenderly:

“Still a little impatient, John. Still that sense of time, and of my will instead of Thine.”

John laughed: "How well you know me. But do you not think I am doing a little better?"

"Much," she replied. "And you have always been in earnest. In so far as it has been possible for the human mind to realize peace, you have brought it into the consciousness of many."

"But how about the great majority, who seem to have no sense of what peace really is?"

"They must be—they are being educated," was Lucy's reply. "And when I say educated, I use the word in its derivative meaning—the leading out of that which is in the true consciousness of every man."

"I understand," replied John thoughtfully, "and how far do you think mankind has thus been led?"

"A long way, I am sure. There is within me at this moment a firm belief that the day is not far distant, when we shall be able to give wonderful proof of the development of the peace idea in the consciousness of mankind."

The approach of other passengers had interrupted their conversation and it had not been resumed; but on this morning, when all about them was the noisy evidence of war-like devices, if not the war-like spirit, the conversation had flashed across John's mind and he had remarked with a laugh:

"This does not point toward the immediate proof of your sense of developing peace, Lucy."

Lucy only smiled, but Lady Judith exclaimed:

"It surely does not presage immediate disarmament, does it? Why do men indulge in such folly?"

"For the present," replied John, "it seems to be mankind's highest sense of conferring honor." Then,

with a twinkle in his eye: "It is not everyone who is given twenty-one guns, you know."

"True," said Lady Judith sadly, "and for how small a cause would the twenty-one guns be shotted."

"You took the words right out of my mouth," said Sibyl. "When will these war-like exhibitions cease?"

"Whenever there is nothing to exhibit," replied John.

"Whenever mankind learns that nothing is settled by war," declared Lucy. "When they realize that the only way to live happily, peacefully and harmoniously is for all men to reflect the one Mind."

"And when will that be, do you think?" asked Lady Judith.

"Sooner, perhaps than most expect. During the past two days I have talked with many men and women on this very subject, and regardless of their station, whether civilians or military men, I have found an undercurrent of sentiment in favor of concerted disarmament—or at least of greatly reduced armament."

"Concerted action," declared Lady Judith, "does not seem likely to be taken. The nations seem overwhelmed with a sense of jealousy and fear."

"Neither of which," said Lucy quickly, "has any place in the Mind which man reflects. If our own people will only hold to this thought, I know it can be proven."

"Especially," said Sibyl, "when thoughts of peace now appear uppermost in so many hearts."

"And yet," declared John, "I have found that it is not when the world is running smoothly that men desire a change. It is when thought is most greatly

disturbed that the voice of Truth is most plainly heard and its power is most felt."

"Much as I desire disarmament," said Lady Judith, "I am not anxious to see it brought about at the expense of any great international trouble."

"Better the troubled waters of Truth than the calm sea of error," declared Lucy. "But see, the king is returning to the land."

It was as Lucy had said. The king and his escort were leaving the royal yacht in launches, and at the same time the admirals and their staffs were also leaving their respective flagships.

As the admirals neared the landing, the people on shore who had crowded just as far toward the place as possible, set up a wild cheer and hundreds of flags were waved aloft. As the king landed from the launch and mounted his horse, the crowds fell back to give the royal party and distinguished guests room to pass; and as the representatives of each nation came along, the flag of that particular nation was waved by the shouting populace.

It was indeed a noisy demonstration, and as anyone could see, was likewise the outcome of personal friendliness and cordiality. It was so felt by all the visitors, and Admiral Du Pays of Madagascar remarked to Flag Captain Morceau:

"Whoever said that the people of Guelph were thinking war, has lost his mind."

"But sometimes, Mon Amiral, the government wants war when the people do not."

"No wise king," replied the admiral, "ever goes to

war who has not his people with him. No, No, Captain! Somebody has lied!"

Similar remarks were made by the visitors from the other nations and as the day advanced and the program was carried out this feeling increased.

After the review, the sailors and marines marched past the barracks and, stacking their arms, broke ranks and proceeded to enjoy the hospitality of the city. It is doubtful if such a jollification, where so many different nations participated, had ever before occurred. Nothing was too good for the guests, and the only restriction placed upon the business of the day was the closing of the dram shops. At the request of the visiting officers, not a drop of intoxicants was sold in Elmborn that day, and the government had ample cause for thankfulness ere the day was done.

After the men had landed and the interest in the day's festivities had been transferred from the harbor to the parade ground, not only the water front but the water itself was turned over to those who had charge of the fireworks and the electrical display. The arrangements for this feature had been most elaborate and many thousands of dollars had been spent upon it. One of the features was to be a mimic battle, in which a fleet of fire-ships was to sail up the bay, shooting volleys of rockets and Greek fire. It was to sail almost up to the royal yacht, when the guns from the shore were to open upon it and the counterfeit men-of-war were one by one to be blown up.

In the perfection of this work a fleet of small launches and harbor boats was employed, and for several hours

the harbor was alive with these active little workers. They were everywhere—along the harbor and among the visiting ships—setting buoys upon which Greek fire was to be burned, and placing large numbers of miniature mines. The work was under the immediate supervision of the war department, and several officers were detailed to supervise it. The harbor fireboats were ordered to patrol the wharves and every precaution was taken to prevent any accident from marring what was destined to be the great event of the festivities.

It was comparatively early in the afternoon when the main work was finished and the harbor resumed its natural condition. The festivities on land had attracted practically the entire population and the harbor was deserted except for an occasional launch plying about among the buoys, and the small guard that had been left to care for the visiting ships.

Overhead three or four airships were still sailing back and forth, but as Tom watched them from the window of his prison, they appeared to have few, if any, passengers. On the land, crackers were snapping and bands playing. All was joy and jollity.

Then, without the slightest warning, the fury of mortal mind was loosed.

Suddenly from the harbor came the sound of a muffled, but fearful explosion which shocked the entire city. This was quickly followed by others and the few persons on the docks saw the water thrown up as by a mighty earthquake. It rose in great columns, dashing against the docks and falling upon the shipping. Boats in the harbor were torn from their moorings and

a number of small craft overwhelmed by its resistless fury.

The pent up forces of the under world seemed released, and the waters and the land beneath were rent and shattered. Only the airships sailing peacefully in the heavens above seemed unaffected by the terrible upheaval.

CHAPTER IX

A NOTE OF PEACE

AT the sound of the first explosion the people had started in surprise. As explosion followed explosion and shock followed shock, they turned toward each other and with blanched faces stood riveted to the spot, dazed and stunned. Then, as the explosions ceased, the terror stricken multitude turned, and with one impulse, made a wild dash for the water front.

The officers and men of the visiting fleets and of the Guelphian forces rushed wildly hither and thither. So commingled with the thousands of citizens were the soldiers and sailors that it was impossible to separate them, and the struggling, shouting, terrified mass surged toward the harbor.

Once there, what a scene met their gaze. The water of the harbor was covered with the wreckage of floats and partially destroyed launches. Portions of the docks in the lower harbor had been torn away, and the broken ends of the wharves gaped and yawned. But most fearful of all, looking down the bay where half an hour before the visiting ships had ridden peacefully at anchor, there now appeared a confused mass of wrecked fire-ships and men-of-war, some of which were slowly sinking, leaving in place of the gallant fleet which had sailed so proudly into the harbor two days

before, a score or more of blackened warships, all more or less damaged.

The Guelphians as well as the visitors stood horrified. What had happened, and how? This was the question that flashed into every mind—the question none could answer.

The enormity of the catastrophe was at first too great to be comprehended. Men and officers alike stood dumbfounded. Not knowing exactly what had happened, none knew just what to do and all seemed stupefied.

The first to grasp the situation was Admiral Sir William Moreland. With him, to think was to act. From his office in the admiralty building, whither he had returned but half an hour before and was enjoying his afternoon cigar, Sir William had been aroused by the first explosion. He had jumped to the window and had seen the waters of the harbor lashed with each succeeding upheaval.

At first he thought it simply an accident to some of the fireworks; but casting his eyes down the bay, he saw the water thrown up around the visiting ships. Unable to surmise the cause of the explosion, he was still the great admiral. In an instant he comprehended the certain result of the happening and almost before the water had ceased to boil, had wired the ships in the navy yard to immediately clear for action and sail up the harbor. Then he had signalled the ships about the royal yacht to man the launches with such as were aboard and hasten to the aid of the injured vessels.

By the time these orders had been given, the crowds

came swarming to the water's edge, and while the people stood stupefied he had ordered two of his swiftest airships to take possession of every aerial craft in Elmborn.

By the time these orders were given, the king himself had commanded the guard in the barracks to seize the parade grounds and not to allow any one to take the arms which had been stacked there earlier in the day. The police reserves were ordered to the palace. The firemen and the fireboats were already busy along the harbor front. The pleasure craft not injured by the explosions hastened out into the bay, and to such good purpose did all work that the loss of life was limited to less than two score. That such a disaster could have occurred with such a small death list seemed miraculous to those who saw in the disaster only a great catastrophe; but to those already working against the evil thought thus manifested, the miracle was that it should have acquired even this seeming power.

But while all this was happening—quicker than one can write it—the confusion in the streets was beyond description. No words can intelligently describe the scene. Believing that they had been betrayed into a trap of some kind, the visitors were at first greatly terrified. They bethought themselves of the rumors they had heard, and with cries to one another separated themselves from the populace and started to the place where they had left their arms.

Here the confusion which followed resulted in a veritable riot. Finding that troops from the barracks had already taken possession of their arms, several hundred sailors formed in line and were about to hurl

themselves against the police and soldiers, when a warning cry that the guns of the shore batteries had been turned against them, coupled further with the fact that by this time the citizens had again mingled with and partially restrained them, prevented such an assault.

While those who had first arrived stood irresolute, fresh numbers were pouring in, many of them headed by their officers. Something like a council of war was called and action which would certainly result in bloodshed was imminent, when the attention of all was attracted by the note of a bugle sounding the assembly call. Turning their eyes toward the reviewing stand, from which the call came, two persons—a man and a woman—were discovered standing beside the bugler.

They were John Winslow and the Marchioness of Oxley.

As these two had been among the most prominent figures during the days that had passed, they were instantly recognized by the populace and the visiting officers; and when the notes of the bugle died away and John removed his broad-rimmed hat and held it aloft, his tall form stretched to its full height, a great cheer arose.

Standing there with his head bared to the setting sun—whose slanting rays made more pronounced the gray which tinged his temples—in those clarion tones which had so often voiced the truth in his pleadings for peace, John cried out:

“Citizens of the world! Friends! Hear me!”

At the first sound of his voice a faint shout of derision arose from a few of the foreign seamen who were

unacquainted with the speaker and his international reputation; but as he proceeded, a great hush fell upon the multitude. Without heeding the slight interruption John continued:

“A terrible catastrophe seems to have occurred. Whence it has come and how, the king and the people of Guelph know not. Upon them the blow has fallen with fearful suddenness and they are weighted with a load of sorrow. All alike are ignorant of the cause.

“In behalf of the king I am here. You all know who I am. You all know the great nation I represent. And you all know that I stand for peace.

“At this moment as never before do I plead for peace—that law of God, divine Love, which forbids wars and commands you and me to love one another. I stand before you today, not simply the representative of a progressive people, but as a representative of that universal kingdom whose only law is love.

“Better than you know me, you know the young woman at my side. As next of birth, into her hand some day may be given the scepter of this young kingdom.—”

A great shout of approval greeted his words. When the cheers ceased, he continued:

“Look at her! Do you see in her face any expression save that of kindness and good will toward men? In her behalf, as well as in behalf of the king and of the people of Guelph, I ask you to stop and think; and to do only that which is right.”

He paused to note the effect of his words. The silence which had succeeded the outburst was intense. It was well nigh oppressive. While the clamor of a

mob is more terrifying, to the man of perception it is less dangerous than the ominous silence which may presage a more violent outburst. It is the lull in the storm; a manifestation of mortal mind more difficult to gauge than the storm itself. Instinctively Lady Judith drew nearer to John as he again spoke:

“Men of the world; fellow citizens of the universal kingdom. In this terrible manifestation of evil let us stand apart. Let us not be swept away by the unreasoning force of human passions. Let us be men indeed in the image of God. Let us remember that God omnipotent reigneth, and that out of this seemingly great evil He can and will bring good. Knowing this, let us act only in accord with His will. Let us remember that we are all children of the one Father—that we are part of one great family—and let us here and now prove the brotherhood of man. Let us know, as the Scriptures teach, neither Greek nor Barbarian; let us know neither African, Guelphian, Bornean nor American; but let us know each other as citizens of that one great nation whose ruler is the King of Kings and whose kingdom is from everlasting unto everlasting.

“Will you do it?”

He paused. For an instant the silence remained unbroken and then came an answering shout from forty thousand throats:

“We will! We will!”

In the excitement of the moment, men turned and grasped each other's hands and those who but a moment before had been more than strangers, were in a twinkling transformed to friends.

“I am asked by the government,” continued John.

"to say that every stranger within its gates **is now** more than ever a guest of this nation. None shall want. To this I pledge you my word, as does also her grace, the Marchioness of Oxley. And in the name of the king I ask that all officers meet forthwith in the House of Lords. As for the rest of us, let us stand aside and realize God's kingdom on earth; let us be **still and know that God is God!**"

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CHAPTER X

ARRANGING A TRUCE

WHEN John and Lady Judith reached the chamber of lords in the Parliament House, it was already well filled with government officials, heads of departments, officers of the Guelphian army and navy and officers of the visiting fleets. Where but the night before had been gathered the wealth and beauty of Guelph on pleasure bent, were now gathered stern-faced men, aroused to such a point as might at any moment turn the city into a scene of rioting and bloodshed. Fear, suspicion and anger were depicted on the countenances of those assembling, and it was only by the greatest tact on the part of those entrusted with the immediate conduct of affairs that personal encounters were several times averted.

But, as is always the case in an emergency of this kind, there were some clear heads, and while there were many expressions of mistrust and anger by some of the most excitable, it is to the credit of the officers of the visiting fleets that a spirit of willingness to await developments prevailed. Even at that, so great was the tension and so imminent the outbreak, that after a hasty survey of the scene John said to Lady Judith:

"This is hardly the place for a woman. You had better let me take you home."

"Forget that I am a woman," said Lady Judith, "and think of me only as the possible ruler of a disgraced nation."

"Then, my dear young woman," said John earnestly, "I trust you will use all the understanding at your command to realize the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, divine Love, under whose protection alone we are safe from human hatred and passion. This truth is the buckler and shield of all who understand its full import."

Lady Judith was about to reply, but opportunity was lacking. While they were speaking they had gradually worked their way through the constantly increasing crowd until they now found themselves close to the speaker's desk, just as the king and his cabinet entered.

Albert was clad simply in the uniform of an admiral, the same he had worn at the grand review in the morning; but his bearing was most regal and, moved as by a common impulse, every head was bared. Stepping upon the dais beside the speaker's desk, the king acknowledged the mark of respect by a slight inclination of his head. Then baring his own he said:

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your courtesy; but in the face of such a disaster let us forget position and rank and let us bow in homage before the great Ruler of the Universe. Let us ere we take a single step in the solving of the great problem which confronts us, ask guidance from above, that our deliberations may be wise and harmonious, and our decision just and righteous."

Then, while every head was bowed, the chaplain of the House of Lords in earnest and wisely chosen words

besought a divine blessing upon the assemblage and the nations represented; an uncovering of that sense of evil which had brought about so dire a catastrophe and the destruction of any feeling of suspicion or hatred that might have been aroused thereby. It was an unusual and unexpected utterance and so evidently inspired by a sense of the utter impotence of human wisdom to administer justice, and a complete dependence upon God as the only refuge that, when the prayer had been spoken and the bowed heads of the assemblage were raised, it took but a glance to note the changed countenances or to recognize the change of thought depicted thereon. It was as though a ray of sunshine had suddenly pierced the gloom of some beautifully carved crypt and illumined with its light the face of the carvings. It was the ray of spiritual light, let in by the loving thought of the aged chaplain, whose whole life had been devoted to the comforting of suffering humanity. It was as the prayer of a little child.

So changed was the mental atmosphere at the conclusion of this brief but spiritual utterance that the purpose and intent of the meeting speedily changed. King Albert was quick to note it and in a few words pointed out to the assembled officers of the foreign powers that it must be plain to them that the disaster was due to one of two things: Either gross carelessness on the part of those entrusted with the arrangements of the great fireworks display, especially in the placing of the mines and the location of the counterfeit warships which were to be destroyed; or to some fearful conspiracy, which had for its purpose, not the destruc-

tion of half a dozen or more warships of friendly nations, but the destruction of the kingdom of Guelph.

"No matter what the world may think of us," he exclaimed; "no matter how great egotism it may unjustly charge us with; no matter how overwhelming the confidence it may accuse us of having in our own naval strength; no matter how firmly it may believe all the falsehoods our enemies have uttered, the world cannot believe that we are insane enough to think that we are able to resist the combined forces of the world, or even of the nations immediately interested, although many of their best ships have been sunk or disabled.

"In the reports which you gentlemen will make to your governments—and every facility will be afforded you to make them as complete as possible—you will surely do us the justice to point out that we are clad and in our right minds, while for any nation to intentionally commit such an act as this would be the act of madmen. Guelph is at peace with all the world. The thoughts of her people are peaceable—at least they have seemed to be up to this moment, and we, gentlemen, are at just as great a loss to explain the cause of this disaster as any of you.

"And now, gentlemen, I am sure you will give such orders as will best conserve the ends of peace and justice until you can hear from your governments. Our parks, our storehouses, even our transports, if you should deem it wise to use them, are at your disposal. But you will, of course, see the wisdom of not arming the men, and of not moving your flagships from their present anchorage unless you desire to return home."

The assemblage had listened attentively without a single suggestion of impatience, protest or dissent, until the king had declared his intention of retaining the arms of the men and of not allowing full freedom to the flagships. Then, in spite of the good feeling which had so characterized the gathering, exclamations of protest were heard on all sides, and Admiral von Pelt of Eiland, rising excitedly to his feet, exclaimed:

"This order, Your Majesty, makes us little less than prisoners of war."

"Not at all, sir. You are at liberty to go where you please, and if you desire to sail for home you will be escorted down the bay."

"But my men?"

"We will furnish you transports to take them with you if you so desire," interrupted the king. "But they must not be armed."

Turning to the other admirals von Pelt exclaimed:

"You see, gentlemen, we are helpless. We may as well surrender our swords."

The Nipponese and Luzonian admirals seemed inclined to side with him, but Admiral Kruger of Vaal-mara and Admiral Du Pays of Madagascar smiled gravely and shook their heads. For a moment there seemed likely to be something more than a mere difference of opinion. But a diversion was quickly created by the king.

"If any of you are dissatisfied with my decision," he said, "I am willing to leave the entire matter in the hands of an arbitrator, or an arbitration committee."

"It would be rather one-sided justice that we could get here," sneered von Pelt.

"I cannot see why," replied the king. "There are here the German, Russian and American ambassadors, who are surely fair-minded men, and disinterested."

It was at this moment that by an almost imperceptible movement Lady Judith attracted the attention of Admiral Cuidado of Luzonia towards John Winslow. He raised his eyebrows and leaning forward whispered a word in the ear of his Nipponese comrade. The other smiled and nodded his head. In an instant Cuidado was on his feet.

"If the king will do me the favor to hear me," he exclaimed with the grave courtesy of his Spanish ancestors. "I would suggest that the men of the Republic of Luzon would be pleased to rest their case upon the decision of the distinguished American so well known in diplomatic circles as the great apostle of peace, Senor Juan Winslow."

The name of Winslow had no sooner been spoken than there was an outburst of applause from the Philippine officers and Admiral Cuidado took his seat amidst cries of "Bueno! Bueno!"

Before the outburst had died away Admiral Oyama of Nippon was addressing the king.

"I would like to speak my humble approval," he said, "of the choice of my honorable friend from Luzonia. No nation in the world would be more acceptable as an arbitrator than the United States of America and no man than the most honorable Sir Winslow."

Cries of "Banzai! Banzai!" followed these words, and as each admiral in turn voiced his approval of John Winslow as eminently fitted to arbitrate any

difference that might arise in perfecting the arrangements for a truce, the demonstration increased. When all had spoken, King Albert declared himself more than pleased with the choice, but suggested that it might be wise to have more than one arbitrator.

Cries of: "No! No!" followed the suggestion and it was so decided.

During the brief speeches John sat with bowed head, trying to realize that in truth there was nothing to arbitrate; that, as man reflects the one omniscient Mind and each spiritual individual must of necessity have within him the desire for right, the arbitrator's task should be simply to voice this righteousness so that all might understand. When the decision had been declared unanimous John arose, and in accepting the task declared that its magnitude depended entirely upon the action of those immediately interested.

"If all are anxious for harmony," he said, "the task will be light; otherwise it will be heavy."

As night was approaching, John suggested that the assemblage disperse in order that the officers might provide a camp for their men, and that the representatives of the powers meet him again at nine o'clock to perfect a *modus vivendi*.

The suggestion was at once acted upon and the meeting closed. The king and his councilors returned to the palace, the admirals and their immediate staffs to their flagships to issue orders and prepare their reports and John, in company with Lady Judith, to Oxley House—there in communion with the one Mind, and with the helpful, spiritual thought of his wife, to realize the allness of good; the nothingness of evil.

CHAPTER XI

THE DAWNING OF THE FIRST DAY

BUT what of Lucy during these hours of fear, suspicion and unrest?

When the first explosion had occurred, the members of the quartet whom we left on the balcony watching the great pageant, were returning from the barbacie, where they had been interested spectators of the hospitality and cordiality of the people of Guelph toward the visitors. They were but a few blocks from the harbor, and with the succeeding explosions had turned their auto toward the plaza, where they were among the very first to perceive the destruction wrought. In an instant their keen insight had comprehended the far-reaching effect upon human passions, and at least three in the party immediately sent forth a silent declaration of the omnipotence of God, infinite good, and a denial of all other seeming power.

But to the slowly awakening understanding of the young marchioness—whose first thought was still of material causation—a different idea presented itself and she uttered the single word:

“Benton.”

Like a flash the exclamation called to Lucy’s mind Dorothy’s message to watch.

Ever since the receipt of that message John and

Lucy had been watching. They had fully grasped the import of the message and Dorothy's wisdom in making it absolutely impersonal, and to the best of their understanding had been realizing that in whatever form the evil might appear, it must ultimately be rendered powerless by omnipotent, divine Love.

With this sudden outbreak of discord, they were for the moment unable to decide whether it was the result of that blind force which would destroy its own creation by what is termed accident, or the result of malice and hatred. In either event, the first result to human sense would be the destruction of life; and thus it was that a declaration of Life as immortal had sprung to Sybil's lips, while John and Lucy had silently voiced the same thought.

But with the mention of Benton's name, there came to Lucy a great uncovering of the error that had been forcing itself upon them for the past ten days. She now felt the full import of Dorothy's message and understood that while even she could not know what form this evil would take, she must have recognized the channel through which it was approaching, and so had warned them. For more than a week—while it was yet day—Lucy had been working and had so filled her mind with good, that now that the night had come, she was prepared.

Turning from the plaza as the crowds began pouring in, the little party had seen the gathering storm on the parade ground, and then it was that Lady Judith had suggested the plan which she and John had at once put into effect in such a timely manner. Alighting from the machine, John and Lady Judith went straight

to the king, while the other two returned to Oxley House, where Lucy entered her closet and closed the door upon material sense. While the storm and tempest of human passions raged without, she—like Moses—communed with God. Hearing the voice of Truth as only those can hear it whose hearts are pure and whose ears are spiritually attuned to catch the divine utterances, she had at last reached a realizing sense of what must be done to destroy the error and save the nation.

Upon the return of John and Lady Judith, a full account of the events of the past few hours was given and great thankfulness was expressed by all for the small death list and the peaceful trend of events.

“It is only natural that they should tend this way,” declared Lucy. “Long have we been asking and seeking. Now it is time to knock. It is time for man to assert his God-given right to peace; and for mankind to make its prayers available.

“Education towards this point has been going on for centuries. No matter what the so-called rulers may think, the people—the individual—is ready for peace; and when the individual consciousness has been changed from thinking war to thinking peace, it is only necessary that the one Mind be so expressed as to bring about that one far-off event—love, manifested in peace and harmony.”

John's hand sought that of his wife and as she ceased speaking he repeated the promise uttered so many years ago: “ ‘Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.’ Blessed are those who so reflect Life, Truth and Love that they

bring health, harmony and heaven into the lives of the sick and sinning. Surely they shall be called the children of God, for such they are."

Lady Judith watched the pair silently. Such unity of thought and purpose she had never before imagined. "Here, indeed," she mused, "is the mingling of strength, purity and love which constitutes the real marriage."

Only for a moment, however, did she muse thus for another thought was paramount in her mind. Not yet appreciating the true idealism—not yet realizing the substantiality of Spirit and its divine activity, Lady Judith did not perceive how Spirit could manifest itself as Lucy had suggested. And so, after some hesitation, she finally asked:

"How can we assert our God-given right? How can we make practical these beautiful sayings of Jesus, whose import has been made so plain to you? How can we love our neighbor as ourself?"

"By breaking the seeming mortal law of malice, hatred and revenge with the divine law of Love," declared Lucy.

"But how?" insisted Lady Judith. "To me it seems that we are at this moment suffering because someone has broken this very divine law."

"But it only seems," replied John earnestly. "The divine law has not—cannot be broken. If we could break it, if we could annul any law, we should invalidate it."

Perplexed, Lady Judith wrinkled her dainty forehead and John continued: "It is not from breaking a divine law that men suffer, but from the belief in a power apart from God."

"Still," said Lady Judith, "we continually hear it said that men suffer from breaking the law of God."

"I think," replied John, "that the misapprehension in your mind arises from the misuse of the word break. To break a law would really mean to annul it; but as it is commonly used, to break means simply to violate, or disobey. For disobeying divine laws, men must necessarily suffer. To annul any law of God is impossible. It is only so-called material laws that can be annulled; and just in proportion as we come to realize this, we find that in obeying the law of God, Spirit, we break with impunity the laws of matter, because we really do annul them. Do you understand?"

"I think I do," replied Lady Judith slowly. "And I begin to see, also, that the so-called laws of sin, sickness and death, because based upon material untruth, are no laws at all. They are simply a belief in the absence of divine law—in the absence of God's Spiritual law."

"Exactly," replied John.

"That must have been Jesus' viewpoint," said Lucy, "for just consider for a moment how many of these so-called material laws were annulled by his understanding of the omnipotence of Spirit—the realization that spiritual law is the only law. In the same way we may annul the seeming law which would bring discord, strife and war."

"How?" asked Lady Judith.

"By knowing, as you have just said, that there are no mortal laws of discord to break; because the universe, including man, is now, always has been and always

will be governed by divine law, no matter how strongly mortals—ignorant of their origin, their nature and their future—may think to the contrary. The rule by which this divine Principle is applied was set forth by Christ Jesus in two words: ‘Only believe,’—not blindly, but with understanding.”

“And thus believing,” explained John, “to proceed absolutely without fear or doubt, knowing that He who made a passage for the children of Israel through the Red sea, will open a broader passage—not only for this nation but for the nations of the world—through the sea of discord, passion and inharmony into the promised land of peace, where the true brotherhood of man will be established.”

For a space there was silence, all being busy with their thoughts. Then as though to herself Lady Judith exclaimed:

“With enough people thinking such thoughts; believing in the omnipotence of such a God, it would appear that the world might speedily be brought into the light of this great truth.”

“There are enough now,” declared Lucy emphatically. “I feel that the time is ripe to prove it. This fearful manifestation of error is but the beginning of a chemicalization in which truth will neutralize the caustic and corroding influence of that evil expressed in war, with the soothing and healing power of Love, under whose wings there is peace.”

As she ceased speaking Lucy arose from her chair and approached an engraving of that wonderful painting by Riviere, so familiarly known as “Daniel’s Answer to the King.” The eyes of the others followed

her. For a moment she regarded the picture and then said earnestly:

“Even as Daniel turned his back upon the lions and looked to that spiritual light that cometh from above; even as he realized his dominion over anger, hatred and ferocity expressed through these wild beasts, so must we turn our back upon the animal passions—realizing their impotence—and turn to God, the divine Principle, if we would be able to say with Daniel: ‘My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions’ mouths, that they have not hurt me: forasmuch as before Him innocency was found in me.’ ”

Even in this hour of great darkness, Lucy’s face beamed with joy, the radiation of that spiritual purity which enabled her, like Daniel, to look away from the material counterfeit to the spiritual reality.

“Here at last,” thought Lady Judith, “is one who can answer the question that has so long remained unanswered for me.” Then as a little sigh escaped her she exclaimed:

“Oh, Mrs. Winslow, how clearly you seem to see things! You, indeed, have found happiness.”

The sigh and the voice filled with a great longing, caused Lucy to reply: “Happiness is within the reach of all.”

“And what would you say was the sum of human happiness?” interrogated Lady Judith, leaning forward and partially rising from her chair in her great eagerness.

Lucy bent upon the young woman a look of the greatest sweetness and tenderness. “There is no such thing as the sum of human happiness,” she said softly

as she approached and laid her hand caressingly upon the shapely head, covered with its wealth of shining tresses. "Happiness is not human; it is divine. 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled,' said Christ Jesus. It is only they who hunger and thirst after righteousness—spirituality, who shall in any way be filled; for the substance of Spirit—divine Truth and Love, is all that ever truly satisfieth. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.' "

Lady Judith hung upon Lucy's words. She was at last beginning to grasp the real import and to understand the application of those wonderful truths which for so long had evaded her.

As the meaning of Lucy's words became clearer and clearer, Lady Judith's face began to radiate the same light that illumined the countenance of her teacher. It was as when the first rays of the rising sun tinge the departing clouds of night, and then, dispelling them altogether fill the heavens and the earth beneath with joy and sunshine.

Love had said: "Let there be light." The evening had passed, and upon the young marchioness was dawning the morning of the first day.

Realizing the spiritual awakening that was taking place, John arose and silently left them alone—together.

CHAPTER XII

BREAKING PRISON BARS

As John closed the door softly behind him, and started down the hall, he noted that the great clock on the stairs pointed to the hour of eight.

"Just time," he said to himself, "for a little right thought before I meet the admirals."

Passing down the stairs toward the library he caught the faint sound of the doorbell, and before he could seat himself a servant approached with a letter.

John broke the seal and glanced at the signature. It was from Tom. "Come at once!" he read. "You must know the truth. I fear even to suggest it to anyone else."

John studied the letter for several minutes. Could it be possible that Tom had something to confess. He could not believe it; and still the letter was peculiar to say the least. It had evidently been written under great excitement, for the hand which had held the pen had trembled and hesitated.

"*I will* know the truth!" exclaimed John with emphasis. "And the truth that I shall know will make us all free."

"Is there a conveyance handy?" he asked of the servant.

"Waiting at the curb, sir."

Placing the letter in his pocket John followed the man to the door, entered the cab and was whirled away.

But he had no cause to worry about Tom. That young man was doing very well in all that the word implies. For Tom was beginning to feel that activity of Spirit which is the one real force of the universe.

Ever since the day that Jackey had asked him to make the little book talk, he had, as narrated, devoted a large portion of his time to reading aloud from the Bible and Science and Health. Especially had he studied the words of Jesus in conjunction with the chapter on Prayer and many times had he silently echoed the request of the disciples: "Teach us to pray." Once as he sat silently trying to realize the allness of God and to apply his understanding of this truth to his own case, Jackey had asked:

"What Mister Tom doing?"

"Praying," answered Tom quietly.

Jackey had looked at him in surprise. "How pray?" he asked. "Mister Tom say nothin'."

"Have I not just read to you from the little book that desire is prayer?"

"Jackey cannot see. How anybody know what Jackey want, if Jackey not tell?"

Tom thought long and earnestly. How was he to answer this question so that this untutored bushman could understand; for in spite of all that Tom had explained of the teachings of the Bible, Jackey had not yet been able to gain any idea of God except as the exaggerated double of the men he saw walking the earth. Spirit, to Jackey, meant nothing. He could

comprehend God as nothing but a huge, shadowy something, bigger than many men combined. He might even be as big as a mountain.

But if Jackey had not grown any under his tutelage, Tom felt that within his own self there was much growth. He was beginning to realize that in proportion as he gave, in an exactly corresponding ratio had he received. Now, as he tried to think of a simple and satisfactory reply to Jackey's question—a reply that Jackey could understand, he noted that Jackey was removing some buttons from a coat which he had recently bought.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Changing the buttons."

"What for?"

Jackey looked up in surprise. "Mister Tom not want 'em changed?" he asked.

"Of course I want them changed, but how did you know? I never told you."

"They ought to be changed," declared Jackey emphatically.

"And because it is right that they should be changed, you knew I wanted it done, even without my asking; didn't you?"

Jackey nodded his head.

"Well, it is just the same with God. Because he knows that man really wants only what is right and good—no matter how much we may think we want something else—He has already prepared for his children all good things. Now the very minute we have a desire for these good things and begin to seek them, we find them in abundance; just as I shall find

these buttons changed when I come to need the coat. This is the way God hears and answers unspoken prayers. But he will not answer if we ask amiss—if we desire evil instead of good.”

Jackey grinned. “Mister Tom tell things better than he did.”

“Then you think I am improving?”

“Improving? What’s that?”

“You think I am getting better?”

“May be.” Then in a burst of confidence. “But Mister Tom all right all the time, only he not know it.”

This afternoon when nearly everyone had left the harbor, Tom had resumed his reading to Jackey. So interested was he in the occupation that he had not noticed the lapse of time until, like the rest of the city, he was startled by the explosion. Springing to the window he had seen the same sight as that seen by Admiral Moreland, but from a somewhat different viewpoint. What impressed Tom was the fact that the explosions started down the bay, and that while they followed each other with startling rapidity, those about the warships had been almost simultaneous.

Intuitively Tom felt that the explosions were a part of the same plot which had brought him into trouble. Why he could not tell. He had noted the complete change in the anchorage of the fleets, and while he did not know the cause, the placing of the flagships near the royal yacht in conjunction with the Guelphian vessels, had seemed to him not only picturesque but wise. Now that he perceived that there was no explosion in the upper part of the harbor, he began to wonder more than ever.

That the disaster would have some sort of an effect upon his own affairs he felt absolutely certain. What that effect might be he could only surmise. It might free him or it might plunge him into still deeper trouble. But at least it was maddening to be confined here, for nothing, when such events were happening on the outside.

For hours, until the sun set, he and Jackey stood watching the work in the harbor. They said little, as Tom was busy with his own thoughts.

"Plenty trouble now," remarked Jackey, as he saw a dozen or more Guelphian battleships steam into sight down the bay.

"In the absence of spiritual understanding, the warships are the best thing I know to keep trouble in check," declared Tom.

"But what use are warships?" queried Jackey, "when the debbil get under 'em like that?" and he pointed to the disabled vessels.

Tom made no reply. He saw too well the force of Jackey's remarks.

Footsteps were heard in the corridor. Looking at his watch, Tom remarked that it must be the waiter from the restaurant after their order for supper. But when the door opened, instead of the waiter, there was ushered in an aged German, whom he recognized as an employe of the navy department know as old Herman. Whether that was his given or surname Tom had never taken the trouble to find out. He had always considered the old chap a bit unbalanced, but absolutely harmless; and like several of the other young fellows about the department had frequently loaned him small

sums of money. In fact, old Herman was looked upon as a sort of a pensioner of the government, and was kept upon the payroll because at some time away in the past he had stumbled upon a method of combustion which had resulted in the discovery of how to generate electricity without the use of coal. For this he had been given a place in the experimental station and ever since had been busy upon some wonderful invention, the nature of which none of those to whom he occasionally applied for small loans had ever taken the trouble to find out.

There was not a person of Tom's acquaintance whose appearance at this moment would have created greater surprise; there was not one of all the employes in the department from whom he would have so little expected a friendly call. But when a man is shut away from the rest of the world, he is glad to see anyone who can break the monotony. And so it was that Tom gave the old man a friendly greeting.

"Well, Well, Herman!" he exclaimed as he extended his hand, which the other grasped nervously. "I am glad to see you. I was just wishing that someone would come and bring me some news."

The old man smiled in his peculiar manner, as he replied with even more nervousness than usual: "It was well done, was it not?"

"I should say that it was very badly done. Whoever had charge of the work must have made an awful blunder."

Herman looked at him in a dazed and helpless manner. "Do you think so?" he asked, and his voice trembled. "Do you think the king will not be pleased?"

"Pleased," ejaculated Tom as he looked intently at Herman and noted his pallid face and restless eyes. "Pleased? Why, man, have you completely lost your senses?"

Herman laughed a strange, weird laugh as he replied with a cunning leer: "Senses? Oh, no. I haf plenty of sense. You need not be afraid. I understand." And again he laughed a mirthless laugh that convinced Tom that he must have been completely unbalanced by the great disaster.

"You must not talk like that," he said kindly.

"Oh, I would not to anyone else," Herman whispered. "But you are in the secret. The king knows."

Tom started to laugh, but something in the other's manner caused him, instead, to recoil suddenly as from a blow. Then seizing Herman by the arm he dragged him to the window where he could better observe his face.

"I haf said nothing," exclaimed Herman in terror utterly mistaking Tom's purpose. "Do not throw me out. I will not betray you."

"Betray me!" almost shouted Tom. "Betray me! Do you know what you are talking about?"

Herman's mood suddenly changed. "Of course I know what I am talking about," he replied with sudden fierceness. "You cannot fool me. The lady told me why you are here." And then coming close to Tom: "And I am not to be made a fool of either. Do you hear that? I am the one to be rewarded. I am the one to get the title. Me! Me! Me! Do you hear? Me!"

In his excitement he beat his breast with his hands and his voice was raised almost to a shriek.

For a moment it seemed as though he were about to attack Tom, and so Jackey, stepping up behind him, pinioned his arms just as the guard, attracted by his voice, entered the room.

"What's the matter?" asked the guard .

"It is old Herman," explained Tom. "I think the explosions have completely crazed him. Can't you put him where he will be safe until I can send word to a friend who will care for him."

"Sure," said the guard. "But this is no insane asylum. He said he was a friend of yours, and as we have orders to admit all of your friends, I let him in."

"I am glad you did," and Tom took a bank note from his pocket and handed it to the guard. "Make him as comfortable as you can and send me a messenger."

"All right, sir," said the guard touching his hat. Then placing his hand on Herman's arm: "Come along, old man."

Seeing that Herman's passion had subsided, Jackey released him, and he stood dazed and helpless until the guard took him by the arm and led him away. Then it was that Tom had sent for John Winslow.

The interview between Tom and John had been earnest and as long as John's time would permit. Herman's malady was discussed, and it was determined that he should be removed at once to Oxley House and put under Lucy's care. The suspicions which his words had aroused were to be carefully concealed, and it was decided that before any mention whatever was made of these suspicions, either to the Duke or to Sir Allin, a plan which Tom suggested should be tried.

As John was leaving he grasped Tom by the hand and said earnestly:

“Remember, my boy, you can do just as good work here as though you were free to walk the streets. Put aside all thoughts of fear, anger and revenge, and strive to realize that eternal energy of Truth, which will destroy the darkness of suspicion, break down the prison walls of deceit and set the captive free.”

CHAPTER XIII

AFTER THE MANNER OF MEN

FORTIFIED in his realization of the omnipotence of good by the events of the past two hours, it was with a feeling of perfect confidence that Principle was directing his steps that John entered the cabinet room in the Parliament House, where he was to meet the representatives of the powers.

When he arrived, all the interested parties to the number of nearly thirty, had assembled. Those present included in addition to the five admirals, each with his flag captain and one staff officer, the ambassadors of Vaalmara, Madagascar, Eiland, Luzonia and Nippon, Admiral Moreland of Guelph and staff, the Duke of Lackland, Lord Aukland, minister of foreign affairs, and his private secretary, Blucher. It was an august assemblage and there was on the faces of all a look of determination, that gave ample evidence of the strain they had undergone and were still undergoing.

In opening, John referred very briefly to the events of the afternoon, complimented the foreign officers for the willingness they had shown to assist in keeping order and the admirable result of their efforts; paid a tribute to the government of Guelph for its open-handed liberality and closed by saying:

“The matter now before us gentlemen, is to decide upon the most amicable and harmonious manner of continuing the present relations, until such time as the men can either be provided with transportation home, or until such other action may be taken, as your respective governments see fit.

“I am informed that the diplomatic representatives of all the powers have sent home reports of the disaster. Of course none have been able, nor have any attempted to give the cause of the disaster, although I am sure the cause will be speedily ascertained by an investigating commission, on which all interested parties shall be represented. For the moment, our task is to decide upon how to best maintain order and care for the men—not to determine the cause of the disaster.

“The first question at issue, judging from the remarks made at the meeting this afternoon, is to determine upon the wisdom of returning their arms to the men.”

There was a moment's pause and then Senor Ramon Aguerra, ambassador from the United States of Luzon and dean of the diplomatic corps, arose. He was a man of distinguished bearing, of courtly manner and trained in diplomacy from his youth. With dignity he referred to the events now so familiar to all, and expressed his profound regret for their occurrence and his sympathy for the kingdom of Guelph.

“But,” he declared, “it is almost an impossibility for my government, and I think I might likewise say for the other governments here represented, to decide upon any basis of relationship with this kingdom, until we know positively that this great disaster is not part

of a plot, to which its accredited government is a party.

"While I quite agree with the wise opinion of our distinguished arbitrator, that the matter for us to decide is a *modus vivendi*, until something definite can be determined, I cannot see how we shall be able to treat with our neighbor nation until we are satisfied that she has come into this court with clean hands."

He took his seat amidst a breathless silence. Then, as by a common impulse, all eyes were turned upon the Duke of Lackland. It was a trying ordeal; but armed with a consciousness of right he did not fear to undertake it.

"My Lords and gentlemen," he said gravely, as he arose in his place, "I have heard with the deepest regret the words of our distinguished friend from the great Republic of Luzon. I regret first of all that he should have had any occasion to be a member of such an assemblage as this. I regret also that there should have arisen anything to disturb the friendly relations which have so long existed between these nations. But most of all do I regret that anyone should so far question the integrity of this nation and its government as to even suggest that it could be a party to any plot which would result in such a terrible disaster as that which has occurred in our harbor.

"My Lords and gentlemen," he continued earnestly, "what motive, what policy, what wisdom can any of you see in such an act? Had the kingdom of Guelph desired to ostracise herself completely from the great society of nations; had she wished to make her fair name a reproach among the powers of the earth; had she wished to commit national suicide, she could have

taken no more direct way than to have lent herself to such a deed.

“At such a time as this I appreciate how poor a thing are words; no one more so. But I should be untrue to our king, our government and our people, did I not utterly deny any responsibility for the events which have made this meeting necessary and stamp as entirely unauthorized and unworthy any suggestion to the contrary.”

An exclamation of resentment against his language escaped the foreigners, but without giving an opportunity for a reply the duke continued:

“My Lords and gentlemen, it is an open secret that this great naval demonstration, planned by our neighboring nations without so much as an invitation to us to join therein, had largely for its motive the intimidation of Guelph. We were to be shown what? That we were not powerful enough to attempt a thing, which we had not even dreamed of attempting. And now that this accident—for I am satisfied that such it was—has occurred, Guelph is practically charged with the dastardly deed.

“Gentlemen,” and the duke’s voice and manner were fully in keeping with his words, “had you not entered our harbor with your minds prejudiced against us with unjust and unrighteous thoughts, this unwarranted accusation would never have been made. More than that, gentlemen! So satisfied am I of the wisdom and justice of God, that I believe had you entered our harbor with your minds filled solely with brotherly love and good will, this disaster would never have occurred.

“My Lords and gentlemen, the government of

Guelph denies any responsibility for the disaster and knows no more of its cause than you."

So surprised were the foreign representatives that their thoughts had been thus laid bare that they remained silent. Even John, familiar with the opinion of the western powers, was surprised at the directness of the charge. Just what might have been the immediate result of the duke's words it would be difficult to tell, had not a diversion been created by the arrival of a special messenger, who placed in the duke's hand a large envelope.

Breaking the seal the duke glanced hastily over the enclosed documents and then rising to his feet announced:

"I have just received a message from the ambassador of the United States of America in which he announces that his government desires to offer its good services in determining the cause of the disaster; also that the president has appointed the Honorable John Winslow, envoy extraordinary and commissioner paramount to represent it in the premises."

An outburst of applause followed the announcement, which John acknowledged with grave courtesy, remarking as he resumed his seat:

"It is certainly gratifying to know that my own people endorse the choice you gentlemen have made. And it will not only be my aim to preside with wisdom and justice over the deliberations of this body, but to prove in this hour of doubt and fear, that God is omnipotent. I am sure you, gentlemen, will help me."

The interruption in the proceedings had not been long, but it was sufficient to relax the tension, and when

the ambassador from Vaalmara arose to answer the duke, his words were much more moderate. He completely ignored the question of responsibility for the disaster. He declared that the charge of the duke had been more serious than he considered in accordance with facts, but he was willing for the present to let that pass. Referring to the matter under immediate consideration he declared emphatically:

"I, for one, am opposed to placing arms in the hands of any individuals or force of men, when their passions are aroused. Even war is conducted upon prescribed rules, and the foremost of these is that the lives of non-combatants shall not be unnecessarily jeopardized."

"But the flagships?" enquired the Javanese ambassador.

"They are at liberty to leave the bay at any time," said John.

"But under escort!" exclaimed von Pelt.

"Surely, you would not have us act so discourteously as not to accompany a guest to the door!" retorted Admiral Moreland, at which a broad smile spread itself over the faces of most of those present.

It was the psychological moment and seizing the opportunity John said: "It seems that there is really no difference of opinion at all. If for the moment we can forget that we are diplomats and remember only that we are men, I am sure we shall see that the question of arms is not an issue. What say you, gentlemen?"

"I agree with you perfectly," said the ambassador from Luzon. "The matter is too trivial to be considered."

A unanimous murmur of assent followed.

"For the present then," said John, "we will allow matters to rest *in statu quo*."

"But," declared Senor Aguerra, "I wish again to make plain that it is only because of my esteem for our distinguished arbitrator and the great nation he represents, that I am willing to even sit in this assemblage until the question I first raised has been disposed of. Too well am I acquainted with the spirit of conquest that has ever impelled the Anglo-Saxon race."

Had another explosion occurred in the harbor without, it could not have created greater consternation, and it took all of John's understanding to enable him to hold himself in check. After a moment, however, he said in a voice of great firmness:

"I am sorry to be obliged to remind the distinguished gentleman from Luzonia that had it not been for an Anglo-Saxon race, the great republic which he now represents, might still be but a Spanish possession.

"But," he continued, "this is not a question for us to decide—"

"I think it is," interrupted Senor Aguerra a bit discomfited by John's rebuke. "I think before we proceed to discuss any other matter, we must know how it is that our ships could be destroyed and not the slightest damage result to the warships of Guelph."

"There are plenty of reasons," broke in Sir William, "but the most probable is that the great bulk of the explosives were in the lower bay."

"Where the government of Guelph took good care that none of her own ships should be," sneered von Pelt.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed John. "I shall have to

ask you to remember where you are. This is not a place for crinations."

"Where such a crime has been committed," declared Senor Aguerra, "crinations must follow."

"I deny that a crime has been committed!" ejaculated the duke with some show of temper.

John rapped sharply for order and in a voice full of dignity exclaimed:

"Shame upon you, gentlemen! Shame! To come before such a tribunal, whose only power is that which you, yourselves, bestow, and to create such a scene."

"I crave pardon," said the duke rising, "both of our distinguished chairman and of the ambassador of Luzon."

Senor Aguerra was about to reply when the door of the cabinet room was thrown suddenly open and an aide appeared.

"A message from the king!" he cried.

Everyone turned in the greatest surprise.

"I am commanded to say to you, my lord Duke, and to you, Mr. Winslow and gentlemen, that your meeting is necessarily dissolved. The Guelphian ambassador at Manila has been handed his passports, and the Republic of Luzon has declared war."

Everyone sprang to his feet, and in a moment there was the greatest confusion. The ambassadors started to leave the room, but their way was barred by a company of soldiers. The officers drew their swords and a clash seemed inevitable. Then it was that John's voice arose above all the confusion:

"Gentlemen," he cried, "be calm. I pledge you my word and that of my government that every man here

shall be allowed full freedom to return to his home."

The confusion at once subsided and the Duke of Lackland stepping to the door waved back the officers.

"Let these gentlemen pass!" he commanded.

The soldiers opened ranks, and the ambassadors and other foreign representatives passed out into the streets and to their respective embassies, while John took his motor and proceeded at once to the American legation. Upon arriving there he found not only the ambassador and all the attaches awaiting him, but also Admiral Dixon and staff, who had by chance arrived in the bay with four American men-of-war but an hour before.

"We had expected to arrive yesterday," the admiral explained, "but were detained at Sidney. What is this I hear about the action of Luzonia?"

Briefly John recounted the closing events of the meeting and his pledge for the freedom of the men.

"And you shall have the full support of my squadron in making your pledge good!" exclaimed Admiral Dixon.

"I thank you for your offer," replied John, "but I shall not need it."

CHAPTER XIV

MANACLED

WHEN the first news of the great disaster in the harbor at Elmborn reached the outside world, men and nations stood aghast at what they considered the enormity of the crime. That any nation should undertake to destroy practically the combined fleets of half the globe, while they lay peacefully at anchor in its harbor, seemed like a return to the Middle Ages.

It was naturally expected that when the details of the disaster began to arrive, they would show a corresponding loss of life; and civilization—that civilization which could stand by and see the nations of the earth in “civilized” warfare destroy billions of dollars worth of property and thousands of lives with hardly a murmur—almost went beside itself at the prospect. Not only were the nations whose ships had been destroyed wild with excitement, but the western nations as well. In the former the excitement took the form of demonstrations against the Guelphians and their embassies, while in the latter it took the form of newspaper extras and a corresponding amount of discussion in public places, where men who are unable to manage even their own affairs successfully, are wont to meet daily to settle the fate of nations.

But when the official reports began to come in from

the legations and the admirals themselves, and not only was the loss of life found to be insignificant, but it also developed that very likely the disaster would be proven an accident, the excitement in a measure subsided; and it is altogether probable, that if let alone, even the nations most interested would have done nothing until such time as a proper investigation could have been made.

But here it was that envy, hatred and ambition showed their malign influence.

Almost upon the heels of these official reports came rumors of a deep laid plot that again set all the world aflame.

Owing to the difference of time, it was early in the forenoon when the news first reached New York and was thence sent broadcast over the United States. Expecting just such news, the Honorable George Benton had remained in Chicago awaiting developments, while ostensibly studying economic conditions in this most remarkable of all American cities. He made himself acquainted with many leading citizens and visited many of the great manufacturing and commercial institutions. He made at least half a dozen post prandial speeches before commercial bodies and studiously cultivated the members of the peace society. He even once called upon Dorothy Howerton. In short, he made himself as much as possible, in a ten days visit, a part of the metropolis of the central west.

On this fateful day he had just completed his morning toilet when Saunders entered the room with an extra. The secretary's face was blanched and the hand that held the paper trembled.

"Terrible news from Elmborn!" he exclaimed. "There has been a fearful disaster in the harbor and the fleets of the Orient have been destroyed."

For a moment Benton changed color and a tremor passed over his stalwart form. Then, recovering himself by a mighty effort he exclaimed in the greatest surprise:

"The fleets of the Orient destroyed? Impossible!"

"That is what the dispatches say," declared Saunders.

"And is Guelph then without a navy?"

"Oh, no, sir! The dispatch states that not a single Guelphian vessel was injured."

Benton reached for the paper.

"And are there no details given?" he asked.

"No, sir. Just the bare announcement. Not even the number of lives lost."

"This is terrible," said Benton glancing over the short item set in type that almost covered the page. "Our poor country! This will be a terrible blow to the Lackland government. How could they have been so insane?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

Benton bent upon Saunders a searching glance as he replied: "Can't you see this must have been a premeditated affair?"

Saunders sank into a chair.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"So any sane man would think; but how else can it be accounted for?"

Saunders made no reply.

"I had feared some such folly," continued Benton,

“and I am certainly in luck to have left the country; but go see if there is not a later edition.”

Saunders mechanically left the room. As he closed the door behind him Benton's face assumed that look of malign satisfaction which had so impressed Dorothy, and turning to the mirror he surveyed himself long and critically. The thoughts that passed through his mind are known only to himself—to that false self of which Jesus said: “Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar and the father of it.” And yet, as Benton heard Saunders' hand upon the door, he turned from the contemplation of his mirrored self exclaiming: “Homo sum! Yes, I am a man!”

The change in Saunders' face when he re-entered Benton's presence was so marked that the latter at once noted it.

“Much better news,” declared the secretary holding out the paper. “The loss of life will be less than one hundred and the explosion was doubtless due to an accident.”

Benton hastily took the paper from the outstretched hand. As he glanced over the columns his face assumed an expression so fearful that Saunders, watching him, drew back with an involuntary exclamation. The sound brought Benton quickly to himself and he raised his eyes with a movement, which, to his secretary, ever meant determination and action.

"Call a messenger," he commanded.

Then he seated himself at the table and penned these two dispatches, the latter in cipher:

LACKLAND, premier, Elmborn—My sympathy and homage to the king. If I can be of service command me.

BENTON.

The other read:

BLUCHER—Hotel Victoria, Elmborn: Sentiment changing. Outline government plot to press. B.

He handed the messenger a bill of large dimension. "Tell the chief to rush these through—and keep the change."

Then to Saunders: "Notify the press that I will have a statement to give out in half an hour, and call a stenographer."

Turning to the table he wrote rapidly for five minutes.

"Type this," he said handing what he had written to Saunders as the stenographer appeared.

Then for another five minutes he dictated rapidly. It was a message to the citizens of the United States in behalf of Guelph, stating that as a member of the Guelphian parliament he felt he must say this much. The message was adroitly written to give the impression of the most profound regret for what appeared to be a most extraordinary accident, but closed with these words:

"As a member of parliament, I can assure the American people that a searching investigation will be made and if there should be found the slightest proof of a crime, even though the criminal were the greatest peer in the realm—yes, even though it were the king himself, he shall be punished."

When the reporters called for his statement he refused to see them, declaring that he was too deeply affected by the news to make a personal interview possible. Then he sent Saunders to the various newspapers to express his regret, and, dismissing the stenographer, again sat down to his table. He wrote hurriedly and feverishly. Time and again he tore up what he had written. At last he seemed satisfied and again summoned a messenger.

"Get this off to Manila at once," he said.

Closing the door he resumed his writing and again, time after time, tore up what he had written. Then he suddenly paused and arising from the table paced the floor.

After some moments he once more seated himself and took up his pen. He started to write—paused and passed his hand over his forehead. A great indecision seemed to have come upon him. He sat upright in his chair and for several minutes seemed wrapped in thought, utterly oblivious to his surroundings.

Suddenly he started and arose quickly to his feet. He glanced hastily around the room and raising his hands above his head, while his face blanched and the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead, cried out in a voice of terror and anguish:

"My God! My God! What have I done? O miserable man that I am! May God have mercy upon me!"

His knees trembled, his form tottered and with a groan of indescribable anguish he fell prostrate upon the floor, writhing and groaning like one, whom to destroy, the "gods first make mad."

Arrested by the hand of God—the divine Principle of the universe—in the very midst of his malign work of suggesting war, bloodshed and evil to the nations of the earth, there he lay “manacled by divine Justice;” powerless to harm.

How long he lay no one will ever know, for it was not until Saunders returned some hours later with a visitor, whom he had found awaiting him in the parlor below, that Benton’s condition was discovered. The visitor was Dorothy Howerton. She had come to see Benton at the request of Lucy who, in a message of some length had told her of the happenings at Elmborn and had asked her help. No name was mentioned in the message, only an allusion to the same impersonal evil against which Dorothy had warned.

For a long time after receiving the message, Dorothy had sought to realize the powerlessness of the animal passions when opposed to the divine will; that man could not be used as a channel for the breaking of peace, and that sin, destruction and death had no place in God’s kingdom of eternal harmony—which is here and now, within every spiritual consciousness. Then there came to her a clearer sense of that understanding of the Master metaphysician when he said to the centurion—“Go, thy servant lives!” And she had determined to call upon Benton.

Arriving at his hotel she had been told that he was out. She had determined to wait, however, and when Saunders had come in some moments later he had been told of her presence. Saunders invited her to the apartment, where they at once discovered the stricken man.

Quickly they raised him from the floor and Saunders would have summoned a physician; but, although powerless to articulate, Benton emphatically signified his objection. Instead, he put out his hand toward Dorothy with a supplicating gesture that filled her heart with a great pity.

"He knows that I have some experience in healing," she said to Saunders, "and he wishes me to take his case. Is it not so?" she asked, laying her hand tenderly upon Benton's head.

He signified that such was his wish.

"And furthermore," she said to Saunders, "during this stress and excitement, it will be much better if you do not even mention his condition. I am sure he will be better by morning. You understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Saunders respectfully. Then: "You will pardon my asking, but are you a Christian Scientist?"

"I am trying to be."

"I thought so. My sister was cured of blindness by Christian Science some years ago, and you talk just like her."

Benton turned his eyes towards Saunders.

"I am glad," said Dorothy, "that you are able at this time to testify to the power of Truth. I am sure there was never a more opportune time. Now will you kindly leave us?"

Alone with her patient, Dorothy continued the work she had begun at home and as she raised her head some moments later found Benton's eyes fastened upon her.

"You know what we are trying to do?" she asked. "And you also know why you are thus afflicted?"

Benton's eyes assumed a startled expression. It was all the answer she needed.

"You are not sleepy?"

Benton feebly turned his head.

"Then I am going to read to you."

From her little handbag Dorothy took a case similar to the one Lady Judith had given Tom. Opening the Bible to Isaiah she read portions of the first chapter beginning: "Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord: Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red as crimson they shall be as wool." Then from Matthew xi; beginning: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." And lastly from John xvi; beginning: "Howbeit, when he the spirit of Truth is come, he will guide you into all truth."

Benton listened while she read, but as she closed the book there was on his face a look of wonderment which she plainly recognized.

"You have heard it before," she said.

He signified wearily that he had.

"And it does not mean much to you?"

An expression something like a smile played upon his features as he indicated that it did not.

"Perhaps this book will help you to better understand," she said.

Opening it she read the first few lines from the preface, then a few pages from the chapter on "Prayer" and closed her reading with the closing pages of the chapter on "Atonement and Eucharist."

Several times during the reading Benton put out his hand as though he would ask an explanation, but

Dorothy did not pause. As she closed the book he raised himself on his elbow and feebly though distinctly and coherently asked:

“Do you think all that is meant for me?”

“All and more,” replied Dorothy.

“Do you know how wicked I am?”

“Man in the image and likeness of God neither sins, nor suffers. It is only our false human sense that does either.”

“But that does not answer my question.”

“To me, it does,” replied Dorothy.

Benton lowered his head: “I am too wicked,” he said.

“By his own words,” declared Dorothy, “Christ Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. The Christ, Truth, will lead you out of your sense of sin, sickness and death into a realization of the ‘depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.’ It will heal you of all your diseases.”

“And what must I do?” he asked.

“Believe that Christ, Truth, has power to heal and save and then act in accordance with that belief. Turn from evil and do good.”

For a few moments he was silent. “What do you think is the matter with me?” he then asked.

“To human sense you have had a stroke of apoplexy. But that is only the result. How fearful the cause, you know best.”

He shuddered at her words.

“Do you think I can be cured?”

“I know it.”

"How long will it take?"

"Just as long as it will take to purify your thought! Just as long as it will take Truth and Love to destroy hatred, envy, malice, murder, revenge and all the brood of evil. It depends entirely upon your willingness and ability to receive the Christ—the spirit of Truth, which will bring you to realize that man is spiritual and not material. 'Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you.'"

"Do you think I should be punished for the evil I have done?"

"It is an inexorable law, that evil brings its own punishment."

For a long time Benton lay silent, while Dorothy sat with uplifted face. She felt that the power of divine Love was making itself felt. Once or twice Benton started violently, then lay back on his couch. Saunders came in and asked if there was anything he could do, and, upon being assured that there was not, he again quietly left the room.

It was possibly an hour later that Benton again raised himself on his elbow

"This is a serious case!" he exclaimed.

"All cases of sin are serious," replied Dorothy. "But not to infinite, divine Love."

"I mean this case of Guelph—not mine."

Dorothy looked at him fearlessly. "Guelph's case and your case are one," she said. "And to infinite Spirit, neither is real."

"And how am I to be healed?"

"Forgive as you would be forgiven."

"I do not know that I can. But I am willing to try."

I am willing to make amends. I am willing even to be punished."

Dorothy uttered a silent prayer of thankfulness as she replied:

"A willingness to confess and suffer for our sins shows a receptive thought and Jesus said: 'Blessed are the poor in spirit (the receptive thought); for theirs is the kingdom of heaven'—harmony."

"My confession might help to avert a great war."

Dorothy's heart gave a bound, but she only said gently: "Then I know you will make it. Every man would do right if he only knew how."

He regarded her intently: "You are a strange woman," he said.

"From your viewpoint, yes; for to one who has known nothing but evil all his days, good must seem most unnatural. Even so peace seems unnatural to one who has always lived amidst scenes of war, and honesty seems impossible to one who has always lived amongst thieves."

"How well you read me," he said.

"Because you are simply a type. The only difference is that your case is more pronounced and easier to read."

"Do you think I could travel?"

"If you wish."

"Will you stay with me?"

Dorothy hesitated.

"You know it is a desperate case," he continued.

"It was not of that that I was thinking," replied Dorothy. "It seems to be a case upon which I have been working all my life. It is the claim of war whose

power I have ever denied. The claim has now become acute. Yes, I will stay with you."

"Then we start for Elmborn at once. Saunders!" calling aloud, "we leave for Elmborn on the first train via Topolobampo. Arrange for a special car. Wire Captain Fleetwood to be ready to sail for home upon our arrival."

CHAPTER XV

PLANTING THE SEED

THE action of the government of Luzon which so suddenly put an end to any possibility of arbitration in so far as that nation was concerned, was a great blow to what promised to be an amicable adjustment of conditions in Elmborn. Whilst it did not necessitate the hasty action of King Albert in dissolving the arbitration meeting, nor the show of force which his fear caused him to make at the door of the cabinet room, it did necessitate immediate steps to restrain the more than three thousand sailors from the disabled Luzonian warships who were encamped on the outskirts of the city as well as the securing of the flagship. And this was done ere the announcement was made to the arbitration meeting.

A regiment had been sent at once to make the sailors prisoners and this proved an easy task. But even though a number of Guelphian warships had surrounded Admiral Cuidado's vessel, and her commander saw that there was not the slightest chance of successful resistance, blows were struck and there were fatalities on both sides when the men came together.

The first and only misunderstanding that ever came between John Winslow and the government of Guelph occurred the next day, when John demanded of the

duke that not only should the ambassador be given his passport, but also Admiral Cuidado and the men who were with him at the meeting.

"The admiral and his two companions are prisoners of war," declared the duke.

"Possibly," replied John. "But the honor of the American people is pledged to their safe return home. I am sure there is no desire on the part of Guelph to raise an issue, especially at this time.

"But," continued John, "this is not the question. That gathering was for peace and the outcome of that meeting, at least, must be peace."

And so it was that when Senor Aguerra boarded the American liner that evening to return to Manila, Admiral Cuidado and the two other officers accompanied him.

Early on that day a commission composed of a rear-admiral and five officers from the Guelphian army and navy, two civil officers from the engineering department and an officer from each of the other nations, except Luzonia, was appointed to investigate the cause of the disaster. Pending this report the governments of Vaalmara, Madagascar, Eiland and Nippon, declared their intention of suspending judgment, although they at once ordered the shipless sailors sent home as quickly as possible and dispatched forthwith the balance of their fighting force to Guelphian waters.

The disinterested nations also dispatched strong squadrons to the scene of the disaster, so that before the next nightfall a large percentage of the active fighting force of the world was on its way to Guelph.

Of course the Guelphian government was also **most**

active. The army was immediately ordered to a war footing. The forts in all the chief seaports were fully manned and every war vessel in the great navy was placed in commission.

To go into details of the armament and fighting force of the nations vitally interested would furnish uninteresting reading and would be too much like a perusal of the report of the census bureau. Suffice it to know, that even with the loss of the ships sunk in Elmborn harbor, the fighting force of the five nations was more than treble the Guelphian navy, to say nothing of the moral support of other nations, which was sure to follow an adverse report of the investigating commission.

This, then, was the condition three days after the disaster, when, through their ambassadors, the powers demanded a report of the findings of the commission. That the Republic of Luzon had not already struck some sort of a blow, was due solely to John's influence, through which the American government had notified Luzon of its intentions to interfere, in case that nation acted without the conjunction of the other powers.

On four o'clock, of the third day following the explosion, after six hours session, the commission made its report. It was to the effect that after a careful examination of the disabled battleships which were still afloat, of the arrangement of the harbor and a thorough questioning of the men who had been entrusted with the placing of the miniature mines and locating the fire-ships, there was nothing to indicate how the explosion had occurred.

The commission reported, however, one or two

unaccountable conditions. First, that it had found scattered all through the harbor, certain of the submarine mines which had not been exploded. Second, that a number of torpedoes in one of the government docks had been exploded and the dock badly damaged. Third, that in several of the battleships they had found that the explosions which had caused the damage had come from within, as shown from the rents in the plating.

The explosion in the government docks was looked upon as a mitigating circumstance; yet, if there were really a plot, this was not considered to have much weight. The main point against the government was that the explosions were much greater than any ordinary exhibition mine would have created, and the implied charge was that the exploded mines must have been made of an especially prepared explosive.

With all the wires running through the harbor the method of firing them was not even considered.

Such a report left the situation practically unchanged and when it was received by the outside world—that world immediately divided itself into those who believed it was an accident; those who believed it to be a plot; those who were willing to give Guelph the benefit of the doubt and those who were in favor of making Guelph suffer, no matter where the right lay.

All this came back to Guelph in the way of press dispatches, which were read by all, and through reports to the government by the diplomatic corps, which were even more alarming. These were to the effect that with one or two notable exceptions, the powers of the world, as well as those powers directly interested, were

in favor, not only of teaching Guelph a severe lesson in war, but in demanding of her an indemnity so great that it would virtually end her existence as a power. Indeed, there were some who were already counseling her destruction as an independent nation and the administration of her affairs by the British government.

Under such trying conditions, the feelings of the Guelphian people may be better imagined than described. Absolutely without malice or ill-will toward anyone, they felt themselves the victim of circumstance. How such a catastrophe could have occurred, none could offer anything like a reasonable explanation. Few, if any, believed that it had been part of a plot; but if it were, it was just as greatly condemned by them as by the outside world.

Of one thing, however, they were absolutely certain. They did not desire war. They would only fight as a matter of self-preservation. Almost as a unit they were thinking peace.

And the sentiment of the people was shared by Lady Judith and the Duke of Lackland. The only voices for war were the king and the heads of the army and navy. Parliament had not yet discovered its own mind.

But events would not stand still. Each hour brought them nearer the crisis. The morning after the report of the commission, the ambassadors of the four remaining nations asked for their passports and the admirals notified the government that in accordance with its offer, they would withdraw their flagships from the harbor. Transportation for the men had already been furnished.

It was in the midst of this disturbed condition of

thought that a cabinet meeting was called. Upon the personal request of Lady Judith to her father and the king, John Winslow was invited to be present.

"There is something more powerful than warships," Lady Judith had said to the duke. "Something more powerful than men or nations."

"And what is that?" asked her father.

"The power of God. The power of Mind. The great dynamic force of Love—the Principle of the Universe, in which all spiritual individualities live and move and have their being."

The duke looked at her in the greatest surprise. "You talk like Sir Allin," he said.

"And has not his advice always been good?"

"It has," declared the duke emphatically.

"That of Mr. Winslow and his wife is the same," said Lady Judith, "only to me they seem to understand better this Principle and the rule by which it is applied."

The cabinet met at noon. Every minister was in his place and all were weighted down with their own responsibility as well as the gravity of the occasion. An hour or more was consumed in listening to the reports of the various ministers. All except that of the minister of foreign affairs, was most satisfactory. The army was mobilizing rapidly. The navy was fully prepared. Every ship in home waters was in commission and those in foreign waters had been ordered home. Internal conditions were never more harmonious. Only the foreign relations were disturbed.

The reports from abroad were listened to with the closest attention. Especially were those from some of

the great powers most disquieting—yes, even alarming. Confident in the strength of its navy and its coast defenses, Guelph could certainly, for a long time, repulse the nations of the Orient—those which had suffered through the disaster—but she could not hope to be ultimately successful with the sentiment of nearly all the great powers against her, and some of them clamoring for her very life.

Such a serious and hopeless condition had not confronted any people on earth since the days of Poland.

In this desperate condition, opinions were not wanting as to what should be done; but after some discussion, it developed that so far as the cabinet could see, the only thing the nation could do was to prepare itself for war and to fight until overcome by overwhelming numbers. In this way, at least, would the national honor be maintained.

It had been made very plain to the world that the government disclaimed any knowledge of, and much less any responsibility for the destruction of the fleets. If its word would not be believed, and its offer of reasonable reparation would not be accepted, it must fight. There was nothing else to do.

All through the discussion John had been an interested listener. His opinion had not been asked, and while he felt much of the justice of what was being said, he had held steadfastly to the knowledge of the one Mind in which there is no war, discord or destruction; only peace and harmony—the protecting power of that Love which knows no evil.

John knew also that there were thousands, yes, millions of men and women who were, to the very

highest of their understanding, holding to the same thought. They were to be found not only in Guelph, not only in America, not only in England, but in those very nations which had been the greatest sufferers from the disaster and whose governments were even now preparing to overshadow that evil by a still greater evil—even war.

And so when the king as a mark of courtesy, asked John for his opinion, there was no expectation of any suggestion other than perhaps to submit the whole affair to arbitration, which, with practically the whole world against it, would ultimately bring the matter right back to its present condition. The cabinet was not at all surprised that he replied:

“Of course, gentlemen, you know I am an ardent advocate of peace at any price. To my sense, no condition can possibly obtain that calls for war, or that can be helped by war.”

“That is so well understood, Mr. Winslow,” replied the king, “that I had almost refrained from asking your opinion. I am free to confess, however, that I cannot see in such a case as this how you can still hold to that opinion.”

John smiled gravely: “Because to me,” he replied, “war is absolutely an expression of human thought, and not a reality.”

The members of the cabinet with one accord turned and eyed him with the greatest surprise. The duke, alone, seemed to have grasped the real meaning of his words.

“War not a reality?” exclaimed the king. “Why, man, you have lost your senses.”

“No, Your Majesty,” replied John good-naturedly, “I have simply gained another one.”

Then more gravely: “If Your Majesty will permit I think I can convince you very quickly that I am in the right—provided, of course that for just a moment you will look at the matter from my viewpoint. My understanding of life and the universe is based upon the premise that God is Spirit, and that God is all. Are you, gentlemen, the recognized leaders of a great and Christian nation, ready to admit this?”

The ministers were becoming interested, and while some of them imperceptibly raised their eyebrows, there was a general expression of assent to the proposition.

“Christ Jesus tells us,” continued John, “that God is Love. Also that He is the only intelligence, the source of all Mind; and furthermore he tells us emphatically that God is good; infinite good—for God is infinite.

“This being the case, there must exist in this omniscient Mind only good. War is not good, therefore it does not exist in this Mind of infinite goodness and has no place in God’s universe. War is not real because it is not of God.”

“Then what is it?” burst out the king.

“A false human concept. A false belief of mortal man. And even as such, it must at some time cease to exist just as it does not exist in the divine Mind. Why not make that time now?”

The ministers looked first at John and then at each other in a questioning manner. Was he really sane? Such words could hardly come from a man in his right mind.

Sir William Moreland was the first to grasp even the slightest import of John's words, and suddenly exclaimed: "How could such a miracle happen?"

"Miracle!" replied John. "Miracle! Is good a miracle? Is love a miracle? Is harmony a miracle? No, they are natural—divinely natural—just as are all things in God's creation. It is only to human sense that universal love and peace and harmony are miracles. To God, to the divine Mind, they are supremely natural. Harmony in man is just as natural as in music. It is discord that is unnatural, miraculous. It is peace that is natural. The miracle is that such a thing as war should ever have seemed to occur."

While John spoke every ear was strained. Every eye fixed. The interest was intense.

Upon the Duke of Lackland, John's words made the greatest impression. Already had he absorbed some knowledge of these great truths. Now his understanding was opened and as soon as John paused he asked:

"And what is your recommendation, Mr. Winslow? From your viewpoint there must be some solution of our problem—some remedy for this present condition."

Thus pointedly interrogated John replied: "There is a solution, My Lord, and a remedy, even for this present condition in the international affairs of Guelph."

The ministers looked at each other expectantly as John continued:

"The solution of the problem of war—the universal problem—is a realization of the one Mind, that mind 'which was also in Christ Jesus.' The remedy which I have thought out for this present condition is based

upon this general Principle and rule; but it is so drastic that I almost fear to voice it. However, if you will bear with me for a few moments while I set forth the condition as it appears to me, I will do my best to explain my position."

"Go on! Go on!" exclaimed the ministers with one voice.

"In order to find a remedy for any condition," began John, "we must first ascertain the cause. Now, My Lords, as the Duke of Lackland so plainly stated it to the foreign representatives in the meeting the other evening, the exciting cause of this deplorable disaster, is jealousy—the jealousy and fear of the other powers. The remote and predisposing cause, we need not at this moment consider.

"In my own mind I am thoroughly convinced that this jealousy is unwarranted. So well do I know your people, that I am satisfied that they have but the most friendly regard for their neighbors, and that there is no thought of increasing their country's prestige at another's cost. With them I am sure that right alone makes might."

"Hear! Hear!" was the murmured response, and the minister's faces brightened as these thoughts of goodness and righteousness found lodgment in their minds.

"As a young man," John continued, "I practiced common law, and my greatest success was in the court of individual, human conscience. Since then I have practiced international law and have achieved my greatest success in the court of national conscience. It is to this court I now propose to take your case.

"In order, however, to convince these nations that

you are honest; in order to convince them that you have no thought of increasing your commercial or military prestige at the cost of or to the detriment of another nation, it will be absolutely necessary to show them that they have never had any cause for jealousy. It will be necessary now, more than ever, to give some startling proof that the thought of military conquest is and ever has been farthest from your minds, and that you are willing now and ever have been to find your own in another's good."

"And what more can we do than we have already done?" interrupted the king. "We have apologized and no one will accept our apology? We have denied any evil design, and no one believes us. We have offered to pay any reasonable indemnity and our offer has been refused. The powers simply have the opportunity and they seem possessed to make the most of it. What more can we do?"

He looked at his ministers in a helpless and despairing manner as he awaited the reply.

Slowly John resumed where he had been interrupted.

"Your Majesty and Gentlemen," he said gravely, "you are all impressed with the seriousness of the situation. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon it. Not simply your pride and prestige are at stake, but your very existence as a nation. Now is the time to lay aside this pride; to lose all sense of material greatness; to humble yourselves as a little child and take the first great step which, in the years to come, will make this nation the foremost power for good. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

"Gentlemen," he paused to give weight to his words,

"even in the face of calumny; even in the face of derision and the possibility of being reviled as cowards, the people of Guelph must immediately disarm."

With a firm and dignified mien he awaited the outburst which he knew would follow this utterance of truth. Too often had he been truth's champion not to realize the terrible throes of evil when the first blow of the two-edged sword descends upon it. He realized, however, that Truth must prevail; that one with God is a majority, whether that one be man or a nation; and so firm a grasp did he have upon the situation and so keen his perception of the channels to be guarded, that the outbreak came exactly as he had anticipated.

Springing to his feet, Sir William fairly shouted: "The suggestion is infamous! It is not the voice of a friend which thus counsels; it is the voice of an enemy! We have been betrayed!"

Calm and undaunted, John was not disconcerted by the attack. He was about to reply but the Duke of Lackland anticipated him.

"Be calm, My Lord," he exclaimed. "This is not a time for heroics. Let us reason together like men."

"Reason," retorted Sir William, "there is no reason in it. It is the suggestion of a mad man. It is the very thing the powers desire. If we disarm—if we retire our navy and dismantle our forts, we shall feel the heel of—of—of—" Sir William stammered and paused—"the heel of the conqueror," he finally finished, "upon our neck."

Sir William's embarrassment broke the tension.

"The heel of which conqueror, My Lord?" asked the duke quizzically.

The point was well made and even though laboring under the stress of great emotions the faces of the ministers relaxed. Only the king remained stern and grave.

"Sir William is quite right," he said at length. "We should quickly find ourselves a prey to the whim of every other nation."

"Consider Zelandia," said John.

"I would rather be the chief of a tribe of savages than the king of such a people," declared Albert.

"No country under the sun is happier or more favored," was John's quick reply. "But it is not the future of the throne we are now to consider, but the integrity of the people."

"And have you for one moment a belief that this action would preserve it?" asked Lord Auckland. "I feel with Sir William, that it would be playing into the hands of our enemies. We would either be apportioned among the nations or become again a colony of Great Britain; while who can say that we may not even yet be victorious if we but stand firm."

The king nodded his head approvingly.

"If Your Majesty will bear with me for just a few moments longer," said John, "I will finish what I have to say and withdraw from your deliberations. I will for the sake of argument admit with his grace of Auckland that Guelph might even be victorious. Armed with right there is every reason why she should be. But even if she were, what has she gained? Thousands of her people will have suffered and bled. Her coasts will have been ravaged, her cities destroyed and her fields devastated. For years to come she will

be burdened with debt, and in the far distant future the question of disarmament will again arise.

“If, on the contrary, you now disarm,—believe one who has for years practiced in the courts of national conscience—the other powers will meet you half way. Just as a belief that you arrogantly desire to encroach upon their rights created antagonism, so will their knowledge of your humble attitude find in them a responsive chord. The divine activity of Love and the eternal energy of Truth will do more for the salvation and preservation of this government than hundreds of battleships.

“True, the time was—and that not so long ago, when the armament of navies was necessary for the purpose of preventing war and preserving peace among the nations; but as you all know, year by year the people of the world have been thinking more of peace and less of war, until now, I am firmly convinced, that there are enough earnest men and women who have grasped the divine fact that all causation is spiritual, to demonstrate to the world the true brotherhood of man and that war is unnecessary.

“The nations have been for years, and are today looking for some way to rid themselves of war. They have all said it, and I, for one, believe it. This sentiment, aided and encouraged by a spiritual understanding of the Scriptures has given an impetus to the peace movement that some of you gentlemen may not realize.

“As has often been said, no nation nor assemblage of nations can establish or maintain in the national character what is not maintained in the individual; but, Gentlemen, I believe that the individual con-

sciousness is today ready for this great step. I believe it is time to put up the sword, and I feel assured that if the people of Guelph will grasp this opportunity while the public mind is thus harrowed and receptive, and direct into the right channels of activity this good and righteous thought, the seed of peace will find fertile lodgment and produce immediate and abundant harvest.

“It is for you now to plant; God giveth the increase.”

CHAPTER XVI

THE LEAVEN WORKING

Leaving the cabinet meeting, John went immediately to Oxley House. So absorbed had he been with the working out of his great plan for not only saving Guelph from the destruction which threatened it, but likewise for advancing the cause of peace to which his life had been devoted, that he had found but the briefest time to consult with Lucy upon the details. True, so closely were they united in thought, that they were always working along the same lines; and he knew that whatever she had done would in one way or another fit into what he had accomplished. But he felt the need of a concentration of thought and action and so hastened to Lucy's side.

As he expected, he found her with the young marchioness. The shutters were closed to keep out the heat and the room was cool and inviting. Lucy greeted him with a smile, which he returned with a kiss.

Lady Judith also smiled: "Lovers still," she said shyly. "And my love story has not yet begun."

"Why do you say still?" asked John quizzically. "Love, you know, never grows old."

"You will pardon my shortcomings," said Lady Judith with just a tinge of color. "I have learned much in the past week, but you must not expect me to know it all."

John laughed with the light-heartedness of a boy,

and Lucy laying her hand lovingly on the young woman's head replied:

"If all our shortcomings caused as little trouble as yours, Lady Judith, there would be little reason for forgiveness. But you must feel that your love story is even now being told. These seeming clouds will only make life the brighter when they have passed."

"Poor Tom," exclaimed Lady Judith. "I do so wish for his sake that this mystery could be cleared."

"It is clearing," declared Lucy. "And if we will continue to know that there is nothing hidden, because the all-seeing eye perceives all that really is, this error like all others must be destroyed."

Then to her husband: "And how is it with you, John?"

"The leaven is working."

"Then you have unfolded your plan?"

"Yes; I have advised immediate disarmament."

"And how did the king receive the suggestion?" asked Lady Judith eagerly.

"With little favor. To him, as yet, temporal power is all. He cannot realize that he rules best who rules least—whose every wish is foreseen and respected almost before it takes form in his own thought."

"Uncle Albert is a very proud man," suggested Lady Judith. "I fear he will never consent."

"Yet, even he cannot withstand the might of Mind," declared John. "I am sure, when the time comes, we shall find him receptive. If disarmament is right, and I firmly believe that it is; if Principle is leading to that end, there is no power that can prevent it. The thought for us to take up is that right must prevail."

"It already does prevail," declared Lucy. "It is only for mankind to realize it."

A servant quietly entered. "The old gentlemen asks if he may come down?" he said addressing Lucy. "He says he has something to tell you."

"Certainly. Tell him we shall be pleased to see him."

"Do you think it possible—" began Lady Judith, as the servant went out.

"With God all things are possible," interrupted Lucy. "Let us hold steadfastly to the realization of perfect God and perfect man, and the glory of both shall be revealed."

Lady Judith and John were about to withdraw but Lucy asked them to remain.

"Let us treat his coming as nothing unusual," she said. "I am sure we are sufficiently of one mind not to disturb him."

They resumed their seats and conversation just as the servant ushered Herman into the room. John had not seen him since the night of the disaster. Had he met him in any other place he would not have recognized him, he was so greatly improved.

As he entered, Lucy arose and extended her hand. "I am glad to see you," she said. "Come right in where it is cool."

Herman glanced around with an air of perfect composure.

"You know my husband," said Lucy. "And this is the Marchioness of Oxley who is spending the afternoon with me."

Herman gravely recognized the introduction as he said:

"It is pleasant here—and so peaceful. I lof peace."

He spoke with a slight German accent which gave an added softness to his words.

"Most men love peace," replied John, "but few seemingly know where to find it."

"I would nefer haf war," continued Herman as he passed his hand over his scanty gray locks. "I think it is a disgrace."

"When mankind becomes as much ashamed of fighting in armies as of fighting as individuals, there will be no more war," replied John.

"I haf done some things to stop war," said the old man. Then to Lucy as he again passed his hand over his head. "I came down to tell you some of them but I haf forgotten."

"You will remember them after a while," she replied. "God will help you. But will you not be seated?"

The old man seated himself in a straight-backed chair and rested his hands on his knees.

"I am sorry I haf forgotten," he said meditatively. "But perhaps you would like me to tell you of some experiments I haf been making?"

"Very much," replied John.

"Are you interested in electricity?"

"Very much, indeed."

"I am myself. I would like to know just what to call it. Some say it is energy; some say not. Some say it is matter; some say not. I think it a thing by itself, just as matter is a thing by itself—an entity we would say in science. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied John. "In a little book which I have electricity is well explained."

"I should lof to read the little book. I am much interested in all science—especially now that science is changing the belief of the world in regard to matter."

John turned upon Lucy a questioning glance, but she shook her head.

"I do not think I quite understand," said John.

"Many years ago," said Herman straightening up in his chair and his eyes brightening with interest in his subject, "everybody thought that matter was just what it seems to be. They thought that because they could feel it with their hands it was something. Then one great man, he discovered that matter was made of many small atoms that could be separated into other things like water into gases. Then another great man—" he stopped and passed his hand several times over his head, "I should remember his name, but I haf forgotten—well he discovered that matter was just stored up energy. Coal, for example, is stored up heat, which by the use of fire can be turned back into energy. Do you understand?"

"It is very clear," replied Lucy.

"So by such things as these, everybody began after a while to see that matter, iron, water, coal, were not real substance. Then we began to think of other things as substance."

"What other things?" asked John.

"Well, light—electricity—"

"Did you ever think of Life, Truth and Love as substance?"

"Oh, yes, life; not the others because—" and the old man's manner became a bit excited—"because I think life is electricity and electricity is the real substance."

Noting his excitement Lucy said quietly: "We have enjoyed your talk very much, Herman. I hope we are not tiring you."

He passed his hand over his head, and after a minute became calm again.

"No," he said, "I am not tired. I was going to tell you of my experiments. You know the Hertzian waves?"

"I know only that the wireless telegraph owes its existence to the phenomenon," replied John. "I am not an expert on the subject."

"Well, these Hertzian waves are as subtle as the ether which carries them; and because there is really no absolutely solid substance—because all matter is made up of atoms and these atoms have an infinitesimal space between them—it is possible for these Hertzian waves, this almost living electricity to find its way between them. When sent out in the waves that Professor Hertz discovered, this electricity will penetrate anything. Why," with much excitement, "with the proper instruments they would find their way through the armour of a warship—"

He stopped suddenly and his eyes sparkled. "But that is a great secret," he said. "It is to make me a rich and great nobleman some day."

Trained as were both Lucy and John in the control of their thoughts, and schooled as were all in the art of diplomacy, it was with difficulty that they could retain their composure.

But Lucy only said: "It certainly ought to."

"It will! Oh, it will!" said Herman proudly. "The beautiful lady has promised me—"

The old man stopped. His fingers moved nervously as he passed his hand over his head. Lady Judith leaned forward while her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. John closed his eyes, trying to realize the impotence of the error he felt was about to be uncovered.

Lucy arose and laid her hand gently on the old man's arm.

"There is something I haf forgotten," he said.

"Perhaps you left it in your room," said Lucy, "suppose we go and look for it."

Without a word Herman arose and followed her from the room. Then Lady Judith gave way to her feelings:

"Oh, Mr. Winslow!" she exclaimed, rising from her chair, "this is terrible! Terrible!"

John also arose and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Try and look at it from another viewpoint," he said. "Try and look upon it purely as error destroying itself. Separate the error from the seeming personality and know that once the error is destroyed the truth will appear."

"How can I?" she exclaimed. "It is so real. That terrible woman! Poor Tom! Poor Tom!"

On the instant John caught the meaning of her words.

"My dear Lady Judith," he exclaimed, "you are doing Tom a great injustice. He knows no more of this than do you or I. He is simply a part of the plot."

"Do you really think so?"

"Think so?" exclaimed John. "I know it."

Lucy entered the room.

"Did he say any more? Did he give any names?" asked Lady Judith.

Lucy shook her head. "And let us hope that for the present he will not. I shall try no more to awaken him until the evil he thinks he has done is destroyed; until I can say to his poor, sin-burdened sense: 'You have wrought a great good.'

"But, Marchioness, I must see this woman. Can you have her summoned?"

Lady Judith's face grew stern and for a moment her royal blood manifested itself in a show of pride at her power. As she drew herself to her full height, she looked every inch a queen.

"Can I have her summoned?" she repeated haughtily. "I can have her brought, if need be."

A look of pained surprise passed over Lucy's face.

"I would not have her summoned in anger," she said. "I would rather go to her."

Lady Judith's eyes filled with tears and her eyes sank,

"I am very human," she said.

"We all are," said Lucy. "But to begin rightly to work out the problem of life, is a step in the right direction. Through consistent daily living, we finally attain to that stature of Christ, which brings us into the full understanding of our unity with God—infinite good."

"And already," said Lady Judith, "I am finding how hard this consistent living is."

"Be not weary in well doing," quoted John. "And the way to avoid weariness is to realize that man, being spiritual, cannot grow weary, for Mind, Spirit, rests in its own activity."

It was an hour later that Lady Gay Beckworth,

seated in her boudoir and devouring feverishly every bit of news in the mass of daily papers scattered about her, received a delicately worded note from Lady Judith asking her to come at once to Oxley House, and closing with the words: "It is the duke's desire."

As she read the closing words, the letter fell from Lady Gay's hands and for a moment a sense of fear took possession of her. Then with a great effort, she gained her composure and prepared to obey the official summons—for as such she recognized it.

"What a girl like the Marchioness of Oxley can see in a vacillating young fellow like Tom Allin is more than I can understand," she mused to herself. "But there is no accounting for tastes. I should think a man like George Benton, villain though he be, would be more her style. Now there is a man."

And Lady Gay, like many another, passed judgment upon two mortal concepts with the thought that she was comparing individuals created in the image and likeness of God. Had she realized for an instant that all spiritual individualities reflect one Mind—and that Mind perfection—the absurdity of making such comparisons would most certainly have made itself apparent.

"Well, if she wants him she can have him," so ran her thoughts. "Now that the great deed has been done I might as well admit that I have no proof against Tom. That is the easiest way out."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Lady Gay felt a bit more composed; but as she was being whirled rapidly toward Oxley House and noted on every side the preparations for war, she again became greatly disturbed.

"Strange," she murmured, "that I have heard nothing from Benton since the explosion."

And then a nameless terror took possession of her. "Might not Blucher have betrayed them all."

By the time she reached Oxley House she was faint with fear. Her limbs almost refused to support her as she slowly ascended the steps. Her fear increased as the door mechanically opened at her approach, and she was tempted to turn and flee; but with a great effort she entered the portal which quickly closed behind her.

Glancing hastily around, and half expecting to see a file of soldiers, or at least a body of stern-faced men, she perceived instead a sweet-faced woman coming toward her with outstretched hands. In the woman's eyes there gleamed a light which Lady Gay had never before seen, and her every expression betokened love and compassion.

"It is Lady Beckworth, is it not?" she said softly.

For her life Lady Gay could not have answered, so great was her surprise; but words were unnecessary, for the voice continued:

"I am Mrs. Winslow, the wife of the American commissioner. Will you not come into the library?"

The voice, so full of sweetness and tenderness, had struck a chord in Lady Gay's heart upon which no hand had ever before played, and her whole being responded to the touch. In an instant her very nature seem changed. The fear which had a moment before possessed her gave way to a sense of trusting confidence, and she entered the library with such a feeling, as she realized in after years, must have come to the woman taken in her sins when the Master said: "Neither do I

condemn thee.” She realized near her a beatified presence and felt within her, unnamed as yet, the omnipotent power of Love, and immediately a great desire filled her heart.”

For a space there was silence. Both women were busy with their own thoughts—Lucy giving; Lady Gay receiving. At last, with a sense of her greater blessing, Lucy quoted softly:

“ ‘As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness.’ ” And she continued gently: “I shall not be satisfied until then. I shall not be satisfied until the baptism of Spirit hath purified me.”

Then, at last, Lady Gay’s whole bearing changed. Tears welled to her eyes and a great sob broke the silence—such a sob as comes only from a broken and contrite heart. The pent up grief and unnatural restraint of years found relief in a passion of tears.

For several minutes Lucy made no effort to calm the weeping woman, but let her grief have full sway—holding steadfastly, however, to the thought of man’s at-one-ment with God, and pouring out upon the sin-stricken countess her treasure of pity and affection.

At length she arose, and approaching Lady Beckworth laid her hand gently upon her arm.

“ ‘The people that walked in darkness,’ ” she repeated, “ ‘have seen a great light. Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things have passed away, all things have become new.’ ”

Lady Gay raised her eyes and looked at Lucy long and earnestly. Then she put out her hand and lightly touched Lucy’s cheek.

“Are you really a woman?” she asked. “Are you human?”

“Very,” replied Lucy with a sweet smile. “And a woman just like you, a woman who might stumble and fall, perhaps just as you have done, were I not sustained by Christ, Truth; did I not strive daily to follow in the footsteps of the Master and realize the sustaining and protecting care of divine Love. ‘Because he has set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him,’ said the Psalmist. ‘I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.’ ”

Lady Gay’s face wore a surprised and startled look.

“I once thought I was a Christian,” she said. “Many times I have read those words, but never before did they carry such a meaning as now. O, there must be something in the Bible after all—something that will fill the unsatisfied longing of a hungry heart.”

“It is all there,” replied Lucy earnestly. “It only needs to be illumined, ‘Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light,’—how light only those can know who understand God as Life, Truth and Love; His Christ as the divinely perfect idea, and who have a realizing sense of man’s unity with infinite good.

“But before we can enter into this rest we must be purged as by fire, ‘for nothing that defileth or maketh a lie can enter into the kingdom of God.’ I am sure you understand.”

While Lucy was speaking there crept into Lady Beckworth’s eyes a look of fear, but it quickly disappeared as she again raised them to Lucy’s face.

She saw reflected there no avenging thought, only a spirituality that looked beyond the material sense of things and realized that man can no more lose his perfection than can God, his divine Principle. As her fear vanished, her determination to free her mind of its load of sin was then and there made.

No need now of diplomacy. No need now of subtle questions and evasive answers. No need now of threats or violence. The stubborn will is broken, the callous breast has been wounded and, as the waters of a mighty flood dash out when the dam bursts, so the seeming flood of sin and sorrow, grief and shame came forth when the barrier of fear had been removed; but not like the undammed waters to spread destruction and disaster, and to leave death and disease in its wake, but instead to be lost in the great ocean of divine compassion in which sin is forgiven and destroyed.

In words broken by her emotions, Lady Gay related all the evil doings of the past months and laid bare the plot; she told how she and Blucher, aware of Benton's desire that some treacherous act should be committed during the visit of the fleet to strengthen the false impressions which his words had created, had conspired together to that end; how, through old Herman's need of money to continue his experiments, he had one day applied to Blucher for a loan and how Blucher had managed to get out of him something of what he was doing. Then she told of her work with Herman. She had invited him to her home and had promised to aid him with money if he would confide in her, which he did. She had recounted to him an imaginary plot, involving Tom, herself, and the king, whereby if Herman

could prove to the king and Tom that his invention would, as he claimed, annihilate the war vessels of an enemy by exploding their own ammunition, he should be made a great noble.

Personally none of them had thought his boasts possible; but they had believed from experiments he had showed them, that he could explode at a distance, a certain kind of torpedo placed under water. To this end, while the fireworks were being arranged, men hired by Blucher with Benton's money, succeeded in placing these torpedoes of melenite under the bows of one ship of each squadron. No one had expected more than these ships to be injured. How the wholesale damage had been done to the fleet and other property in the harbor, she could not say—unless it was that Herman's experiment had been much more far-reaching than any had believed it would be. Neither did she know how it had been expected to connect the government with the disaster. This was left to Benton.

When the Republic of Luzon had immediately declared war, she had felt Benton's hand in the declaration. But why it had stopped there, she could not guess. She did not know how the prime mover in the conspiracy had been stricken in the very midst of carrying out his part of the evil work, or of his change of heart. Lucy, however, aware, of the message she had sent Dorothy, understood. She had even felt in her own consciousness the withdrawal of the malign influence.

"Are you willing and able to give proof of your statement?" asked Lucy when Lady Gay had finished.

"Willing, yes, but I do not know that I am able,

for I do not know what has become of Herman. He has disappeared as though swallowed up in the explosion. He was queer anyway, and the success of his work may have proved too much for his reason. Oh, Mrs. Winslow, it is terrible! Terrible!" and Lady Beckworth buried her face in her hands while her slight form was convulsed with anguish.

Lucy stood silently by, her heart moved with a great compassion, yet realizing that the suffering that Lady Beckworth was undergoing was inevitable. A law of Truth—a law of God had been disobeyed; and that suffering must follow any attempt to interfere with the action of divine Principle is as certain as it is that darkness is destroyed by light.

As Lady Beckworth still wept Lucy laid her hand gently, but firmly, on her shoulder.

"This is not a time to give way to a false sense of things," she said. "It is a time to act."

Daylight had disappeared and the evening shadows were gathering as they talked. Raising her hand, Lucy pressed a button in the wall and the room was instantly flooded with light.

Lady Gay looked up through her tears.

"And what can I do?" she asked.

"Turn on the light and dispel the darkness," declared Lucy with great emphasis. "Turn at once from a sense of things as they seem to a knowledge of things as they are. Give the lie to evil. Know that it is without power, and prove it. Come! I will show you where to begin."

CHAPTER XVII

A HOUSE DIVIDED

IN the plain, but richly furnished apartment that of all the beautiful mansion she considered absolutely her own, Lady Judith sat alone. A couple of open books on the table at her side indicated that she had been reading until the deepening shadows had shut out the light. Not caring for the moment to arise, she had leaned back in the big leather chair in which she loved to lounge and, with her eyes fixed upon the evening star as it grew brighter and brighter, sat thinking in the gloaming.

It was a favorite pastime of Lady Judith to sit thus between daylight and darkness and let her thoughts wander at will; but on this particular occasion they wandered little. They were centered upon the one topic which was at the moment interesting the world: the future of Guelph.

What would it be? Would the nation weather the storm which had burst upon it with such suddenness and fury, or would it founder and sink, carrying with it the men who had worked so hard for its weal?

With the clearer understanding of life and the universe which had come to her during the last few days, Lady Judith could easily perceive that its future was its own. She realized from her talk with John and

Lucy that afternoon, that its future depended entirely upon its moral strength and courage to take the great step toward which Principle was leading. She further realized, that as no whole can be stronger than the sum of all its parts, so the moral strength of the nation could be no stronger than the moral courage of those entrusted with its government.

She had but now been reading of the necessity of gravitating Godward, and it was plain to her that unless human affairs were governed by Spirit, omniscient Mind, they were ill-governed. There was no new power to which man could turn. There was nothing new to be created. God had finished his work and it was good, and she could perceive that what was now needed to bring light, order and peace out of seeming darkness, chaos and discord was a realizing sense of this great unity.

This was why the future of Guelph was with itself. The one Mind had fixed the laws governing man and the universe and all that mankind,—including Guelph—had to do, was to bring itself and its affairs into concord with these laws in order to live, and live at peace—in other words, to know the truth which makes free.

Again, as many times before during those days of trouble and discord, she realized the wonderful message spoken to Moses: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make his face to shine upon thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

What did it mean for the Lord to lift up his countenance and give peace. Surely it must mean for Truth to take possession of men's hearts and give them the

rest which comes with the destruction of all sense of evil.

"If I could do something," she thought. "If I could bring the people over which I might have been queen, to see that God—divine Love—is its only salvation."

It was the longing of an awakening consciousness to do good. The longing to go out into the world and preach the gospel to the poor and needy—to those lacking the understanding of God as Truth and Love, and needing it, oh, so much.

For some moments she sat thus, quietly thinking, and then she sprang to her feet and turned on the light.

"And why can I not!" she exclaimed. "Who can say that this is not my mission, and this the time?"

Her eyes sparkled and her heart beat fast with the lofty aspiration. Then as quickly her thought changed

"But how can I? I am only a woman! True, women have done great things, but the masculine qualities so strong in some, are wanting in me. I need some one."

Her thoughts turned instinctively to John and Lucy, to Constance and Judge Taylor—who were even now away on a long lecture tour—to Sir Allin and Lady Strong, and then she thought of Tom. For just a moment her heart misgave her. Then she said half aloud:

"I do believe in him and trust him. He is learning his lesson. Perhaps he has learned it as I am learning mine."

Then she recalled Sir Allin's words: "what blesses one blesses all." This trial through which she and Tom were passing, might it not be for the blessing of the nation. But right now Tom—

She caught her breath. For the moment she had forgotten her summons to Lady Beckworth. What had been the result of the interview? She would go and see. She crossed the room and opened the door nearly running into the arms of a stalwart young man who was rapidly approaching through the dimly lighted hall. She started back and then gave a little scream of joy.

"Tom! Where did you come from?"

"Recently from a prison cell," he replied seizing both her outstretched hands. "More recently from Mrs. Winslow's apartment. I am sent to tell you that your presence is wanted in the library, where a family council is about to be held."

She looked at him half shyly.

"Are you included?" she asked, and then her face colored as he replied gravely:

"Not as a councilor. Only as a witness."

She looked at him in surprise. What was there about him that made him so different from the last time they had met? She was just a little awed by the new dignity which seemed suddenly to have come to him.

"I know little of what has transpired," he told her as they walked down the hall. "But something unusual, or I would not have been so suddenly released. It is Mrs. Winslow's work, I think."

"And Lady Beckworth?" queried Lady Judith.

"She was with Mrs. Winslow when I arrived but a moment ago."

As the two approached Lucy's apartment she heard them and stepped out into the hall.

"Was it a surprise?" she asked as her face lighted with a merry smile.

"Such a surprise!" replied Lady Judith. "Did Lady Beckworth—?"

Lucy placed her fingers on her lips.

"Do not ask any questions, dear. She has had a hard struggle. I think you will hardly recognize her when you meet; but we shall see you presently in the library. Mr. Winslow is there now. Your father and the king will also be there."

"The king?" exclaimed Lady Judith.

"Yes.

"And, Marchioness," continued Lucy, "much may depend upon your influence with your uncle at this time. Your understanding of God may be given a severe test. Error has seemingly been very powerful." Lady Judith looked enquiringly at Lucy and then cast an appealing glance at Tom.

"Lady Judith," he said firmly, "many times in the past three or four years, you have upbraided me for not living up to my convictions—my boyhood training. I have laughed at you and professed scepticism—have declared that I did not know whether these great verities were the truth, or whether the Christian Science concept of God and man was the correct one. But my utterances were not honest. Down in my innermost heart I have always known that they were; but I was unwilling to live up to my convictions—unwilling to give up the pleasures of sense which seemed so easily grasped, for the joys of soul which entailed such watchfulness and care. Now, however, I have been brought to a realizing sense of my folly. I see as never before

the vanity of material pleasures and I am going to try and undo some of the things I have done."

"But I, Tom, I have not even had your training!" ejaculated Lady Judith.

"I have not quite finished," said the young man. "Not only have I come to realize the nothingness of material pleasures, but I see even more clearly the nothingness of material pain and discord as well. This is the fact that first becomes clear as we learn to know God as infinite Spirit, Truth and Love—infinite good. This you do understand and can make clear to the king. The unreality of material pleasure is recognized more slowly for it seems to us to be so much nearer good."

Lucy had been earnestly observing the two young people. She thought of her own girlhood and the time of great national disquiet in which she and John first met, and her heart went out to them.

"Children," she said gravely, "a great work is before you! The strength to do it is from above. But you can find true happiness only as you lose all sense of self and seek this happiness in the good of others."

Then coming back to the present: "But the gentlemen will be awaiting us. You had better go. Lady Beckworth and I will come presently. And remember when you meet her, dear, that Jesus taught that those love most, to whom most is forgiven."

As Lady Judith and Tom descended the stairs and approached the library they perceived that the king had already arrived. Tom retreated to the drawing-room in case his presence should be required, while Lady Judith entered the library alone.

The three men were standing about the table. As

Lady Judith entered the king exclaimed in a voice of great vehemence:

"Fiction, gentlemen, fiction! The veriest fairy tale. I tell you I do not believe it."

"Nevertheless, Your Majesty," replied John, "the rest of us are fully convinced that it is the truth."

"Then," exclaimed the king triumphantly, "why any further need of alarm? Why not use this same power to destroy the rest of the fleets of the world as they approach our shores?"

"Because," replied the duke earnestly, "the mind which projected this mighty power is shattered—the man is mad."

"Not so mad," laughed the king, "as you who believe this woman's tale."

"But, Uncle Albert," said Lady Judith coming forward, "you released Tom Allin upon her confession! You must have believed that!"

"Because it was in accord with common sense. I never believed her original charge and only imprisoned him to please Aukland." Then looking at Lady Judith somewhat sternly: "Are you, too, leagued against me?"

"O Uncle Albert!" exclaimed Lady Judith. "Not against you; but I do believe this is the greatest opportunity that ever came to a king—"

"To give up his throne, eh?" interrupted Albert. "Remember, girl, what this would mean to you!"

Lady Judith was silent—her fair face was pale; but in her eyes there was no indecision.

"I have considered it well," she said, "and though this righteous act shall prevent me from ever sitting on the throne of Guelph, I am willing and anxious to see

it done even though I could save the throne by war. But," and she looked the king fearlessly in the face, "I could not bear to have the kingdom wrested from us by force."

"If you are so sure of this woman's story," exclaimed his majesty cynically, "why not tell it to the world and hide behind her skirts—and—" he added as an after-thought—"the dream of a madman!"

"That is just what we propose," exclaimed the duke, "but how do you expect us to make the world believe it, when even our own king will not?"

The king laughed—and the laugh was a sneer.

"I do not," he said. "Instead of believing, the world would take it as a sign of weakness and press on harder than ever. Therefore," he added sternly, "I absolutely forbid any of you so much as to whisper the story abroad."

The little group stood amazed, not knowing what to say or do. But Lucy, who entered at that moment eased the situation by asking:

"Your Majesty, would you not like to question Lady Beckworth?"

"No! Nor the madman either; unless, perhaps, he would tell us how to acquire this wonderful discovery."

"That, Your Majesty, is impossible," replied John gravely.

"Why?" asked the king turning fiercely upon him, while the sneer in his voice evidenced the thought back of the question. "Why? If this religion of yours is able to heal the sick and cast out devils, why can you not restore this man to his senses, so that he may make known the great secret?"

"Because," replied John sternly, "it would be giving power to evil. It would be healing him that he might become the channel for even a greater error. When this evil—this devil, as you call it, this sinful desire of false sense to bring disaster and death has been destroyed, his healing will follow."

Albert threw back his head with a short laugh.

"A very plausible story, Mr. Winslow. It does credit to your diplomacy. But," turning to Lady Judith, "do you believe this sophistry? Are you forsaking the religion of your ancestors?"

Lady Judith took a step forward, while all noted with wonder her new dignity.

"Your Majesty," she said quietly, "you ask if I am forsaking the religion of my ancestors? I answer no! I am just beginning to realize the true import of that religion. I am just beginning to realize the truth about God and man.

"For centuries my ancestors have been declaring: 'God is omnipotent!' Many times, Your Majesty, I have heard you make this same declaration. Now, as head of the nation, I ask you to prove it."

Startled by the unexpected demand, the king took a step backward and the marchioness drew a step nearer.

"Your Majesty," she continued, "if God, whom the Scriptures emphatically declare to be Love—is omnipotent, we have no need of warships, fortifications and the inventions of fear and hate. What we need is faith—the faith that is born of understanding. This is the truth that I am beginning to learn. This the gospel I hope to preach. This the religion I hope to live."

She ceased speaking. For a moment Albert seemed moved with a new impulse, but his mood quickly changed and with a shrug of his shoulders he exclaimed:

"It sounds well; but it is impracticable. It is not preachers we now need, but men of action; men like this very George Benton whom you again accuse, as you did once before and drove from the kingdom. Why," turning to the duke, "he had more wit in his little finger for a time like this, than your whole cabinet."

The duke's face flushed: "Your Majesty," he replied with great dignity, "it is not wisdom to do evil. As head of the church you should know that it is written: 'The wisdom of the world is foolishness to God.' "

The king looked at his brother-in-law in surprise. "Et tu Brute!" he sneered. "So you, too, are a part of the conspiracy to rob me of my throne?" Then fiercely: "But I will not be moved! You are all insane! I will seek new councilors."

He turned to leave the room, but at the door encountered Lucy who, with great gentleness, said:

"Your Majesty, if you would seek counsel elsewhere, will you not seek it from the words of one of the wisest men who ever wrote? Will you let me read you one brief story from the book of books, in this hour of such seeming great peril to you and to your kingdom?"

Albert started as though he would refuse; but her gentle face and fearless eye caused him to change his mind and he said:

"If it is not too long."

Opening the Bible to the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes, Lucy read: "This wisdom have I seen also

under the sun, and it seemed great unto me: There was a little city, and a few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it; Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard. Wisdom is better than weapons of war; but one sinner destroyeth much good."

For a moment as she finished there was silence. Then, with that same contempt in his voice, the king exclaimed:

"There are no such men here. I shall hold to my policy."

CHAPTER XVIII

ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS

WHEN Benton and Dorothy left Chicago for Elmborn it was eighteen hours after the explosion in the harbor. It was only thirty-four hours after the disaster when they arrived at Topolobampo over the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient, which, equipped with the latest style of electric locomotives and having adopted the single rail system but the year previous, was now running its trains at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, with as little trouble as it had required to attain a speed of seventy miles under the old steam locomotive and double rail system.

During the trip down from Chicago, Benton had confessed his part in the plot and expressed a great desire to right the wrong. He had steadily improved under Dorothy's treatment, and, by the time they reached Topolobampo, was able to walk from the train to the wharf, where the Falcon lay ready to sail at a moment's notice. No sooner was the little party of three on board, than the signal was given, and the magnificent and swift-sailing craft swung out into the harbor, sped rapidly down the gulf and was soon out on the broad Pacific.

Constructed at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars—the builders having been ordered to spare no

expense to equip the vessel with the very latest devices in the way of electrical and propelling machinery—the Falcon was all that its name implied. Eighteen hours out, she overhauled the swiftest cruisers of the United States navy sent out twelve hours previous and passed them as though they had been standing still. So swiftly did she skim the blue waters that Dorothy, standing beside Benton in the bow of the yacht and noticing by other fast vessels the speed at which they were going, remarked:

“How rapidly human thought is changing its views of space, and how small a thing is the globe becoming.”

“And this very fact,” replied Benton, “seems to be driving its inhabitants farther and farther apart, by increasing competition and strife.”

“Only seems,” replied Dorothy laughing. “To me it is clear that men are year by year being drawn more closely together.”

For some minutes Benton was lost in thought and then, as to himself, exclaimed: “‘What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visiteth him?’”

Dorothy caught his words and as he again lapsed into silence continued the quotation as though in answer:

“‘For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hand, thou hast put all things under his feet.’”

He looked up at her in surprise. “I had forgotten that part,” he said. “Do you think that applies to me?”

"It applies to man," replied Dorothy. "To man in the likeness of God. Is that the kind of a man you think you are? How near do you think you measure up to the standard?"

Benton's eyes assumed a startled expression. "I never thought of it in that way before! How do you think of man?"

"As an idea of God, the image of infinite good."

"I am afraid I cannot comprehend infinite good," said Benton sadly.

"Suppose we illustrate," said Dorothy without heeding his interruption. "Let us take the synonyms for God and analyze them. From Love emanates affection, good-will, charity, devotion, unselfishness, gratitude, a desire to aid our fellow-man, and all the kindred desires. From Truth emanates truthfulness, honesty, confidence, faith, wisdom, purity in every thought and act; in fact every idea opposed to error. From Life emanates existence, health, harmony, action, immortality and all the kindred ideas that have to do with right thinking and right living. In short from infinite good, God, emanates every idea of goodness, holiness, and purity."

"But how does that answer the question as to what man is?"

"Can you not see," replied Dorothy, calmly, "that if man is the idea of God, reflecting all right ideas, he must embody affection, truthfulness, good-will, charity, honesty, confidence, faith, wisdom, intelligence, purity, holiness, healthfulness; in short all the goodness that can be comprised in one grand idea and which, as anyone may see, eventuates in immortal and eternal per-

fection—the image and likeness of God, Mind, Life, Truth and Love?”

Benton moved himself excitedly. “And I thought I was a man!” he exclaimed. “Fool! Fool! that I am!” and he covered his face with his hands. “Can I ever gain this true manhood?”

Dorothy laid her hand gently on his arm.

“Yes,” she said, “for the voice of God is calling to you—‘awake to righteousness and sin not.’”

“But how am I to attain this goodness—how am I to dig it out, as it were, from under this pile of error as you call it?”

“‘I am the resurrection and the life,’” quoted Dorothy. “‘No man cometh to the Father but through me!’ declared Christ Jesus. There is but one way to gain that harmony which is heaven. It is through Christ; through a spiritual understanding of Truth! It is to know no God but good. Thus will we lose the sense of evil and only thus. Infinite good is ever present. We have only to open our eyes to the spiritual light to see it.”

“I seem like a blind man just recovering his sight,” said Benton. “Even the little glimpse of light that comes to me gives me pain.”

“Then there is great hope for you!” declared Dorothy. “Do you remember how Paul’s eyes were blinded, when, as Saul of Tarsus, he was on the road to Damascus. This sudden outburst of spiritual light in the darkness of materiality, must of needs blind the eyes of those not prepared to receive it. But Paul was healed of his blindness by a disciple, as I am sure you will be—even by my humble words and prayers—so that to you

as 'to all flesh, the glory of the Lord shall be revealed.' "

Benton looked out over the broad expanse of the Pacific and there came to him that passage of Scripture which, as a boy, he had often heard his mother quote: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all thy holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"Would that I might have this knowledge!" he murmured. "O that I could understand the ever presence of this infinite good!"

"It will come," said Dorothy. "All who seek earnestly shall find."

"But it is so abstract," he declared. "I have been used to seeing something tangible. I pride myself that I am eminently practical. I want to do something and I want to do it quick."

"With God there is no time," replied Dorothy. "When you understand and are able to grasp the true substance of life, you will find that it is tangible."

An attendant announcing dinner interrupted the conversation and they went below to partake of their first meal on this strange voyage. It was an almost silent repast, interrupted only by the commonest table conversation. As Dorothy was about to return to the large forward cabin, which had been especially arranged for her, Benton asked: "Have you an extra copy of your text book? I feel that I am fully able now to read it for myself."

The book was promptly forthcoming and far into the night Benton studied and imbibed its healing truths, with no sound to interrupt or indicate the presence of human thought, save the ceaseless throb

of the engine that was so swiftly propelling him toward the place where his material sacrifice was to be made.

To cover a distance of seven thousand miles takes time, even for so swift a vessel as the Falcon; but to Benton it was time well spent. With his willingness to learn as a little child, and with a mind trained to grasp intricate problems, he progressed rapidly. Looking up out of the dense darkness of sin and materiality, the light of Truth and Love appeared even brighter to him than to many who catch the first faint gleam through the vanishing clouds of physical disease. His suffering had been that keen, mental anguish, which comes with the first consciousness of the awful abyss over which the sinner is hanging.

Noting the change which had so rapidly come over him, changing not only his physical condition but his mental attitude, Dorothy, to encourage him said one day:

"You are progressing rapidly, Mr. Benton. Like Paul you have been turned about completely."

Παθήματα μαθήματα, he quoted. "As I read in my Herodotus, one learns by suffering."

"By the pains of sense," replied Dorothy.

"But, I feel that I am not progressing as fast as you think," he continued. "While I am firmly convinced of the awful evil into which I had fallen; while I recognize the enormity of the crime I have committed and am not only willing, but anxious, to pay whatever penalty the people of Guelph see fit to mete out to me, I understand but faintly the process by which my physical healing has come."

"It is not necessary for the present that you should,"

replied Dorothy. "In proportion as mortal mind is eliminated by the divine Mind—as mortality is swallowed up in immortality, the body will manifest these changes until finally the old man with his deeds is put off, and we attain to spiritual consciousness. As expressed in John: 'We know that when He shall appear (be manifested) we shall be like Him.' Then will appear the spiritual body and not till then.

"As thought becomes more spiritual, we experience the new birth to which Jesus referred when he said: 'Unless a man be born again he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.' With this new birth we shall experience spiritual growth, with no decay; and the culmination, instead of being death, will be eternal life."

"That is an inspiring thought," said Benton meditatively, "and still it does not seem to answer my question of how the physical body is healed."

"As thought changes, as we become more spiritual—that is as we come to lay aside false, material beliefs for spiritual understanding—come to think right instead of wrong, good instead of evil, and truth instead of error; in other words as we begin to put on immortality—for purity and holiness are immortal—the body begins to express this change of thought and to become more harmonious. The struggles we make and the pains and sorrows we endure in getting rid of these material beliefs are the travail of spiritual birth."

"And I am undergoing these pains even now," said Benton. "When you first began to talk and when I first began to read the little book, I simply could not believe it—it was so contrary to all of my previously acquired knowledge.—"

"Which is really not knowledge at all," interrupted Dorothy, "because it is an asserted knowledge of something which has no real existence. Every accretion of false sense is but a stumbling block in our ascent to spirituality, right thinking; and the more technical and profound this false sense, the greater the obstruction it proves."

"I see that now," declared Benton humbly. "But it is a thousand times easier for me to give up these beliefs, than to give up my cherished revenge on those whom I have so long charged with robbing me of the power I craved."

He bowed his face in his hands and Dorothy, noting his attitude with great compassion, softly quoted:

"'For thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.'

"When you come to realize this, the craving for power apart from the spiritual power that comes with a knowledge of your unity with God, will cease and you will be able to forgive, even as you would be forgiven.

"It is pretty hard, however," she continued, "for one to love one's enemies, but it can be done, or Jesus would not have commanded it."

On still another occasion Dorothy found Benton sitting under the awning, lost in thought. For a moment he did not notice her, but rising as soon as he became aware of her presence, he brought her a chair and seated himself beside her.

"If I am spared to this world after I reach Elmborn," he said, "I should like to follow Jesus' command, to the rich young man. I should like to sell all I have and give it to the poor and follow Christ. I should like to devote the remainder of my life to this work."

"But before you do this," warned Dorothy, "be sure you understand who the poor are. Certainly there can be no reason why you should not devote your life to the work."

"But the healing? I seem to get a fair idea of the Principle, but how is it applied? I do not seem to grasp it. I was healed and I had no faith."

"But I had," was Dorothy's quick rejoinder. "I understood! I knew the truth, and its eternal energy rightly directed, restored you to health—that harmonious state which man, in the living likeness of a living God, cannot lose."

"But,—I am not that man," said Benton.

"Not yet," replied Dorothy.

With such conversations as these and with hours of thoughtful reading and earnest prayer the days sped quickly by. So absorbed had Benton become with the study of these saving truths and the ceaseless struggle to purify his own thoughts, that he had made no attempt since leaving the Mexican coast to communicate with Guelph or the outside world, although the Falcon was equipped with a wireless outfit attuned to stations in the plants of the many great enterprises in which he was interested. His one aim was to get back to Elmborn and interpose his confession between Guelph and destruction; to check the evil thoughts which he had set in motion.

When but one day out from port, however, the operator was startled by Benton's personal call. He at once answered, and sent a message to Benton, who came to the operator's cabin.

"It is from our refineries in Honolulu," said the operator. "Several messages have been forwarded thither, where it was reported you had gone from Chicago."

There was a brief wait, and thinking that Dorothy might be interested Benton sent for her. She arrived just as the operator had written out and handed him the first message. It read: "Hon. George Lytton Benton, Calumet House, Chicago, U. S. A. Lackland ministry threatened. What next? Blucher."

Benton read it and handed it to Dorothy. She glanced at it and then looked up into his face. He was very pale but in his eyes she detected tears and a look she had not seen there before.

His voice trembled as he spoke: "Too late!" he said. "Too late!" Then suddenly. "But it shall not be! He is the man for the place."

Dorothy's heart gave a joyous throb: "It is the leaven of love," she said to herself.

She was about to speak but the operator handed Benton another message. This he read and also handed to Dorothy. It was also from Blucher and read as follows: "People aroused. Demand to know the facts."

"Wretched man that I am!" he moaned.

A third message was coming. Even the operator trembled with excitement as he handed it to Benton who, in turn, passed it to Dorothy without looking at

it. "Read it to me," he said. "My heart fails me. My poor country! My poor country!"

Dorothy read as follows: "Hon. George Lytton Benton, M. P., Calumet House, Chicago, U. S. A. Will you return at once and form a new ministry. Albert, Rex."

Benton reached out his hand for the paper. "Impossible!" he exclaimed. "Impossible!" Then to the operator. "Send the following direct to Elmborn.

"To his majesty, Albert II—king of Guelph. On my way home but cannot accept. I am the guilty man. Sign Benton."

"Is it wise?" asked Dorothy.

"I am sure it is," he replied. "It is my life or theirs." The operator hesitated.

"Send it," commanded Benton.

CHAPTER XIX

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING

THE hot December sun is beating fiercely upon the streets of Elmborn which are rife with people pacing restlessly up and down. The city is filled with tumult. Unrest and disquiet, coupled with dissatisfaction and fear are on every hand.

It is the day before Christmas, but the spirit of Christmas seems absolutely wanting. While in the minds of these same multitudes—which have come to the city from every part of the great island kingdom—the spirit of Christ, Truth, has been coming with greater power year by year, in this terrible stress of unrest and uncertainty, the appearance of that peace on earth which the heavenly hosts foretold, seems farther off than for many years. Only to the all-seeing eye of Love is the nearness of its manifestation perceptible.

And so it is, on this hot December day, that great crowds throng the streets, filled with a sense of unrest. They line the business thoroughfares, they fill the parks, plazas and market places and they surge against the steps of the parliament house, wherein their representatives are gathered in a vain endeavor to decide upon the kingdom's future.

As the hour of noon approaches the excitement upon the streets becomes intense. Parliament has now been

in continuous session since midnight. With each succeeding hour, fresh rumors have come out of the legislative halls.

"Aukland is speaking!" is the report that now comes through the doors and penetrates into the crowd. "He supports the king."

"Sir William Moreland has the floor," is the next information. "His voice is for war."

Cries of dissent are heard. "What of Lackland? What of the premier?"

"Lackland has demanded a vote," is the answering cry.

"A vote! A vote!" shouted the crowd and then over all is silence.

Two, three, five, ten minutes thus pass and then comes the announcement: "The vote is lost! The ministry has fallen."

"It means war!" cries one. "No! No!" shouted the multitude, "we'll have no war."

The people surge back and forth. Orators spring up on every side. But the great crowd still throngs the plaza.

"The king is addressing the House of Lords," is the next news. "He announces that he has called ex-premier Benton to form a new ministry and that Mr. Benton is on his way home—is expected any hour."

Having fully resolved to discredit the confession of Lady Beckworth, feeling sure of his ability to lure Benton by giving him still greater power, and determined in spite of all opposition to fight for his throne, his pride and his self-will, the king had completely ignored Benton's reference to his guilt and his refusal to form a new ministry.

"When he arrives," was Albert's thought, "he will be glad to yield to my will."

And so he had now announced to the parliament that he had summoned Benton and that he will soon be home.

When the announcement reached the people there was a shout of approval which was lost in a cry of: "No! No! He is for war!"

"He does things," cried another. "How do you know he is for war?"

"That's right! Hurrah for Benton!" And the crowd again surged and rolled.

But in spite of all the excitement there was no violence. The people in one respect were of one mind and that mind was peaceable. Soldiers, sailors and policemen passed through the crowd and found no occasion for arrests. It was the same spirit which had possessed the populace on a memorable day in the history of the United States of America when the streets of Philadelphia were filled with people awaiting the signing of that wonderful declaration which brought not only independence to the American people, but which has brought freedom of thought, speech and action to mankind in many lands.

With the news of the fall of the ministry and the king's announcement regarding Benton, the people for a time sought the newspaper offices and listened to the foreign news as it was cried out from the towers. While it was disquieting it indicated a few more days of grace; but ultimate war and destruction stared them in the face.

As the ministry had fallen, so now the nation seemed

doomed; for it, too, seemed a house divided against itself. The people are for peace. The king and his military advisers are for war. At this very hour they are asking parliament to vote the appropriation necessary for its vigorous prosecution, while outside the people clamor.

For hours this tumult has filled Elmborn. Hundreds of open-air meetings, with thousands in attendance have been held. Aroused by the report that the Duke of Lackland, advised by the American commissioner, had counselled immediate and complete disarmament as the only means of preserving the integrity of the nation, the suggestion has found an immediate and hearty response in the public mind, which had for a week been torn with conflicting doubts and fears.

Peace was the popular slogan.

But would national disarmament in the face of threatened annihilation at the hands of the angry nations, bring peace? Would it pay the debt? Would the sacrifice of national pride and military power constitute the price demanded? Would not the nations still clamor for their pound of flesh? Would they not more than ever take occasion to glut their greed? And would not disarmament mean simply entrance into voluntary servitude?

"Better such servitude," declared one speaker, "than enforced slavery. Surely it is easier to bear a burden we have ourselves assumed, than one which has been forced upon us."

"Yielding to righteousness will not bring servitude," declared another speaker. "The world is now becoming Christianized in fact, as for hundred of years it has

been in theory. Put yourselves in the place of those other nations. What would you do? What would you do right here and now if one whom you considered your enemy, should give positive proof that he had no enmity against you; that the thoughts that you had been holding against him for years were untrue? You would not only forgive him, but you would be glad to call him your friend—realizing that the fault had been with you—with your false belief about your neighbor. It is the same with the nations. You—I—all of us would freely accept such proof as the Duke of Lackland proposes to give, and thank God it was so.”

The multitude applauded the sentiment.

“The people of Guelph,” said a third orator. “are not different from the people of other nations. They have kept pace with us in progress. Some may have outstripped us. The desire for peace is just as strong with the other people of the globe as with us. They only desire war because they believe we have wilfully shown a war-like spirit. I know not who is responsible for this terrible deed. I care not. But I do know it is not the people of Guelph. If it is our ministers, if it is our parliament, yea, even though it be our king, let us have a change.”

Again the words of the speaker found an answering response in the hearts of the people.

At a still larger popular demonstration the sentiment had been expressed that to counsel war was not only disobedience to the command of Christ Jesus that men should love each other, but a crime against both human law and the law of God.

“Thou shalt not kill,” the speaker declared, “has

been lifted out of the statute book of God, the Bible, and spread upon the statute books of every civilized nation. No law from most ancient days has been more rigidly enforced. A king who counsels war should be punished under the law. Furthermore," he continued impressively, "Jesus taught plainly that it was not so much the deed as the thought back of the deed, that constituted the sin. Do we as Christian men, even dare to think murderous thoughts against our fellow-men? No! Let us all express the one mind, that mind which was also in Jesus Christ. Let us go to our neighbors across the sea with love in our hearts, and by putting aside the panoply of war say to them as did Abram to Lot: 'Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee.....for we be brethren'—children of the one Father; brothers in Christ; and we shall find that they, too, have been learning the omnipotence and omnipresence of God, divine Love. They will take our hands and we will dwell together in true brotherhood."

In all the public meetings and in the popular thought such sentiments as these were paramount. To John, as he passed about from place to place, these utterances came as the voice of Truth. At times he was urged to address the people, but he invariably declined.

"It is not for an alien to interfere," he said. "It is a problem for the people of Guelph to work out. It is for them to decide. When they do decide it shall be my work to assist in putting their position before the people of the world—before the court of national conscience."

Lucy, at home in her closet, gave herself up to fasting and prayer; that fasting of which Hermas wrote:

"But this is the true fast: Do nothing wickedly in thy life, but serve God with a pure mind."

As for Lady Judith, she was torn with conflicting emotions. She felt certain that war must result in ruin, because she was convinced in her mind that their cause was not righteous. She believed implicitly Lady Beckworth's confession and attributed the condition of affairs solely to hatred. She believed that a statement of the real conditions would influence parliament to do the right thing; but there was the king's command. All the day following the scene with the king she had remained in her room, working and praying as best she knew that right would prevail to save her country.

While parliament wrangled over the appropriation bill, or the war budget as it had already come to be called, the king and several of his confidential advisers retired to the cabinet room to discuss the situation and await the arrival of Benton. They had not learned just when he would arrive, but felt sure that it would not be long.

"I fear that parliament will not give us what we ask?" said Sir William Moreland. "The members fear the people—that is, they fear public sentiment."

"Benton will get it out of them," said the king. "He is a politician."

"He may succeed in passing the budget," said Lord Auckland, "but it will be another thing to raise the money. When the public mind is aroused as it is at present, increased taxation is received with bad grace. I fear the result."

"But there is no alternative," said Albert.

"The people do not think so, Your Majesty. They

are inflamed by the absurd idea of disarmament."

"I will abdicate before I will agree to such an insane proposal," said the king angrily.

"If the army should side with the people," said General Lord Dudley, "you might have to."

The king started. "You do not think there is any danger of such an event?"

Lord Dudley shook his head. "You never can tell, Your Majesty. There is a strong sentiment that our cause is not just, and no man can fight well who has that thought back of him."

The king's face paled. Was it possible his secret was known. Aloud he said:

"You must convince them that they are wrong, My Lord."

While they were speaking there was an uproar without. The crowd had again been set in motion by the news that Benton's yacht had landed at Vreelong and that the ex-premier was on his way to Elmborn on a special train. None doubted that he was coming to form a new ministry; and no sooner had the announcement of his coming been made than the crowds with one accord surged in the direction of the great railway station at which he must arrive.

It is only thirty miles from Vreelong to Elmborn and it was not more than thirty minutes from the time of the announcement of Benton's landing until the man on whom the eyes of the nation are now fixed, alighted from his car. Always popular with the people, not only because he was a commoner, but because of his personality, he was greeted with cheers.

"Hurrah for Benton! Long live the premier!" they

shouted as they caught sight of him on the platform of the car in company with the sweet-faced, gray-haired woman, whom no one recognized.

It was not the kind of a reception Benton had looked for. He had rather expected to be met by a file of soldiers.

"What does it all mean?" he asked with a bewildered look at Dorothy, as though he expected her to answer.

She shook her head. "I can only say in the words of one much wiser than I: 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.'"

They descended to the platform and passed into the station where they were met by messengers from the king.

"His majesty is awaiting you," they said. "But in the face of this grave danger and the unrest of the public mind, he asks that you will speak to the people; ask them to be calm and assure them that there is no cause for alarm."

"Will they permit it?" asked Benton, totally mistaking the purport of the message.

"There is your answer," declared the courier as cries of: "Benton! Benton!" came from the crowd. "Here are the representatives of the press. Your words shall be faithfully quoted. You need have no fear."

Benton exchanged a smile with Dorothy. "I am not afraid," he replied. "I am here if necessary to give my life for Guelph. Let us start for the palace. If the occasion demands I will speak."

The automobile emerged from the entrance and started down the broad avenue which led directly to the rear of the palace. Broad as it was, their progress

was continually impeded by the crowd. They had not proceeded more than four blocks when they were completely blockaded and cries of: "Speech! Speech! Is it war or peace?" arose on all sides.

Benton arose from his seat and after a silent prayer that he might voice only the truth, he exclaimed:

"It is with an earnest desire to right a great wrong that I have returned to Guelph. A great wrong, yes, a crime has been committed."

"Yes! Yes," shouted the crowd.

"I only learned when I reached Vreelong that the present ministry had fallen. I had hoped to have arrived in time to prevent it, for the Duke of Lackland is a noble man whose hands are utterly free from any stain of guilt or any knowledge of this great crime. Although for years his most bitter opponent—yes, his most bitter enemy if I must say it, I am so no longer, and I feel it a privilege and a duty to clear him from any charges that may have been made."

Loud cheers greeted his words and he was obliged to wait several minutes for the demonstration to cease. During the shouts he looked out over the crowd and there, on the outskirts, seated in a touring car, he caught sight of Lady Judith, who with John Winslow had been attracted thither by the news of his arrival. John had at once espied Dorothy, and even as Benton continued his speech he perceived that they were making strenuous efforts to approach. Benton's face paled, but as the shouts ceased he continued:

"I am now on my way to the palace to urge that the duke be reinstated. We must have peace. There is no need of war. It would mean the destruction of Guelph.

Punishment must fall upon the guilty man alone!—”

His voice was drowned by shouts of : “Yes! Yes! Three cheers for Benton! Long live the Duke of Lackland!”

Several at this moment espied Lady Judith.

“Three cheers for the duke’s daughter!” shouted a dozen voices, which was answered by cries of : “Long live Lady Judith!” as the crowd recognized the young marchioness.

Appreciating the value of timely action in aiding her father, Lady Judith arose and acknowledged the compliment with a bow, when suddenly from out the crowd came a shrill voice,—doubtless that of some street gamin—whose very shrillness made it conspicuous

“Three cheers for the next queen!” it cried. “Long live Queen Judith!”

It was the voicing of a thought that had been active in the minds of all ever since the great disaster—either because of sympathy over the fact that she might never be queen, or as a wish that she might speedily reign. Whose voice it was that uttered the cry will probably never be known; but it struck an answering chord in the hearts of the people.

Here was the one who could lead them out of the wilderness of discord and inharmony, war and bloodshed into the promised land of peace. They all seemed to realize it. They knew her well. They knew she had ever been her father’s adviser. They knew through the newspapers, and through those channels which always seem open to the spread of a sovereign’s sentiment, that she, like themselves, was for making the great sacrifice. Thus it was, that echoing the shrill

cry, there went up a great shout: "Long live Queen Judith! Long live peace!" which was repeated time and time again.

For several moments after the first wild outburst, the real meaning of the demonstration did not dawn upon Lady Judith. But as the shouts continued and she began to understand their import, she was seized with a terror of apprehension.

"No! No!" she cried. "It is treason! It is worse than treason! It is madness."

But the populace paid no heed to her cries. They did not know even what she was saying. It seemed to the masses the one solution of the national problem; and without asking how such a change could possibly be accomplished they refused to be silenced.

Turning to John Lady Judith exclaimed: "Get me away from here! Take me home!" and she sank back into the car.

The chauffeur attempted to start the machine, but it was impossible. Seeing what he was attempting to do, the crowd, as by a common impulse, cleared the path and seizing the huge car pushed it toward the palace. Benton, parliament, everything was forgotten in the wild excitement.

Realizing that there was but one to whom they would listen, John turned to Lady Judith.

"You must speak to them!" he said. "Yours is now the only voice that will calm them. 'Who knows but thou art come into the kingdom for such a time as this.'"

Perceiving the wisdom of John's words, Lady Judith fortified herself for the ordeal. She suddenly arose in the car and raised her hand.

There was a wild cheer and in a moment every head was bared.

"Men of Guelph!" she cried, and her young voice carried full and clear. "If this be your will I will obey. But there must be no disorder. No violence."

"Long live Queen Judith!" shouted the crowd.

"Permit me to return home. Send a deputation to parliament and let it confer with the king. If the peace of the nation demands it, they may hearken to your words."

"They must hear! Long live Queen Judith!" shouted the people.

"We shall see; but now take me home."

Another wild cheer rent the air and was taken up by thousands who could not even hear her voice.

"Make way for the queen!" shouted those immediately surrounding the car. "Make way for the queen!"

Shouting and cheering they pushed the machine rapidly along until Oxley House was reached. As Judith alighted the crowd separated, and with uncovered heads opened a passage for her and John up to the broad steps. Then as she entered the door they turned and with a great shout: "Long live Queen Judith!" started for the parliament house increasing in numbers as they ran.

By this time the tumult had become an uproar. The cry was heard by those in the adjoining squares. By them it was picked up and carried to the next and so on to the next until it was on every tongue. It sounded out over the great plaza in front of the palace. It forced its way up the stairs and into the halls of parliament. It penetrated the apartment where the king

sat dazed and stunned at the rapid change of events.

It was the voice of the people. It was the voice of God making itself heard as in the thunderings of Sinai. There was no mistaking its meaning. Turning to his councilors, the king said:

“My Lords, do you hear?”

No answer was needed.

“It is a revolution!” he cried. “It means the downfall of the kingdom.”

Sir William’s active mind was the first to grasp the situation.

“Your Majesty,” he said, “it may mean the salvation of Guelph. It may be we who have been blind and deaf. Give the people a chance and they may save themselves.”

“It is madness!” declared Albert. “Lord Dudley, order the troops to disperse the crowd.”

Lord Dudley hurriedly left the room. He was not absent more than a couple of minutes. When he returned his face was ashen.

“Your Majesty,” he exclaimed, “it is too late! The soldiers have become civilians and have joined the people in the clamor for peace.”

* * *

Twelve eventful hours have passed.

The tumult has subsided. The mental convulsion manifested in the excitement of the past two days has ceased. The neutralizing effect of Truth and Love, reflected in the hearts of men, has restored quiet and harmony.

Out of the agitation of these hours, which culminated

in the great popular outburst of the evening, has resulted untold good. The people of Guelph are again united. The evil expressed in the passion and self will of King Albert has been uncovered and destroyed and Queen Judith reigns in his stead.

Almost in a single day a nation has been born again—born of the spirit of peace.

The record of the event is short, for the healing of the discordant condition was speedy. To understand, it is only necessary to look back over one short week since the ships of the visiting fleets were destroyed.

As narrated, the news of the disaster set the world aflame with anger and condemnation. This condition of thought aroused in minds ready to receive it and aggravated by the subtlety of Benton's suggestion, brought an almost immediate declaration of war from the republic of Luzon. But already the forces of good were at work with the result that the evil was speedily restrained.

Upon the withdrawal of this malign influence, there had been a temporary cessation of the warlike activities against Guelph by those nations which had not yet committed themselves to an actual declaration of war, pending the result of the investigating commission. When the commission had made its unfavorable report the warlike preparations were resumed, but with nothing like the activity or hostility that had precipitated the action of Luzonia. There was even a strong sentiment in favor of accepting Guelph's denial of responsibility, and imposing upon her only a reasonable indemnity.

But here the so-called law of avarice made itself felt,

through certain of the great nations. The claims of heredity, hatred and jealousy which had caused these nations to dwell in enmity for centuries, again manifested themselves, and the spirit of hostility became more active and pronounced than ever. Never was there a better illustration of the seeming power of malicious human thought, and when it developed that there was a division of sentiment among the people of Guelph, all the force of this same seeming power was directed to widening the breach and destroying the nation.

But that there is no power apart from God, infinite good, was speedily proven. The same right thinking which had so often brought health out of sickness and concord out of discord, so directed this power of good that national harmony was speedily restored. The greatness and righteousness of the work, and the understanding and method employed, can be judged only by the demonstration made : namely the peaceful solution of the great national problem.

That the national and international problems were closely interwoven was then speedily evidenced. Even while the voice of the people crying : "Long live Queen Judith!" was echoing in Albert's ears, he received from England the following dispatch.

You can expect no support from us. You have placed yourself beyond the pale.

Henry, Rex.

It was the withdrawal of the one staff upon which he had been leaning. He had felt sure that in the end

he would gain, not only England's moral, but its military support as well. It was the last blow to his hope of inducing the people to proceed in their preparations for war. He felt that he must yield to the popular demand; but so strong was his determination never to yield as long as he was king, that when a deputation from the people and parliament waited upon him in the throne room, some hours later, it found him still unwilling to give the order to disarm, but willing, yes, almost anxious, to abdicate.

"I have no desire to remain a toy king upon a puppet throne," he declared sarcastically. "Nor to be known as the reigning coward of a craven people—for craven must be a people who refuse to fight for their honor, yes, their very existence."

The leader of the deputation was Sir Allin Strong. He had come in from Somerton with Lady Strong and other members of his family as soon as he had received word of Tom's release. After a great mass meeting and a conference of the leaders, a joint deputation from the people and parliament had been agreed upon. Because of his well known friendship for the duke and Lady Judith, Sir Allin's name had been mentioned as its leader and the suggestion met with enthusiastic approval. So it was that when Albert had called his people craven, it was Sir Allin who had been the one to say in Paul's words to the Corinthians:

" 'Though we walk in the flesh,' Your Majesty, 'we do not war after the flesh; for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds—casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against

the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.'

"The great strongholds to be pulled down are the thoughts of jealousy, envy, distrust and revenge that fill the minds of our neighbor nations and the world at large. We would see every thought of this kind brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ, Truth. In this hour we—the people of Guelph—feel that human strength and wisdom cannot avail and that the only power that can tear down these strongholds, capture the hearts of our seeming enemies and save Guelph, is the protecting power of omnipotent, divine Love.

" 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them,' said the great Master metaphysician, and he knew, as do thousands, yes, millions in the world today, that thoughts of love rightly directed, will find a ready response in the minds of our fellow men. We feel, Your Majesty—yes, we know, that if we give proof of our sincerity, we shall be believed and our nation preserved."

"And what proof of our sincerity must we give, that we have not already given?" asked Albert.

"What are termed fatal diseases, Your Majesty, require strong medicines. The proof must be adequate to destroy the belief. We, the people, think that nothing but complete disarmament will now convince the world of our sincerity. We ask you to issue the order."

"Never! Never!" exclaimed the king starting to his feet with the greatest vehemence. "Never will I be a party to such a cowardly act."

"Your Majesty," said Sir Allin reverently, "was it a cowardly act for Christ Jesus to say to his warlike disciple: 'Put up thy sword?' "

Albert made no reply and Sir Allin continued:

"For nearly two thousand years, through the teachings of Christ Jesus, the world has been undergoing pacification. Within the past one hundred years the Christianity of Jesus has been scientifically applied in teaching people to think truth instead of error, love instead of hate, peace instead of war. I believe that it has been so far successful, that it can now be proven that a majority in the world is thinking peace instead of war, and will so declare if they have the opportunity. We ask the chance to prove it by applying the Golden Rule."

For several moments there was silence—a period of breathless suspense. The king's face became white and great drops of sweat rolled down his forehead as he stood with downcast eyes. Then with an air of determination he raised his head.

"It seems our only salvation," he said. "But," he added with a touch of great sadness, "I am not the one to help you make the demonstration. It is for one who sees and thinks as you do. I know what is in your minds. I am willing to help you this much. I am willing to abdicate in favor of my well-beloved niece, Judith, Marchioness of Oxley."

For a space there was silence. As with one accord every knee was bent—bent to the greatness of the deed. It was the last act of homage to a fallen sovereign.

Even while the assemblage thus knelt, Albert de-

scended from the throne. Slowly he lifted the crown from his head and set it upon the golden footstool. Then turning to the kneeling people he cried out in a voice trembling with emotion:

“The king is dead! Long live the queen!”

CHAPTER XX

HE THAT KEEPETH ISRAEL

No noisy demonstration or unnecessary display marked the coronation of Judith, Queen of Guelph. In keeping with the gravity of the situation and the conditions confronting the realm, she assumed the reins of government immediately, with only the simplest ceremonies. As soon as they were over she returned to Oxley House and retired at once to the privacy of her apartments. Putting out all the attendants and leaving only her maid-in-waiting in the antechamber, she had given herself up to a season of communion with God—the one Mind, upon whom she was depending for wisdom to direct the affairs of state.

For more than an hour the young queen devoted herself to the prayerful consideration of the great problems before her, while realizing that divine Principle was leading her in the way of righteousness and truth. Having at last reached a place where she could say with the prophet of Israel: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee," she was about to announce her readiness to meet her father, when there was a timid knock at the door. In response to Judith's summons the maid stepped quickly inside.

"The little old gentlemen," she said. "He asks if

you will see him. He says he has something you must know, and you alone."

"You mean the old German?" asked Judith.

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Bring him in."

The maid turned to obey, but before the door was fairly opened Herman slipped quickly in and humbly approached the queen. It was her first official audience, but it did not appeal to her as such. She only saw before her one in seeming distress, and her heart went out to him in sympathy. She forgot her exalted position, and when Herman threw himself at her feet, she gently lifted him up.

"You wished to tell me something?" she said. "Whatever it is do not be afraid. Fear has no place in God's kingdom and it shall have none in mine."

He looked at her with an expression of surprise.

"You haf no fear?" he asked.

"None."

"You haf no fear what they will do because we haf blown up their ships?"

For a moment Judith hesitated, searching her own thought in the light of divine Truth; then she answered firmly:

"None."

The old man glanced hastily around the room, and coming quite close to her said in a whisper; "You haf discovered the secret?"

"Yes," replied Judith earnestly. "But it is no longer a secret. It is this: 'Evil has no power.' That is why I have no fear."

The old man laughed softly: "You are right to haf

no fear. None of them can fight us. We can destroy their ships as soon as they enter the bay." Then impressively; "I haf remembered."

An exclamation of astonishment escaped the queen as she saw in the old man's face a look which indicated that however much he might be affected on other subjects, he was clear on this.

For just a moment Judith listened to the voice of the tempter as she said: "You have remembered how you sank the ships, and you could do it again?"

Herman's eyes brightened: "Yes. Put my laboratory at the mouth of the bay and no ship shall enter it unless I say so."

Judith lifted her eyes. "Not my will but thine be done," she prayed. "Let Life, Truth and Love be expressed by me, not hatred, evil and destruction."

Then to Herman: "We shall not need your help. The omnipotent power of omnipresent Love is able to protect us. Even your death-dealing waves of electricity must fall harmless before the infinite power of Spirit. You mean well, but you are wrong."

The old man's face took on a startled and puzzled look. "And you do not need me?" he asked.

"Not now. When you have learned all that Mrs. Winslow is trying to teach you; when you have learned that good alone is power, you will understand."

Tears came to the old man's eyes and coursed down his cheeks. "I am sorry you do not need me," he said softly. "I wished to become a great nobleman; but you know best."

"And so you shall," declared Judith laying her hand tenderly on his shoulder, "for man in the divine

image is the noblest work of God. Good bye.”

“Good bye. Good bye. Yes, you know best,” and slowly the old man left the room.

A tear glistened on Judith’s lashes as she turned back into the apartment and summoned her gentlemen in waiting.

“Today,” she announced, “I shall hold all necessary audiences here. Inform the duke that I will see him at once, and summon the other ministers to meet me in an hour.”

It was but a few moments later that the duke entered and gravely saluted his daughter. She held out her arms impulsively.

“For today at least, father, there shall be no formality between us. You will continue as prime minister, will you not?”

“For the present, yes. But you must remember the action of parliament—the failure to pass the vote of confidence.”

“But, father, to whom else can I turn? I have confidence in you.”

“You forget Mr. Benton.”

“Father!”

“Remember what he has already done. It is largely to him that you owe your crown.”

“And it is to him that Guelph owes her terrible plight.”

“And still, my child, he may be the man in this emergency. Think it over carefully. I will meet you with the others within the hour.”

For several minutes after her father had withdrawn Judith sat in deep study. Then recovering herself,

she said as to her own thoughts: "Whatever really is, is right. It only remains to be revealed."

Then to the gentleman in waiting: "Who is without?"

"Sir Allin Strong and his son."

Judith's heart gave a little bound. "Admit them," she commanded.

"I felt that I could not return to Somerton without seeing you," said Sir Allin as soon as the greetings were over. "I want you to know how we are all working to realize the truth which must bring harmony out of this seeming chaos. 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler. Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by noonday.' "

"I have no fear," replied the young queen firmly. "I know that my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. 'He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber, nor sleep.' "

Sir Allin bowed gravely as he replied with a verse from the 121st Psalm. " 'The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.' You have the faith that cometh of understanding, and it is for you now to so direct the thought of mankind that it shall prove 'what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.' Surely the promises shall be fulfilled. The time is ripe."

He bowed and withdrew, but Tom lingered behind. For a brief space there was silence and then in sheer desperation and with downcast eyes Tom exclaimed:

"Lady Judith, I—" Then he stopped not knowing

how to proceed and hoping that she might give some suggestion. But she did nothing of the kind. Instead she interrupted with a voice as stern as she could make it:

"Is that the way, sir, to address your queen?"

He quickly raised his eyes to meet hers fixed upon him; but in their depths, instead of anger, was a look he could not fail to understand.

"Well," she exclaimed, "why don't you go on?"

"My Queen," he said springing forward, his tongue suddenly loosened. "Judith, my queen in all that the word implies. What can I do to lighten your burden and help you in this hour of trial and demonstration?"

Judith's heart gave a great bound. Could she have chosen the words she would have had him speak, she could have wished none better. His offer to help, made in a spirit there was no mistaking, was to her the best proof he had yet given that he was gaining the victory over that selfishness which had been his greatest weakness. When she answered, it was with a look in her eyes whose meaning no man could have mistaken.

"Just be your own true self, Tom," she replied. "Think of me as one whose future is not her own. Prove that you really love me by not making my burden heavier, and by knowing that in God's good time and in His way we shall find our happiness. You know my heart too well to ask that I say more."

"More!" exclaimed Tom earnestly. "More! If you had said but one tenth part of what you have, I should be the happiest man in Guelph. But I do want to help you in every way. I want to help with my good thoughts and I want to help by doing anything that

you may wish done. And if I never receive any other reward, it will be happiness enough to know that you sometimes think of me."

"I always do that, Tom; but in the stirring times which must speedily come, because your thought has been trained in the way of right thinking and bringing harmony out of seeming discord, I am sure I shall find in you one of the strongest supporters of my reign. Now go, for I have yet many duties to perform."

She extended her hand which he raised to his lips.

"My Queen," he murmured softly. "Judith, my queen."

She regarded him tenderly as with head erect and elastic step he left the apartment.

"Surely Mrs. Winslow was right," she thought. "My love story is just being told."

She gave a joyous little laugh and ordered the next caller admitted. It was George Benton.

Judith had not spoken to Benton since the night of the embassy ball—how long ago it seemed. At the moment he was the person farthest from her thought, and at his unexpected entrance she gave a perceptible start. Despite the few words she had heard him speak to the crowd the previous afternoon—words indicative of a desire to restore peace and harmony to the realm, and despite the kind words her father had spoken in his behalf, she could not for the moment separate him from the error that had so long been using him. Her reception of him was, therefore, far from encouraging.

Intent, however, upon the mission he had undertaken, he seemed not to notice her coolness and when she had finally given him permission to speak, he

plunged at once into the very heart of the matter.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I have returned to save Guelph from destruction, although no one better than I realizes that the real saving power is infinitely higher than mine. But I have come to offer myself as the instrument. I have come to make a confession which will startle the world and turn its anger from this nation to the guilty mortal who stands before you. I have come to suffer and if need be die, that Guelph may live. I have come to you at the very earliest possible moment I could reach you to confess—"

"Say no more," Judith suddenly interrupted, "what you are about to say, has been known to me for days. Your confession comes too late."

So rapidly had Benton spoken and so surprised was Judith that anything could have induced him to make a confession, that she could not gather her thoughts sufficiently to interrupt him sooner, and so it was that when she did speak her words were most abrupt.

George Benton was not a man to be easily turned from a purpose, but Judith's words spoken with such emphasis, were so unexpected that for the moment he stood speechless. Then, as he regained his composure, he slowly and questioningly repeated her words:

"Too late? Too late? You have known it for days? Impossible!"

"Not at all," she replied. "The information you are about to impart came days ago as the natural uncovering of error. Furthermore; it was less than twenty minutes ago that the very person, whose misdirected knowledge brought the immediate disaster,

was standing where you now stand, offering at my command to destroy all the fleets of the world, if they should attempt to enter our harbor. I stopped him just as I have stopped you."

Benton's face was pale, but his manner was resolute.

"But why will you not let me make my confession?" he asked. "Why not let me make it to the world? Surely it would prevent this war."

"Mr. Benton," said Judith earnestly, "with the identical proof at hand, which you possess, we were unable even to convince the king of its truthfulness. How much less, think you, should we be able to convince the world—which does not wish to believe—of the truth of your statement?"

Alive as he was to the perversity of the human mind, Benton was quick to grasp the import of her words. He realized more clearly than would a man of less acute perception the wisdom of her conclusions. Willing, yes, anxious to sacrifice himself, but powerless to bring about what he so earnestly desired, he stood crushed and helpless. The salvation of Guelph rested upon something other than this vicarious atonement.

"The king must have known that it was the truth," he finally said, for lack of some better utterance. "I sent such a message the day I refused to accept the premiership."

"The day you refused," exclaimed the queen in the most unbounded astonishment. "Then you did refuse?"

Benton looked her squarely in the face. "Can you doubt it?" he asked.

"I have ceased to doubt even the most unexpected

statements," she declared as she regarded him intently.

What had come over the man? she wondered. What had so changed him? For changed he certainly was, and she began to regard with admiration his evident attempt to lay aside evil for good. He noted the look upon her face and after a moment said:

"Your Majesty may well wonder at my words and at the changed condition of thought which prompts them. I wonder at them myself. I even wonder at my boldness in even coming into your presence. But most of all do I wonder at the saving power of divine Love, which has rescued me from the pit into which I had fallen and is leading me back into the paths of righteousness and rectitude.

"Some day, however, I hope to understand it. Some day I hope to be able to carry the message of salvation to others. Some day I even hope to practice the healing which comes with the understanding of the omnipotent power of Truth. Now I can but express my humble gratitude to God for his goodness. Now I can but give thanks for the inspired thought which has made known to this age the wonderful Principle and rule of the Christ healing. Now I can only strive in my feeble way to show my appreciation of the loving woman, who has not only brought healing to my physical body, but has since been leading me back to the light—to my at-one-ment with Spirit. Your Majesty can never know the joy—"

"But I do," suddenly interrupted the young queen impulsively. "I, too, have experienced the touch of this healing Christ, and have been led to this wonderful, practical understanding of God."

As Judith finished speaking Benton sank upon his knee before her, and with upturned face and with a voice quivering with emotion repeated:

“For Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory. Feeble in Thy sight are the sacrifices of men, for to obey is better than sacrifice. Foolish in Thy sight such wisdom as ours, for unto Thee is all wisdom. I thank Thee that Thou hast protected and preserved this kingdom unto this day.”

Then as he arose to his feet: “Henceforth, O Queen, it is for you to direct and for others to obey. In so far as I am able, it shall be my greatest joy to uphold your hands in the hour of battle.”

For the moment Judith did not reply. She was thinking of the duke’s suggestion. Was it possible that he was right? Was it possible that the man before her had been brought through the fiery crucible that his dross might be consumed and his gold refined for just such a work as this? She felt that this must be so, and as he ceased speaking, said:

“Mr. Benton, in this hour of national peril, when every Christian man, woman and child in the realm is looking to God for help, we must make no mistakes. We must call into the service of the state every right thought and every man capable of action along this line. The duke, my father, has suggested that you are the man to head the new government. I now ask you if you will accept this responsibility?”

He listened quietly until she had finished. He could plainly see whither her words were leading. Immediately a great conflict began within his consciousness; but great as the conflict was, he gave no sign of the

struggle, nor did he for one moment think of yielding. The lust for power, which for years had been the devil, the evil, that had lured him on, was again leading him into the wilderness of temptation; but the power of this evil was now gone—destroyed by his understanding of its nothingness. Its subtle whispers were drowned by the voice of Truth speaking through the inspired word of the Scriptures: "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill made low." In George Benton's consciousness he realized "the way of the Lord made straight." The valley of egotism had been exalted—spiritualized—and the mountains of pride and the hill of selfishness had been made low. And so, after a brief silence, he replied:

"I am not unmindful, nor ungrateful for the honor you would confer upon me, but, Your Majesty, I am not the man. God will surely raise up one to fill the place, but I am not yet strong enough in my new-found understanding. I have not yet been proved. I must first go out into the highways and byways and preach the gospel to the poor and heal the sick.

"The greatest honor that your offer confers upon me is your confidence; and I thank God that it has been regained. My homage, my counsel and my worldly possessions—yes, my great wealth which I can scarcely estimate—is at the disposal of the state and Your Majesty; but let me work in an humble place until I have been purged and cleansed; until I have been sufficiently engrounded upon the rock of Truth not to fall and perish at the first great temptation. Let me humbly follow in the paths the Master trod."

Even as he spoke, Judith felt the wisdom of his

words. His humility taught her a lesson. She seemed to hear the voice of the publican crying from afar off: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Rising from her seat she extended her hand:

"May God direct you," she said. "May that Love which passeth understanding, protect and purify you. Rest assured, that whether as prime minister or as the humblest doer of good in Guelph, your counsel and advice will ever be sought."

He sank on his knee and bent his head over her hand.

"God surely has this kingdom in his keeping," he said. "Have no fear for its future."

CHAPTER XXI

GOD GIVETH THE INCREASE

IN the great hall of Oxley House, whose splendid carvings and arched ceiling lent to it an air of massiveness and grandeur hardly in keeping with the otherwise home-like character of its architecture and arrangement, were gathered the leading statesmen, diplomats and warriors of Guelph. They had been summoned hither to hear the first message of their new queen.

Because of the rapidity with which events had transpired, Judith had refused to take up her abode in the palace until such time as her uncle and his wife might be able to determine upon their future. Early this Christmas morning, after the midnight scene in which Albert had abdicated in her favor, she had gone as quietly as possible to the cathedral, where, in the presence of all, whether great or small, noble or plebian, lord or commoner she had been crowned by Albert, himself. Then she had returned to Oxley House and passed the remainder of the morning as narrated, in interviews with immediate friends and personal callers.

Later she had spent an hour with her ministers, during which time the existing conditions were thoroughly explained to her. Those of the ministers not heretofore personally acquainted with her association

with her father, wondered greatly at her grasp upon diplomatic and international affairs. Reports were read from the Guelphian ambassadors the world over, in which was set forth the gravity of the situation. One and all declared that there was no reason to hope that the blow would not soon fall, even though the nations were using the utmost deliberation in perfecting their plans.

"It is simply the quiet before the storm," wrote the ambassador to Germany. "As the avalanche slowly forms before it breaks loose from its long resting place and moves with irresistible force down the mountain side, crushing and obliterating from the face of the earth whatever stands in its way, so are the forces of the world's powers gathering to sweep the kingdom of Guelph off the political map of the world. In America and Russia alone has the voice of public opinion been raised against the destruction which now seems inevitable. Alas, my poor country!"

From England came a report of unmitigated surprise at the rumored abdication of Albert.

"It is looked upon by the British government," the ambassador wrote, "as the last suicidal act of a madness-stricken people."

Similar reports came from nearly all the ambassadors—men in close touch with those at the head of the nations.

During the reading of these messages the young queen sat silent, except as she occasionally interrupted with a question. But after all had been read and Aukland had gravely and sadly expressed the opinion that among all the nations of the earth, Guelph had

not a single friend, she slowly shook her head as she replied:

"My Lord, I think you mistake. You mean among all the rulers. The people have yet to speak."

The ministers looked up in surprise.

"And what think you will cause them to speak?" asked Lord Aukland.

"The message of love which we propose to send them."

Then rising: "My Lords, if you have nothing further to offer, I would be alone. I have yet much work in preparing the message which I have been selected by the people to send. At high noon I shall expect to meet you all, and as many of the leaders of the people as can assemble in the great hall."

And now the appointed hour has arrived. Now the leaders have assembled to hear what is to be the message of the crown to the nation and to the world; the message which is to herald the policy of the new sovereign; the message which shall either preserve the integrity of the realm or aid in its dismemberment, by laying it helpless at the feet of human greed and avarice.

Never before in the history of the world has such a message been given out. Never before has one been found fearless enough to deliver it, and never before, to erring human sense, has the world been less prepared to receive it.

But to the illumined, spiritual sense of millions of men and women throughout Christendom, the time is opportune—for these millions are putting their trust in God and they know in whom they have trusted.

Over this notable assemblage of the best in her kingdom, a solemn silence fell as the young queen, clad in a gown of pure white, and accompanied by her father and two court ladies entered the hall. In her hand she bore no scepter. On her head she wore no crown. Her slight, girlish figure seemed even slighter than its wont. Her wealth of golden hair, kissed by a sunbeam, formed a halo about her fair face which radiated goodness, gentleness and love.

Attracted by her wondrous beauty, every eye was fixed upon her. Warmed by the sunlight of her presence, every heart beat responsive to her own. Without a tremor she ascended the steps of a slightly raised dais and faced those who had sworn to her their allegiance only a few hours before. Not a sound broke the silence within. Only the distant murmur of the crowds without, as they surged back and forth about the portals, could be heard.

"My Lords and gentlemen," she began in a rich musical voice that could be heard in every part of the hall. "I have called you together to aid me in giving my first message to the world. Unusual as it may be, I have faith to believe that it will be understood and received in the same spirit of truth and love with which it is being given.

"It is unnecessary for me at this time to refer to what has passed. It is the future alone which confronts us. I know not, as yet, even how the nations of the earth look upon my ascension to the throne of Guelph, which to them must seem tottering; but I believe that the voice of God, the voice of omnipotent, divine Love has called me to this work—work which

only the hand of a woman can at this time successfully accomplish.

“Of the character of the message I am about to give I have no doubt, nor have I summoned you to discuss it. Rather have I called you hither to advise you of the manner in which the message shall be sent; how I think we shall best accomplish the purpose we have in mind and how best convey to the people of the world the sincerity of the message which my people expect me to send—the message of love—the message of peace.

“All Christendom today is rejoicing over the birth of one whose earthly life was a mission of peace and love. Even as the mission of Jesus was misunderstood and hatred, envy, malice and revenge crucified him in the attempt to silence the Christ-truth and destroy the Christ-love of which he was the embodiment, so may the world today try to thwart the mission of the Christ-thought which we shall send out. But as God—omnipotent, divine Mind, was able to render powerless the hatred of the world then—so is He able today and,” with the greatest emphasis, “I know that He will.

“My Lords and gentlemen, I have in mind to send to the nations of the world such a Christmas greeting as they cannot misunderstand. I have in mind to say to them: ‘Look. The people of Guelph, disarmed, appear before you, seeking peace. We ask that you will accept our attitude as a gauge of friendship and do unto us as you would be done by.’

“But I would also say to the world: ‘While we have laid aside our weapons we are not weaponless. While

we have razed our forts and destroyed our fortresses we are not unfortified. While we have dismantled our warships and thrown their armament into the sea, we are not unprotected. While we stand before you unarmed we are not helpless; for we are defended by the sword of Truth which destroys all error of thought and purpose. We are fortified by our understanding of God as infinite Life, against which no power of sin, destruction or death can prevail. We are protected by the ceaseless activity of divine Love, which not only surrounds and encompasses us, but which will destroy in your hearts all that is unlike itself and reveal to you the infinite Fatherhood of God.'

"In short I would say to the world: 'While we stand before you helpless according to the wisdom of men, we are invincible in our understanding of the one Mind, which man, in Christ, reflects and radiates, and the omnipotence of which has already, for time and eternity, established the true brotherhood of man—the spiritual harmony which none can disturb.'"

She paused to let her words take effect; but she was hardly prepared for the interruption which followed. Unable, even yet, to comprehend the will of the people, Sir William Moreland exclaimed impetuously: "And do you really intend to carry your words into effect? Do you really intend to destroy your fortifications, dismantle your ships and throw your guns into the sea?"

Proudly, yet humbly she stood before them, her girlish form drawn to its full height and her fair face aglow with light of that Love of which she had so earnestly spoken. Realizing that Sir William had but

voiced the thought in the minds of all she replied:

“With your assistance, my Lords and gentlemen, I do. I wish the news to go out broadcast to the world this Christmas day, that Guelph has been the first great nation on earth to lay aside the weapons of carnal warfare and to plant itself unreservedly on the rock, Christ, Truth. In this hour of national peril, when assailed by the powers of darkness, she has placed her trust in omnipotent, divine Love; and with an abiding faith in the power of good, and a firm belief in the justice and integrity of Christendom, she submits her case to the courts of national conscience—asking only that the nations do unto her as they would be done by.”

There was no misunderstanding her words. They were clear and concise. They conveyed no double meaning, and as though to support her in the position she had taken, the cheering of the multitude came faintly but distinctly to her listeners' ears.

As the sound reached her, she threw back her head with an imperiousness born of a conviction of right, and in a voice of dignified authority exclaimed:

“Gentlemen, this is my first command as queen of Guelph: Let every ship and fortification, every regiment and squadron, every sailor and soldier in the realm be at once disarmed. I leave the details to you.”

Then, amidst the breathless silence which followed, she turned to the prime minister, and in a voice which bespoke neither excitement nor doubt, but only gentleness and peace, continued:

“This command, my lord Duke of Lackland, is our message to the world. Will you see that it is

sent without delay; only adding: 'Let us have peace.' "

Thus the most royal edict ever uttered by an earthly sovereign, went forth. Like wildfire the message spread. Once outside the assembly hall it was carried over the realm with the rapidity of thought; and as fast as the official command could be repeated it was put into effect.

Everywhere the message was received with demonstration of delight.

As once before, in their own land, John and Lucy had noted the rapid change of a people from thinking war to thinking peace, so now again they watched the changing thought. It was the same story over again. Although national conditions had in no wise changed; although preparations for blotting Guelph off the map of the world by the other powers were still in progress, the people of Guelph were suddenly transported from sadness to joy. While only a few thousand in the kingdom realized with scientific certainty the great, spiritual truth, that the loving thought thus sent out must find lodgment in other hearts, the mass of the people were intuitively possessed of this idea. It was immediately accepted as a foregone conclusion that this unequivocal proof of their good will toward all mankind must be accepted.

It was another demonstration of man in God's likeness claiming his birthright.

But how about the other nations of the world? How was the message of peace on earth and good will toward all mankind received by them?

Even while the young queen was receiving the congratulations of her nearest and dearest friends

upon the step she had taken, the message was flying across the sea.

"Guelph has disarmed," it read. "Let us have peace."

To every ruler and nation it was sent, and with two or three notable exceptions it was received by the rulers, politicians and military leaders with disbelief and derision.

"A ruse!" cried some, while still others with even a more hostile thought cried: "Coward!"

But soon the press reports began to arrive. Soon came the detailed reports of the scene in the great assembly hall. Soon came the full text of Queen Judith's speech, and the real thought—God's thought—was read between the lines.

Thought now being rightly directed, millions of men and women trained to right thinking went to work with renewed faith. Ever since Albert's abdication, scores of messages signed by John, Lucy, Dorothy, Benton and others had been sent broadcast over the world and repeated again and again. Now other messages followed. The leaven was working. Other Christian thinkers, with their thought now rightly directed, began to commune with divine Truth and the greatest peace society ever organized—the church founded upon Truth and Love—began to give practical proof of its utility. For years it had been elevating mankind to this standard of thought, and now it was calling upon mankind to act in accord with that higher understanding.

The rulers, politicians and military leaders soon awoke to the fact that it takes something beside guns

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and warships to make war. It takes men. But when mankind begins to awaken; when man decides to claim his birthright; when he reaches the point where he perceives that it is just as natural for man to think good—to think peace, as it is for the sun to shine, then he loses the desire for war.

All that mankind needs to awaken it to this understanding of being was such a message, with such proof behind it, as that sent out from Guelph.

And so it was that to Queen Judith and the friends who were watching with her for the dawn of the new day, messages of congratulation and encouragement began to come in from all over the world.

From Zelandia came the first: "Well done, Queen Judith!" it said. "Zelandia welcomes Guelph into the true sisterhood of nations. We, two, shall soon be many."

But not so quickly did the message bring a reply from some of the other nations, although everywhere it was kindly received.

In Vaalmara, King Otto and a cabinet minister were in conversation when the message arrived.

"Ho! Ho!" laughed the king. "It is a trick!"

"No," said the minister, "it is fear. We had better declare war at once and seize whatever we can, ere someone outstrip us."

"Well said," replied the king. "Have the reichstag convened at once."

Some hours later the king again met the minister. "What think you," he said, "a delegation from the bourse has already waited upon me, to urge that I not only agree to Guelph's request for peace, but follow her example."

“That is nothing,” exclaimed the minister. “The streets in front of the newspaper offices are filled with people crying: ‘Long live Queen Judith of Guelph.’ How can you declare war in the face of such sentiment?”

Similar scenes were being enacted in all the large cities of the world. Even among the people who had been most to suffer, the message of peace and the announcement of the practical proof that the message was more than mere words, brought a sudden change of sentiment. Ere twenty-four hours had passed, while it was not certain just how far the changed thought of the people of the world might carry the sentiment toward freely forgiving Guelph her seeming transgression, it was evident that all thought of taking her national life had disappeared.

As the hours passed and the reports became more and more favorable, the people of Guelph became more and more jubilant and their demonstrations of joy increased. They marched through the streets singing and cheering for everyone who had had any hand in bringing about the happy result; they built bonfires and let off fireworks and they thronged the newspaper offices, reading the messages and bulletins which were displayed as fast as the good news was received and given to the press by the duke.

When news came from Vaalmara that the reichstag had voted to accept Guelph’s action as proof of its sincerity, the populace shouted itself hoarse. When word came from Eiland that the congress had voted down the resolution declaring war, and almost upon its heels the news of similar action on the part of Nippon, men fell upon each other’s necks and wept.

They crowded about Oxley House, shouting and cheering for Queen Judith, until she was obliged to show herself on the balcony. Then they shouted and cheered till they could shout no more.

Because of the demonstration of the people and because she wished to more fully prepare herself for the great work she had in hand, after this appearance Judith determined to remain in strict seclusion and to perform only such routine duties as were forced upon her until the full effect of her message upon the nations of the earth could be determined. Again, as often before, she remained in her apartment, in company only with her father and her most intimate friends and advisers.

It was approaching midnight on the second day after her message had been given to the world. In the apartment with her were the duke, Lucy, Dorothy, and Sir William. In an adjoining room was a wireless operator, who had been receiving bits of news all the evening.

"Here is a message for you, Miss Howerton," said the duke as he looked over a number that the attendant handed to him.

Dorothy took it from his hand and as she read a smile spread itself over her face. "It is from President Daniels of the American Peace Society," she explained. "He says: 'You are a good missionary. We have made you an honorary member of the peace society, whether you will or not.'

"It is just like him," laughed Dorothy. "But I should think instead of electing me a member of his society, he would join ours."

"I think he is already a member," replied Lucy, "only he has not discovered it."

"He surely will ere long," said Sir William; "and while we are on the subject I might as well admit that I am a candidate for admission. Do you think I am eligible, Mrs. Winslow?"

"All are eligible, Sir William, who are willing to turn from the thoughts of war to thoughts of peace."

"He would indeed be a strange man who would not be willing to do that after the wonderful proof we have received of the working of the Golden Rule."

As the hours passed, there was one message for which all had hoped, but for which, up to the present all had looked in vain. This was from Luzonia, the only nation which had actually declared war.

To be sure the press reports had told of the reception of Judith's message in that republic and how the people there had accepted it in much the same spirit as that in which it had been received elsewhere; but there was nothing official.

"But it must come," declared Dorothy, when Sir William later on expressed a sense of disappointment because no word was forthcoming. "No nation can withstand the power of the good thought that is now being expressed everywhere. The beam of the scale has tipped. The preponderance of thought is now for peace. Mankind is more than half awake to the omnipotence of good."

"And the eternal truth that man has never lost his at-one-ment with the Father," exclaimed Lucy.

Judith was about to reply, as the attendant entered with another handful of messages.

"Here is something right in line," said the duke as he glanced them hastily over. "It is from our ambassador at Washington and says: 'Urged by public sentiment, congress has sent a message to Luzonia suggesting the wisdom of its joining in the action taken by the other interested nations.'"

"That is something," said Sir William.

"Yes," replied Judith, "but it is only indicative of the feeling in the United States not in Luzonia."

At this moment John entered hastily. In his hand was an open message and it took but a glance at his smiling face to tell those present that he was the bearer of good news.

"Congratulations, Your Majesty," he exclaimed without waiting for any formality. "It has come."

"You don't mean—" began Judith starting from her chair, but John interrupted before she could proceed.

"Yes, I do," he exclaimed. "It is from Senor Aguerra, the Luzonian ambassador; and while sent through me as a compliment to my official position, is for you. Listen! I will read it:

TO HER MAJESTY, JUDITH QUEEN OF GUELPH—We have been conquered by love. Let there be peace!

BOOK THREE

A COROLLARY

*"No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around."*

—MILTON

BOOK THREE

THINKING PEACE

OUT of an unclouded sky of the deepest blue, the sun looks down upon a scene of peace. Over the sparkling waters and the verdant plain, the swift carriers of commerce are rushing, freighted with the product of field, forest and factory. The marts of trade are busy with that business which comes only with the prosperity of uninterrupted labor for in all the wide world there is no thought of war. The navy-yards are silent, the arsenals deserted. In place of bugle call and roll of drum, is heard the joyous ring of the blacksmith's hammer beating a merry tattoo upon his anvil, as he fashions the plane and plowshare from the sword and armor plate.

Nowhere in this scene are the avenues of commerce blockaded. Nowhere are the affairs of mankind congested with thoughts of inharmony. Nowhere is there a lack of these channels through which the streams of love may broadly run, watering and refreshing the great throbbing heart of humanity. While all are striving to attain the summit of prosperity and happiness, no one is trying to build up his own fortunes by pulling down his neighbor's or to reach this summit over the ruins of another's happiness. It is such peace and prosperity as come only in demonstrating the

divine Principle, Love, by the Golden Rule. It is the divinely natural outcome of thinking peace.

In this harmonious, progressive, restful activity the world has paused for a brief period to note the advancement—has paused to contemplate as impersonally as may be the fruits of this prosperity and to give thanks for the coming of peace—not that peace which marks simply the close of a military conflict, when the thoughts of all are saddened by the memory of heroes who have fought and bled; nor yet the drowsy, dreamy peace of the mellow, sunlit field and shady glen; but that energizing peace that is found in the midst of the greatest activity, giving ardor to work and joy to the worker—that peace which is the outcome of a knowledge of the one Mind, moving and governing all.

As the world thus pauses, it beholds upon the mountains of exalted thought “the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace,” for the kingdom of Guelph stands as this messenger, who has shown to the world the “glad tidings of the kingdom of God.” Most blessed since the day of its disarmament has been its sovereign and its people for “The Lord has made His face to shine upon them; the Lord has lifted His countenance upon them and has given them peace.” Yea, through them He is rapidly giving the whole world peace.

The picture is the outgrowth of innumerable provings that “peace hath its victories not less renowned than war.” Every department of human enterprise bears the mark of abundance and progression, not only in the growth of trade and commerce but in the closer relationship of man to man. As Alexander the Great,

through the might of arms, made Greece the master of the world; so, through a mightier power, has Judith made her nation mistress of the great heart of Christendom. She has conquered with love every people with whom she has striven. All hold themselves vassals, bound with the silken bonds of friendship, and all delight to do honor to that queen, who, laying aside every carnal weapon, rested her cause in the hands of divine Love—invincible in her understanding of God as Spirit, and man in His image and likeness.

For her part, looking upon the good her heroic and righteous act has accomplished, Judith cannot help but feel within her purified consciousness the fulfillment of that wonderful promise: "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God."

Blessed indeed has been her life and the lives of her people from the day she first accepted the crown. True, she has been obliged to perform arduous tasks, but the work has never been tiresome, never irksome and always fruitful. Day by day and year by year as time has passed, she has grown into the stature of that womanhood which is the highest type of manhood. Not uneasy has lain her head, although it has worn a crown. Indeed so lightly did that crown rest upon her, that at this moment she has laid it aside for the joys of home, and has given the government absolutely into the hands of the people, for so it seemed wise.

Realizing that the nation is best governed that is least governed, she has ever urged the passage of the fewest laws possible, making the Golden Rule—the law of Love, the law of God—the basis of all legislation.

Following the suggestions of John Winslow, she continually favored such enactments as would bring the affairs of the nation and its citizens under the jurisdiction of that Court of Conscience found in the higher understanding of the people. The result was most marked and the Guelphians slowly but surely learned how it was possible to love one's neighbor as one's self. As this thought became more and more fixed in their consciousness, the friction in trade and commerce became less and less, until now the nation is self-governed—because each individual is self-governed. As a sovereign was no longer possible where all were peers, Judith finally laid aside the crown and scepter and Guelph has become a republic.

Led by a sovereign whose understanding of God as divine Truth and Love enabled her to rely entirely upon His holy word, it has been the privilege of this people to let its light so shine that the world, seeing its good deeds, has glorified the Father which is in heaven. And wonderful, indeed has been the result. Now for the first time since the record of human events began, is the world able to realize peace as an established fact, instead of a condition discernible only through the inspired sight of the prophets.

While the advent of peace has been rapid, it has not come all at once, nor is it yet perfected. It has been a gradual but active awakening; a continuous development of right-thinking by first one nation and then another. To give the exact order in which this has been accomplished, would be impossible, as the movement has been marked by easy stages. In general, however, it may be said that as the world began to

note the great commercial growth of Guelph and began to investigate, discovered that this government, freed from the military burden which had for years weighed it down, was able to do many things for the advancement of its citizens it had never before been able to accomplish. All army and navy expenses having been abolished, millions of dollars were expended upon public highways, public institutions and other public utilities without any burden whatever to the people. So much less were these expenditures than the military expenses had been, that taxes were greatly decreased, the cost and exertion of living were greatly reduced and the citizen had more time to devote to his moral, mental and spiritual growth. The soldiers and sailors, instead of being a financial burden, now became producers and the wealth of the nation increased. So rapidly did Guelph forge ahead, that in order to compete with her, the other nations were obliged to reduce their military budget to appropriate more to the other departments of government.

With such an example before them, it did not take the powers of the earth long to discover that a navy was a veritable "old man of the sea," while an army was but a millstone hung by fear about the people's neck. One by one the smaller nations followed Guelph's example and disarmed, while the larger nations, by mutual consent, gradually reduced their armament to the minimum, from which complete disarmament is but a step. As mortal man reckons, this all took time; as reckoned by infinite, divine Mind, the period was but the evening and morning of a day.

With the world thus helped by its loving thought and example, and with hearts overflowing with love, there is nothing the Guelphians would not do to help others. With them has disappeared all thought of strife and competition. Love reigns. Their only aim now is to reach that perfect condition of self-government to which all may attain without in the least interfering with its attainment by another—for all alike may obey the command of the Master “Be ye therefore perfect even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.”

Thus it is that a world-wide peace is coming simply and naturally as the result of right-thinking; as the result of knowing God as omnipotent and omnipresent good, and man in His likeness. For what is peace but the reflection, by man and the universe, of that harmony which comes through absolutely obeying the first commandment and the second which is like unto it. That harmony which is found through the understanding that there is but one Mind and that all spiritual individualities reflect it? This understanding and its demonstration at once establish the universal Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. It brings that awakening in God’s likeness, when we shall behold His face in righteousness.

Righteous, indeed, must be the people which dwell in peace, for “the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever,” exclaimed the prophet of Israel; while “the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace,” declared the apostle. Peace is coming to the world as the result of this righteousness—this right-thinking, which is the Shibboleth of scientific

Christianity. The world is being led into it by the Spirit of truth which Christ Jesus said should "lead into all righteousness." It is the peace of which he said: "Peace I leave with you; my peace give I unto you, but not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The peace which comes through Christ, Truth, is a lasting peace; yea, that peace which is eternal harmony—the atmosphere of God.

On one of the highest mountain peaks in the western hemisphere stand four persons awaiting the dawn. Looking eastward, where the first gray streaks may be seen in the far distant horizon, they behold, through the evening shadows which are rapidly passing, the coming of a new day. Beneath, the world is peacefully resting, ready to start into life and activity with the appearance of the sun.

To human thought these four are the personification of successful and satisfied age and expectant youth—not the callow youth of the stripling, but the vigorous youth of well developed manhood. They are John and Lucy and Judith and Tom. By all, time has been recognized for what it is, and the faces of all are fresh and fair. Their exalted condition is manifest in the patient calmness of their eyes, while the snow-white hair, which wreathes the temples of the elder pair, is whitened not by age, but by the purity of their thought.

Heralded by its roseate rays, the sun slowly approaches the horizon, symbolical of the coming to human consciousness of the power of that Soul which governs man; that Truth and Love which is even now illuminating the thought of the world with the light of

spiritual understanding. Then, as the sun suddenly bursts upon their gaze, an exclamation of unbounded admiration springs to their lips.

"Magnificent!" exclaimed Tom as they watched the glorious orb ascend majestically into the blue empyrean.

"Magnificent as this dawn appears," said Lucy, "how dim in comparison it must be to that day, when God said: 'Let there be light, and there was light.' How dim as compared to the light of Mind which is at this moment breaking upon human consciousness."

"True," replied John, "and how symbolical of the dawn of that peace of which the world is now having its first realization, through its growing understanding of that one, infinite God—that one Mind, which rebukes the warring impulse, unites the nations, and enables all to implicitly obey the commandment to love our neighbor as ourself—that God, whom to know aright, is life and peace."

"And blessed are those purified thoughts through whom this knowledge has come," declared Judith. "They have indeed, proved themselves 'the children of God.' "

There was unbroken silence, while into the heart of each flowed the sense of that spiritual blessing which is promised to all who make peace.

THE END

